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# *Seeing England With Uncle John*

*By*

*Anne Warner French*

*Author of "Seeing France With Uncle John," etc.*

*With Illustrations by*

*Frederic R. Gruger*

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# PREFACE

THIS book is the story of four imaginary people who accompanied me over the same ground upon the same days in October, 1906. Their views of what I saw were as distinct to me as my own, and their feelings were more so. Their pleasures and discomforts came to me in vivid words everywhere, and I really did no more than a stenographer's work in setting it all down later. If any reader gets only one third the amusement that the whole has given me I shall be even happier than I am now, and I want to say in conclusion that my present understanding is that Uncle John and Dilly are the best of friends and like nothing better than to discuss their trip together. Uncle John says that what strikes *him* especially was that although they traveled fast and were often very tired and cold still neither of them ever found the slightest fault with anything or anybody, and that seems to him remarkable—very remarkable. Dilly says that all *he* can say is that when he tries to express *his* emotions he is simply dumb—yes, that 's it—*com*-pletely dumb. And then they shake hands warmly.

Also I must add that Uncle John gave the baby a loving cup for Christmas. It has the arms of Magdalen College on one side and holds three magnums.

ANNE WARNER.

March 20, 1908.

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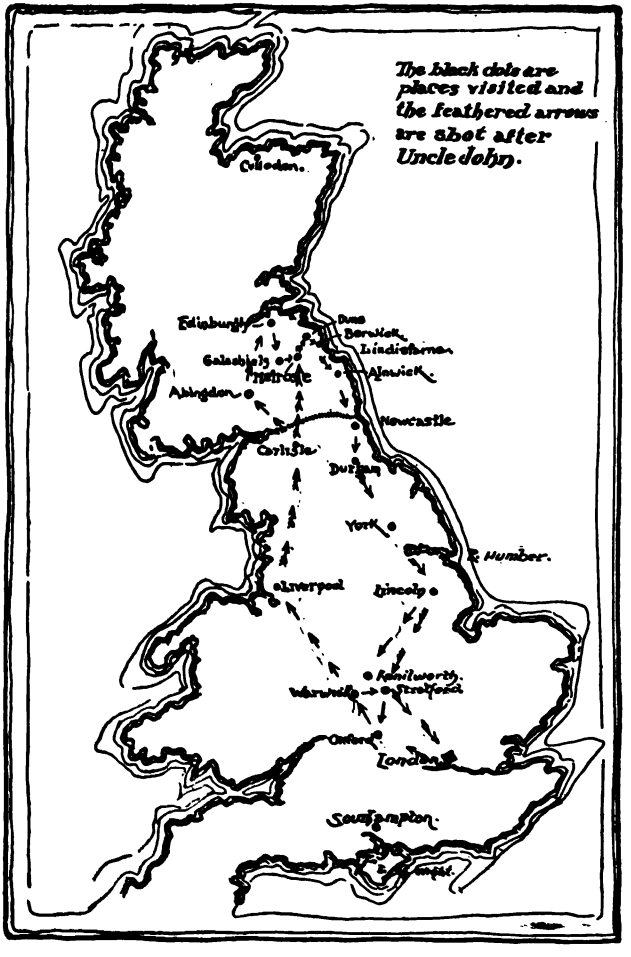
# *Seeing England With Uncle John*


The black dots are places visited and the feathered arrows are shot after Uncle John.
Culloden.
Edinburgh
Dunn
Berwick
Lindisfarne
Galashiels
Alnwick
Abingdon
Newcastle
Carlisle
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# *Seeing England With Uncle John*

## PART I

### I

#### YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

*Oxford.*

DEAREST MAMA: The baby is real well today. Just think, it 's never been ill yet. Lee says that 's such a comfort because as it is our only child we should be *so* frightened. It sneezes sweetly now. Pootsey says it is n't even imagining taking cold when it does it. Oh, Mama, she 's such a nice woman. She 's *so* kind to Lee and me about the baby.

Often when we 're not expecting to see it again that day she calls us in and lets us look at it asleep; and when we make suggestions she listens most respectfully. If I could *only* call her Hannah! It seems almost impertinent in me to call such an elderly person "Pootsey." But that is the way they do here in England. She is much too superior a servant to be called by her first name. It would n't do at all.

We are very happy. The weather is pretty good. Some days it is beautiful. But some days it is n't at all so. Yesterday we punted but I had to wear my big cape. Lee has learned so that he *never* loses the long stick now when he punts. He can go hand over hand to the top just like an Englishman and then pull it up after him without covering me with mud as he used to at first. I was very glad that I loved him so dearly when he was learning to punt,—I had to give my yellow lace dress to Mrs. Riggs' daughter and the water spots never did come out of the blue one. . . . I was interrupted there. Pootsey called us to come and see the baby asleep. I wish that you could have seen it. It keeps its eyes shut exactly like a grown-up person when it is sleeping. Lee

was so pleased because he thought that the window was too far open and he asked Pootsey and she said yes, it was, so it was good that we went in. Lee shut the window for her. There is n't anything that he would n't do for her—we are so grateful to her for being so kind to our baby. If Lee and I had had to take care of such an intricate thing or wash such a slippery thing I know we should have damaged it surely. The postman! . . . This *is* an interrupted letter! . . .

Oh, Mama, you don't know what has happened! Or if you *do* know, you know more than we do, for we can't tell what he means at all. Lee is by the other lamp studying the letter. You know I told you that it was the postman.

It 's about Uncle John, of course! Lee said right off that he had felt for some time that our bliss was too perfect to last. We have always dreaded that something would happen to Pootsey, and here it 's Uncle John that is going to happen to us instead. He has n't dated his letter but it 's postmarked New York. I do wish that he had dated it for the postmark is right over the stamp in such a way that you can't read the number. It arrived here in Oxford this afternoon.

Anyone can read *that* postmark. As if when it arrived here mattered!

He says he 's sailing and he don't say when or from where, only just that if we can we *must* meet him. Did you ever hear of anything so crazy? How can we meet him? We don't know where to meet him and then, too, how *could* we leave our baby? Lee says anyone must be crazy to suppose that we can ever meet anyone again. I do think Lee has such a clear, strong way of putting things. Uncle has n't written a long letter; he never does write long letters—he just says that last time he tried to do too much in too short a time and that he 'll never make that mistake again. He 's going to take two whole weeks to just England and Scotland this trip. Lee says he 's very glad to know *that*, because we could *not* cross the Channel, and leave our baby on anyone's account. We would n't leave our baby and cross the Channel—not if a hundred Pootsies took care of it. I 'm quite upset. I never dreamed of Uncle's doing such a thing as this. No one ever comes abroad in October. I can't see what started him. Lee says that he will go the first thing in the morning and telegraph

the American Express and Brown, Shipley & Co. to see if they have had any instructions from Uncle as to money. Lee always thinks of something to do that is comforting. I am all of a flurry over thinking that if he comes to visit us he may not like Pootsey. You know Uncle don't like anyone to do any way but his, and Pootsey's ways are all the very best ways you can do with a baby. It will break my heart if Uncle and Pootsey have trouble over our baby. Lee and I have solemnly agreed that the baby shall never know what trouble is and we never murmur no matter what we think of anything—and now here Uncle will come and express his whole opinion. I know Uncle so dreadfully well—I just know he 'll want the baby to eat and sleep his way, instead of any other way, and then Pootsey will be firm for *her* way, and Lee and I will be quite helpless between our baby and my uncle and the baby's nurse.

. . . I have been crying and Lee has been comforting me. We 've been having such a lovely time. Lee feels just as I do about Uncle and Pootsey. He says the baby must be considered before everything and that we must keep

Uncle from interfering with Pootsey until it is settled about his stay. Lee thinks that it will be best for us to meet him and thus prevent him from interfering with the baby. Lee says that two weeks is n't long and that we can keep Uncle happy looking at England for that length of time. We have n't looked at England much ourselves, you know, and Lee says that a little outing will do us good. You must n't be surprised at my changing my mind so quickly and becoming so calm over leaving the baby, Mama, for the truth is that I have cried until I can't cry any more. I declared that I would n't think of it at first and Lee felt that he could n't think of it either. We had a most awful scene—not with each other at all—but over the frightful difficulties of our position. Lee said a financial crisis in a government would be a slight matter compared to Uncle's walking into Pootsey. Because you know, Mama, that Uncle John never would let her alone—he would insist on having his way. You know that he would! And how dreadful that would be. Why, Uncle does n't know one thing about babies,—he never had one, but that would n't prevent his feel-

ing that he knew all about how to manage one. Lee says we cannot risk it, that we must not even dream of risking it. The baby will be getting teeth in three or four months now and everyone in the world knows how critical that is. We could n't have Uncle dictating to Pootsey about our baby's teeth. Lee says that he will look up all the steamer-lists to-morrow, telegraph London, cable New York, and run Uncle down somehow; then he says that we will meet him and keep him happy until he gets so vexed over things he don't like that he wants to go straight home. You know that Uncle could never stand Europe very long and England is ever so much worse than Europe. They have stoves and paper checks for trunks in Europe but in England they don't have anything. Lee wanted to put weather-strips on the baby's windows and nobody even knew what weather-strips were. It is fearful getting things by name here. Lee asked for little strips of wood with rubber along the edge, and then he asked for little strips of rubber with wood along the edge, and even *then* they did n't know what he meant. He says that the exasperating thing is that they probably have it but call

it "backing" or "snips" or something equally outlandish. They call the *stopples* in basins and bath-tubs (when they *have* basins and bath-tubs!) the "*taps*"—did you ever? But nothing seems so bad to me as being forced to call this nice, neat, elderly, expensive nurse, "Pootsey." I can *not* get used to it.

I must go to bed. Lee says if I am going to cry any more it 's getting late and I must be geting about it. I do think Lee would joke about anything—even about such a serious matter as Uncle John.

Still, I know that he is just as anxious as I am to really know where Uncle is to-night. But don't imagine for one minute that we don't want to see Uncle. Because we do. It 's only that the first shock was so sudden. You know Uncle always is a shock, and always is sudden.

But I love him dearly—and Lee does, too.

Affectionately as ever,

YVONNE.

P.S. Next morning.

Lee is gone to telegraph. The baby is well. There is no news to-day except that all the chim-

neys draw down instead of up and Mrs. Riggs has put hoods completely over every fire. We can hear them burning beautifully behind the hoods but it makes the rooms *rather* cold.

Lovingly,

Y.

## II

### UNCLE JOHN ON DECK AGAIN

GOOD MORNING, Captain, good morning—fine day! I suppose you heard about my winning the pool yesterday? What 's that? no, he is n't, he is n't very well to-day—no, he 's no worse—but he 's no better. If he had told me that he was such a poor sailor before we started I don't believe that I should ever have invited him to go on the trip. I told him that this morning and he said how was he to know what kind of a sailor he was until he was sailing the first time. I tell you in confidence I never saw such a poor sailor. If I go down there and accidentally refer to dressing for dinner—mere mention of dinner makes it all up with Wiskett! Speak of waves running high—he gets sicker directly! Mention expecting to be in

Liverpool at lunch time Sunday—same story. I had him brought half-way to the staircase yesterday—thought we 'd get him out on deck—fresh air—ocean breeze—you know, but, Great Scott, you should have been there! I tell you, I was there and I shan't have him touched again until we 're anchored to a dock. The hard part of it is, Captain, he blames *me* for his being sea-sick. I must say that that seems a little unjust. I 'm a quiet, reasonable man and I know that he 's ill and irritable, but when he yells to me in the night to stop the ship's shaking I feel it *is* a little hard. I was sea-sick once—*very* sea-sick; it was on a yachting trip off Jersey —but I did n't bother a soul, *I* just very quietly went ashore,—but Dilly has it in for me night and day because . . . Going aloft? oh, all right, good morning—good morning. . . .

Good morning, Mrs. Spooner, how are you? Why, yes, with pleasure, I always do my two miles after breakfast. You heard about my winning the pool yesterday, I suppose? Well, no, I 'm sorry to say that he

"You heard about my winning the pool yesterday?"

is n't. He says that where Baedeker says to take suitable clothing for the voyage he means two night-shirts as far as he 's concerned. Yes, it *is* sad. I never saw a man get sick so quick. Before the boat was out of the slip Dilly was in his berth. No, he was n't baptized Dilly—his name is Deloraine—Deloraine Wiskett, but we nicknamed him Dilly-dally at school. I call him Dilly yet. I 'm very glad to have a chance to tell you all about him, certainly, for between you and me, Mrs. Spooner, that man is one of the most remarkable minds of the age. He 's an absolute wonder! Never has traveled—never was in New York in his life till he came to sail with me—but such a brain! Europe at his finger-ends—England by heart—Roman ruins—life in the fourteenth century—effect of the Danes on the Saxons—he knows it all. He 's a living encyclopedia, he really is. I consider him an eighth wonder. Even now when he 's too sick to sit up he 's lying there in his bed reading Chips from Somebody's Work-shop. I never saw such a man, can't eat and so lies and reads Chips.

Yes, let 's sit down, I never take more than three turns around at once—I never was one of these mile-along passengers. . . . There now, as I was saying—about Dilly—do you know he never had even imagined going abroad—thought it was altogether out of the question! Between you and me, I suppose that he really could n't afford it. And when I went to the old town this summer and met him by accident—we had n't met in thirty years—I looked at poor old Dilly, getting grey, turning bald, not a bit of fun ahead or behind in life, and I just suddenly resolved to give him something to talk about for the rest of his days. I said, "Come on, Dilly, let 's you and I take a trot around the other side of the pond!" Do you know, he thought at first that I meant the pond there by the village? Then, when he realized that I meant for *him* to go abroad, he almost cried. Most affecting scene I ever took part in. Finally we settled on everything and I went home to get ready. I sent him a Baedeker to study up anything he did n't know, but I made a mistake there because it says in the beginning

that you must pack your things in small flat boxes and he came to New York with his belongings in flat paste-board laundry-boxes. While I was out buying him a trunk he overflowed the bath-tub in his room and accidentally dropped the room key out of the window. Poor old Dilly!—And then he began to be sea-sick before we got out opposite the sky-scrapers!

No, I don't think that we shall stay very long. My idea is to land at Liverpool and from there strike out North—Carlisle, you know—Edinburgh—Sir Walter Scott—all that kind of thing. I want to visit Culloden, Dumbarton Castle, the Cheviots—"the fattest hearts in the Cheviots" you know—Lady of the Lake, the Bride of Lammermoor—Dilly knows them pretty nearly all by heart and where the originals are. The original of the Bride of Lammermoor is Fast Castle—we 'll go there. Then he 's great on cathedrals, too; wants to see all the cathedrals and as I 'm taking this trip mainly for him I want him to see what he wants to see so we shall go to all the cathedrals. I must say I don't care much

for churches myself but they don't take long —there 's *that* to be said for them—and there 's always a castle near by and I enjoy castles. Then he 's great on industrial problems and he wants to see Manchester, Birmingham, and all those—so we 'll go there. Then I 've a niece—a sweet girl, Mrs. Spooner—who is living in Oxford, and I want to see her. She 's married—married a young fellow that I picked out for her myself, so I am naturally a good deal interested in them. They 've got a baby, too, they say it looks rather like me,—and so after we 've been everywhere else I must put in a few days there.

And then, there 's one place, Mrs. Spooner, that I 've made up my mind to see if I die doing it. And that 's the Tower of London. Dilly wants to go to Stratford-on-Avon, but I want to see the Tower. I want to see the gate they came in at and where they were beheaded and all of it. Talk of Westminster Abbey, I tell you I 'd rather see the Tower than any sight in Europe. Afterwards maybe we 'll go to Canterbury on Thomas à Becket's

account, and Dilly wants to see Hastings for some long-winded reason of his own. I—

Must you, indeed? Well, I 'm sorry. Let me help you up. . . . If you pass a steward would you mind asking him just to look in on Dilly; he may be in my room, he goes in there sometimes for a change. Thank you. . . . Good morning, Jackson. No, she is n't coming back. She always takes a nap before lunch; there 's that much good about her. Yes, it 's a fine day. Oh, yes; I won the pool yesterday. No, he is n't any better. Between you and me, I don't believe that he 's going to get any better while we 're at sea. I never saw such a sick man. He can't bear to be talked to. It troubles me a good deal because I 'm afraid he is n't enjoying the trip. He keeps repeating that he wishes he was dead and as he 's my guest I can't help feeling more or less hurt over that way of putting it. Then too I 'm afraid he 's going to be too weak to travel and we have a good deal of traveling ahead of us. I was telling Mrs. Spooner that when we land on the fourteenth of October I want to set right off for Scotland,

do that country thoroughly, take a run through the English manufacturing district, glance at the main cathedrals, visit my niece in Oxford, look about London a bit, and then our passage is booked now for November first, and I don't want to change it. So you can see that Dilly has no time to be under the weather. We 've got to hustle right along and keep it up. Of course I 'm taking this trip for him but it would be a little too unreasonable for him to expect me to alter my plans because he is n't well. He need n't walk — I drive mostly myself — and he need n't get out to go inside of places unless he chooses, but he *must* come along. I never was one to let the grass grow under my feet anywhere. I don't believe in it. That man has been dreaming of going to Europe all his life and now he 's on his way there—he 'll be there Sunday. But once landed, there 'll be no more lying around groaning for him. If we land at noon we can drive around Liverpool in the afternoon and take a five o'clock train for Carlisle. If we 're going to Carlisle

we might as well go to Carlisle; what 's the use in loafing in Liverpool anyhow? There 's nothing to see there but the dock and we can look over the edge of the boat at that while we 're landing. I 've always wanted to see Carlisle—merry Carlisle, they call it—don't they? I don't know why but I want to see it and if I want to see anything I want to be getting there and looking at it. Carlisle is where they reached over the wall and hooked up the opposing general during a siege, Dilly was telling me about it; then he was too sick to go on any further. That 's very aggravating about Wiskett, Jackson. I don't believe that he has finished up one sentence since we cast off in New York Harbor. I 'm just full of beginnings. He started to tell me about the Debatable Land—sick!—Started to tell me what a soppit is—sick!—Started to explain the relationship of Mary to Darnley—oh, Scott! but he was sick that time! I wanted to know why the fact that there are monkeys in Gibraltar proved an underground passage from Africa when they could have

come over in boats so easy—but it was no use, before I could fetch a campstool to listen, Dilly was past talking.

And do you know, Jackson, he 's so bitter with me over it—as if I made him sick—whereas I 'm feeing stewards from dawn to dark on his account. And he objects to my getting up early and objects to my coming down late; and Lord knows he 's got his own room and his own door if he chose to keep it shut. I 'm sure *I* don't want to trouble him! I did n't bring him along for *my* pleasure! He 's got my hot-water bag and my air-pillow, and my camel's-hair rug—and there he told me last night that if *he 'd* known what the ocean was *I* never should have beguiled him upon it. He says now that he 's afraid that the damp will bring on his rheumatism. And he says that his father died of heart-disease. And do you know, Jackson, since we 've been abroad I 've learned that he has had the first two strokes of apoplexy already! I declare I feel it 's rather hard upon me—it is, upon my word! It seems he can't ride backward on a train either or drink the kind

of water that is native anywhere. I 'm trying to put a good face on the matter but I will own confidentially—just between you and me—that I 'm more than a little troubled as to just what to do. I brought him over to give him a pleasure and he talks as if I were deliberately trying to murder him. And then for a man that knows so much he 's the blamedest fool I ever ran across in all my life—thought he could catch a glimpse of the Giant's Causeway going in to Liverpool because it 's on the north coast of Ireland. Now I did n't know where the Giant's Causeway was—or care where it was—but I had the sense to know that we would n't see anything in Ireland on a trip to Scotland and England. That 's another thing that he 's sore about—not going to Ireland; it seems the Wisketts came from Bally-something and he says he 'd rather see the Book of Kells than any book in print. I asked him what under the sun the Book of Kells was and *then* he went and got sea-sick again. I declare, Jackson, it 's pretty hard. I 'm putting up a bold front and telling everyone what an interesting man he is and

as a matter of fact I 'm so afraid he 'll die and tie me up in quarantine over the date of my return passage that I 'm about beside myself.

Well, no use going over the matter any more, I suppose. I always make it a rule to keep my affairs to myself and as to Wiskett, he 's my guest and so of course I can't talk about *him* to anyone. But I will say this, Jackson, if any man but me had launched out blindfold and invited a fellow who 'd never been outside of a little one-horse country town, and who had every disease known that hinders going about, to go abroad with him, I 'd say that man was a darned idiot—I certainly would, Jackson, upon my honor I would!

Well, yes, I don't mind if I do. I never am great on sitting still long. I always like to do a mile or two around the deck whenever I can find anyone to walk with me. You heard that I won the pool yesterday—did n't you?

Well, now this is something like—wind, waves, sea-air, oxygen,—I like this—nothing like the ocean for making a man feel a king. I tell you, Jackson, when I 'm walking up and

down, I want to wring Dilly's neck for the spirit in which he is taking his first trip abroad. He 'll never get a chance to take another with me—I can promise you *that*.—But is n't it sad to think that before we 've even begun he and I should feel like this?—Is n't it, indeed?

## III

### YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

*Oxford—Oct. 1st.*

DEAREST MAMA: The baby is real well today. Pootsey is wheeling it out for an airing. We have Danby (the parlor-maid) walk with her so that in case of any accident to Pootsey, Danby will still be there. Lee said he thought Mrs. Riggs ought to go also for fear of any accident to Pootsey and Danby together. I do wish that Lee would n't joke over possible accidents to the baby.

Not a word more from Uncle and no answers to any cables but yours. I hope that we did n't frighten you too much—Lee thought that you might happen to have heard of Uncle's plans in some way. We shall go to Liverpool to meet the only ship that did sail for an English port on the Thursday that must have been the Thursday after Uncle wrote, and if Uncle is n't on it we

shall go to Chester and be back here Tuesday. Dr. Tripkin will stay in the house and telegraph us three times a day about the baby. We could always get a motor and be home in an hour or two. Lee says it will be no end of fun and he is so jolly that I feel it my duty not to be sad. Pootsey does n't allow us to be with the baby very much anyway, you know. We are going to pretend that we are not married, only just in love, although Lee says that as he looks back the amount that we were in love before we were married appears such a trifle compared to the way we 're in love now, that he wonders he married me at all under those circumstances. He 's such a darling, Mama, there never was such a dear boy before, I 'm sure. Why, he 's even made me quite enthusiastic over going to meet Uncle and goodness knows the idea drove me half out of my mind at first. He keeps saying where we 'll go and what we 'll see and what fun it will all be and I 've begun to think so too. We 've really traveled very little together. We went straight to the Tyrol after we were married and we stayed there until we came here and settled down. Lee says that I am prejudiced against traveling be-

cause of that awful trip made with Uncle in France and that I 'll have such a good time with him that I 'll be as wild as he is over going hereafter. I don't know—perhaps I will. At any rate when he tells me anything I always make up my mind so hard that he must be right that it 's very easy to come to see that he is.

The baby has just come in. Nothing happened. It 's such a relief to me when I know that they are back and that nothing happened. They never go out of the square and I can see them any minute from the window but still you never can tell. Lee says that when the baby gets big enough to go about in air-ships I will be *a sight*. Dear me, I do hope that our baby is n't ever going to go about in air-ships.

We went out rowing this afternoon, all up the dear little river to Marston Ferry. It was beautifully sweet and calm and quiet under the willows on the water and we went ashore at Marston and had tea and walked around the house where the surrender of Oxford was signed—and then rowed back. We saw rats swimming and some fish and we talked a great deal. It seems to me that life is *perfect* for Lee and me. We 've got each other and got the baby and we 've got

Pootsey to take care of the baby. We are so happy that we don't even make plans. Lee wants to buy a horse so that we can have our own but the days go by and by and each is so pleasantly, placidly full that we never get around to seeing about it. I don't know what it is about this nice Old World that makes one so absolutely content with the Now. At home we are always pushing, pushing, pushing onward to the Some-future-time but here we just love each day as it comes and goes, and live as if all about us was forever veiled and softened by the same pale blueish-greyish mist that makes the hills and horizon always one and the same wavering line of changing, changeless beauty. Oh, Mama, I thank God for giving us this first year amid such lovely surroundings. Lee says that when we are old—old—old—we will often sit hand-in-hand and say "Do you remember the first year?" and then be silent for a long, long time. You can't imagine Lee saying such things—can you, dear Mama?—but he says them all the time. And that 's what makes these days such happy days and makes me love him so.

Your affectionate daughter,

YVONNE.

## IV

### TRANS-LIVERPOOL WITH UNCLE JOHN

*Oct. 14.*

WELL, Dilly, this is one of the rarest pieces of luck in my life. To dock in time to take a drive around Liverpool and get a two o'clock train for Carlisle instead of a five. I never looked to be able to do that. Maybe we can get through Carlisle so as to leave for Scotland by noon to-morrow. Come, now, Dilly, brace up—look cheerful! what if you don't feel very frisky—it 'll be all the same in a hundred years and you 'll have a nice rest on the train. Don't stay sulky over that shilling you were cheated out of,—that 's the way any country does a stranger. When the porter asked if you 'd paid your custom dues you ought to have told him to get out or come to me, but as long as

you did n't know that there are no custom dues and *did* give him the shilling why, where 's the good being so glum about it? Look around you at Liverpool, second largest city in England; and someone told me the other day that our consul here gets more than the President does. I should n't wonder, I 'm never surprised at any comparison with the President.

. . . Well, Dilly, if you don't like cobble-stones I might just as well take you right back to the dock and buy you a ticket for New York. Cobble-stones and foreign travel are all one. If you 're going to have them give you the toothache you can turn Christian Scientist or quit right now. If we 're going to travel together it 's got to be understood early in the game that I 'm not responsible for cobble-stones or anything else that you suffer. . . .

No, I don't want an apology about the cobble-stones. I 'm looking out of my window because I 'm interested in what I see; I don't come to England to lean back and scowl with my eyes shut like I used to when I went to the

Academy forty years ago. No, I don't know why they call it Liverpool and I don't want to. It 's all one to me whether Lord Bacon sat for here or sat for there, I never have mixed myself up in any Bacon discussion yet. Of course that 's St. George's Hall—how could it be anything else? No, I don't want to know what they do in it. Driver! Hey, there, driver—drive us to the station now. Which station? I don't know which station, —do you know which station, Dilly? Well, this is a nice mess, where do you suppose our trunks are, if we don't know where we 're going ourselves? I 'll tell you what counts in Europe, Dilly,—it 's practical knowledge: here you are chock full of the derivation of Liverpool and don't know which station to go to to get out of it and I 've taken this cab for you to see something of Liverpool, and you won't look at Liverpool and we 're both missing our train. Say, driver, oh, I say, *driver!* We 're going to Carlisle, *now* do you know what station?—He says he does—he 's turning around—I feel relieved. What time is it? Well, we 'd better go to the station anyway,

I 've got to book us and label the trunks—*boxes*, we 've got to learn to call them now, you know—and then there won't be any time to spare. There 's St. George's Hall again, funny how quick one learns his way around a strange place, I 'd know St. George's Hall anywhere.

And so this is the station. Jump down, Dilly—well, get down anyway you like then. No, you never told me about splintering your shin-bone once and I have n't got time to hear about it now. Here, porter, take these bags—look out, there 's a flask in mine. Yes, two for Carlisle. Yes, we 're both grown up. Only First and Third, how 's that? . . . Well, I suppose we 'll have to go First so you can put your leg up, Dilly, but I never travel First myself. They say only fools and Americans travel First and I thank God I 'm not a fool. Did you ever hear the story of the English duke that someone asked why he always traveled Third and he said because there was no Fourth? . . . Great Scott! I 'm forgetting the trunks—the *boxes*, I mean! Well, come on, Dilly, I don't want to

lose you while I 'm hunting for your trunk. They came from the dock—Prince's—came in at eleven, porter—a brown steamer-trunk with red, white and blue stripes on each end and a small green one marked D. W. Why, of course I can come and find them if I must. (You stand right there, Dilly—or come along if you want to.) Did you ever see cabs driving up to the train-door before? Curious hats the women wear here, look at that lop-sided donkey-eared one. Mrs. Spooner was telling me how she could *not* find her steamer-cap anywhere when it came to going ashore; I told her I should think she 'd thank heaven for that. Say, porter, how far is it to our trunks anyhow—this gentleman 's got a splintered shin!—(Well, that 's what I understood you to say, Dilly, I 'm sure I beg your pardon.) Go on, porter, he has n't got a splintered shin, it was entirely my mistake. What, is it here?—There, there 's my trunk, now—my *box,* I mean—but I don't see yours—do you, Dilly? Look all around, porter. Dear me, I hope someone else has n't taken it. You see the baggage rules are very curious

"Say, porter, how far is it to our trunks anyhow—"

in England, Dilly, all you have to do if you want a trunk is just to take it. Anyone 'll give it to you. All the checking they do is to label them with the name of the place they 're going to. Every blessed trunk from all over the world that arrives in London is just labeled "London"—nothing else. Yes, it seems incomprehensible but it 's so. There he is now—has n't found your trunk yet—well, I suppose it 's lost. Never mind, I 'll get you another in Carlisle, if *I* don't care you surely ought not to! I paid for that trunk and I 'll pay for the other one too.

What did he say? I declare, the English they talk here is almost un-understandable, one might as well be in Egypt! Just say that over again, my good man. Oh, he *has* found your trunk, Dilly; it 's labeled with mine. Can we go aboard now? Yes, we can. Come on. Droll little cars, are n't they? Sort of like getting into a carriage that 's sitting down on something without wheels. Put the bags opposite, porter,—trunks in the forward van, you say—very good. You must n't say "All right" in England, Dilly, it

shows you 're American. Oh no, there 's no crime in being American, only one should try to remember to say "box" and "very good." Yes, and you must say "tuppence" for two pence and "thrippence" for three pence. No, you don't say fuppence or fippence; no, nor sippence nor tippence; no, nor tweppence. Here, Dilly, you look out of that window and I 'll look out of this and then we can both keep our feet up. They say Americans always keep their feet up so we may as well be comfortable as long as we 've got the name for it. I wish I 'd thought to buy a paper. No, I don't know whether we go through Lancaster or not. Well, if it says that we do in the Baedeker then we do and what was the use of asking the question? You 'll tear that map if you unfold it so often, Dilly, I *never* unfold a map. I don't know why Lancaster should be interesting. Of course there 's a castle there, there 's a castle everywhere in Europe, and all along the scenery between, besides. Well, what if it was the site of a Roman station? Roman stations were as thick as castles once. I don't know *which*

way is the east—that way, I guess, as we 're traveling north. . . . Castle where Catharine Parr was born, oh, I should n't wonder. She had to be born somewhere and why not here as well as anywhere? I declare, Dilly, if you 're going to be disappointed over not seeing everything that 's in that Baedeker, you 'd better throw the book out of the window because you can't do it. Baedeker himself don't do it—he has hundreds of people writing 'em up. You wait until you 've seen as many sights as I have and then you 'll take life calmly as I do. I 'm going to sleep now and my advice to you is to go to sleep, too. You 'll be rested then and perhaps we 'll be able to do Carlisle late this afternoon and take a night-train for Scotland.

DILLY! Dilly! Oh, Dilly, wake up!

Well, I must say, Dilly, you *do* astonish me. I should think on your first trip to Europe you 'd be on the lookout to see all you could—and instead of that you *sleep!*

Have we passed much? Oh well, nothing much perhaps according to most people's

ideas but *I* would n't have missed going over the highest point in the line awake for *anything*. And the going down on the other side, too. And I 'll tell you what you have missed, Dilly, and that was Kidsty Pike—no, it 's too late now and I 've no words to describe it; I saw it, that 's all, and *you* slept. We had a glimpse of Brougham Hall, too—one of the finest glimpses I ever saw—and we stopped at Penrith. I tried to wake you at Penrith but it was no use. The Luck of Eden Hall was somewhere near Penrith and a room where Richard III slept, but of course if you like sleeping *best*—my one object is for you to be having a good time.

Yes, I think it 's going to rain myself. If it rains we 'll have to take a closed carriage to drive about, that 's all. I 've fully decided to get some night-express for Edinburgh. We want plenty of time in Scotland and I don't just see why we ever planned to stop in Carlisle at all. I never heard anything especial about Carlisle until you began to talk about it, and I don't consider that its being the only town with a British name is

any great point in its favor. I think that we 'd have saved time if we 'd skipped it, but of course as long as we 've planned to stop we may as well stop. We 'd have to stop to buy some more books—I mean, to book ourselves—by now, anyway. And those trunks will have to be labeled over again. What did you say—The one city that has been added since the Conquest, eh? Well, where did they get it to add from? It was always there, was n't it? Scotch—Carlisle Scotch! I never heard of Carlisle being Scotch! When was it Scotch? Then we 're in Scotland now, I suppose.—Never mind unfolding the map again, I never like to look at a map. I think you 're a little mixed in your ideas, Dilly, but it does n't make any difference to me. Call Carlisle Scotch if you like—call London Scotch if you feel like it. I always believe in letting every fellow suit himself.

There, now we 're coming into Carlisle. Did he say he put our trunks in the van in front or the one behind? Great Scott, Dilly, don't you ever remember *anything?* We 've got to claim those trunks ourselves and it

makes all the difference in the world whether we know where to look for them or not. Never mind—I 'll look them up while you stand by the bags. I don't see what we have bags and trunks too for anyway. Might as well send one set on by the goods-train. I don't know what the goods-train is but English people always recommend it. I know *I* don't need a trunk and a bag, too.

There, there they are—the two together! I 'll re-check them right on to Edinburgh. Here, porter, I want you to sample this baggage for me—I mean, *label* it. We 're going on to Edinburgh by the next train—All right —I mean, "very good." Say, Dilly, we 've got two hours for Carlisle. I want a cab, porter, an open cab. Oh, I forgot it 's raining—a closed cab. We 'll take the bags with us. Be careful—there 's a flask in mine.

Come on, Dilly, out this way. Now you 're going to begin to see Europe. Nonsense, the rain is n't giving you rheumatism—you only think that it is. Think that it is n't instead and you 'll be all right.

Tell the driver to have us back here at six

sharp, porter, we want to eat before we leave, you know.—Here 's sixpence for yourself. All right there,—I mean, drive ahead—I mean, *very* good!

## V

### YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

*The Adelphi, Liverpool, Oct. 14.*

DEAREST MAMA: Lee and I are staying here to-night. We leave for Carlisle by the morning train. Uncle is in Carlisle. Oh, we *have* had a day and you can see how altogether excited I still am by my having forgotten to tell you first of all that we left our precious baby perfectly well and found a telegram waiting for us saying that it was well and had one just after dinner saying that it was still well.

So much has happened that I hardly know where to begin but in the first place our train was late because of something connected with Sunday and the boat docked promptly on account of its being Sunday; and when we reached the landing-stage even the customs were all cleared up and gone home for Sunday.

And Uncle was n't *anywhere!*

But we managed to get hold of a passenger list and he *did* come on the steamer and Lee says *why* they did n't answer his cable to the Company in New York he cannot see. I was in such a terrible taking over missing Uncle that do you know I completely forgot that I had a baby for over ten minutes!—Then we came to the hotel expecting to find Uncle and he was n't here. It looked like rain so Lee said I 'd better stay indoors while he took a cab and went out to continue what he called "the stern chase" alone. While he was gone the most interesting thing happened and really, Mama, I did n't suppose that I could grow so well acquainted with anyone or so awfully fond of anyone so quickly.

You see it was so damp and chill that I had a fire and it certainly did smoke. The chambermaid opened all the windows and when I asked her why she did that, she said, "Where 'd the smoke go if I did n't?" Up the chimney seems to be the last place where the English ever expect to look for the smoke to go. Well, I had to be patient and freeze as best I could and every time the maid came back she said "Laws,

"'Laws, and the fire in the next room do burn so beautiful!'"

and the fire in the next room do burn so beautiful!" She must have gone into the next room and referred to my fire, for presently a tap came at my door and when I cried "Come in," it opened and there stood the dearest, sweetest, prettiest, little girl you ever saw, and we smiled at each other in spite of ourselves and she said, "I know that you are an American or you would n't be trying to have a fire. Won't you come in and sit by mine?" And I said "You must be American, too, or you never would do anything so informal." And then we both had to laugh. I pinned a note for Lee to the cushion in case he should come in earlier than usual, and went into her room and her fire was really a great success. We sat down before it and had tea together and she told me her story. And, Mama, you never heard such a story! Just as soon as Lee came in I told him and he said that it was an outrage and that *of course* she could n't sail to-morrow; he felt just as I did about her and we are going to take her to Carlisle with us. The idea of a girl arriving in Liverpool Saturday and sailing back to New York Monday! I never heard of such a thing!

She is an orphan, Mama, and was coming abroad with an aunt. She has been educated in a convent and has the loveliest manners—why, she won't sit down if I am standing just because I am married!—and she expected to be over here for six months. She and her aunt were on their way East and the aunt was taken ill and they had to go to a hotel in Buffalo. Then the aunt had to give up the trip. Well, the aunt had a friend in Buffalo whom she had n't seen in years, and the friend had a friend who had a friend who was just going abroad, and the aunt and that other friend arranged for Bessie (her name is Bessie) to go with the friend instead of the aunt because the friend told the aunt that the friend was just the kind of friend to give a young girl a lovely time. So the aunt went home and Bessie started off with the friend's friend, a very pretty young widow whom Bessie thought most charming. They took the train for New York and on the train there happened to be a tall gentleman with reddish whiskers whom the friend knew. Bessie says she hardly saw her chaperon again and could n't even make connection with her for meals. She said that the friend said that the

gentleman with reddish whiskers was her dead husband's brother, and Bessie believed her, but she felt rather uncomfortable traveling that way and having to look so alone. They went to a hotel in New York for the night before they sailed and the friend went out to dinner and Bessie dined in her own room.

The next morning a young man with a black moustache whom the friend said was her step-brother came to the hotel and took them to the steamer and kissed the friend good-by. Bessie, being raised in a convent, believed in the brother and the kiss, and went aboard as if nothing had happened. There was a door between their state-rooms and Bessie was in bed the first four days. She told me that during those four days she began to suspect something. The fifth day she saw plainly that if she intended to keep her chaperon a widow she must get up and look after her. Dear me, you can't imagine what the story of the rest of her voyage was like. She says she just had to chase that woman from dawn to dark, she was so sweet and gay and bright one could not possibly get mad at her, but she was *always* tucked away in a corner with

*some* man. Poor Bessie did so want her trip abroad, and could n't take it without a chaperon on account of being so well brought up, (she has never been on the street alone *in her life!*) that she was patience itself but she says that it seemed to her the voyage would *never* end. There was one man with grey hair who troubled her particularly and the last night he and the friend walked the deck all night. The next morning they landed and while Bessie was going through her trunks at the B end of the customs the friend and the grey-haired gentleman vanished out of the T—luggage and all. Imagine!

Some kind people on the steamer brought Bessie up here and told her that she had better take Monday's boat back and she was intending to do so until chance led her to us.

Of course when Lee did come in I went straight to him and told it all over to him and cried (I think it 's *such* a sad story). Lee laughed but he said that she could go with us and be sure of a chaperon this time. She has a Letter of Credit for five hundred pounds and real lace on her things so she must be all right and we three dined together very happily. Lee had found one

of the officers of the ship that Uncle came over on and the man told him that Uncle told *him* that he was going to Carlisle first and then all through Scotland. Lee says that we shall find him easily enough to-morrow as Carlisle is a town of one castle, one church, and one street. Since dinner Lee has met a man named Jackson who also came on the steamer with Uncle. He told Lee that he and Uncle became intimate friends and that Uncle never tired of talking about our baby. In fact he says he never talks of anything else. Dear Uncle, is n't that thoughtful of him —to talk even to strangers about our baby and that too when all he knows about it is that we have one? We wanted to ask Mr. Jackson what he said but he had fallen to talking to Bessie, and so we did n't. Lee thought that he was leaving for London in the morning but when we all said good-night it seemed that Lee had misunderstood him for he is en route for Carlisle too. That will be so pleasant because four always makes a nice party.

Lee has been awfully funny to-night, he says he 'd give a five-pound note to hear the chaperon's side of the story of Bessie's voyage. I

was afraid that he meant some innuendo but he said he did n't mean anything at all. Lee is such a dear. I 'm so glad that he likes Bessie. I 'll write you from Carlisle to-morrow after we 've met Uncle. We have just had another telegram and Dr. Tripkin says Pootsey and the baby are both asleep for the night. Such a weight off my mind.

Good-night, dear Mama.

Yours,

YVONNE.

# PART II

## VI

### UNCLE JOHN EXHIBITS CARLISLE

*5-6 P. M. Oct. 14.*

NOW, Dilly, we 're off! This is Europe! This is the dream of your youth! Here you have the medieval past and the bright promise of the future grouped around you for the first time in your life! No, you must keep the cab window up or the rain will come in. . . . Dark? Of course it 's dark! What do you expect at five o'clock in October?

Yes, those two round towers are the courthouses. No, I don't know anything about them; it says in Baedeker that they 're courthouses and I never question anything that Baedeker says. Well, if you knew that they

were part of the old town defenses why did n't you say so? I can't see why you ask me things, Dilly, when it 's you who know everything, not me. I never should build two big towers for town defenses in the middle of the town myself, but if you say that 's what they are I 'm as ready to take your word for it as I am that Carlisle is Scotch or that L-u-g-u-b-a-l-i-a is the nearest the Romans could come to spelling the sounds of its name. I never thought much of Roman spelling myself.

Yes, of course this is the principal street. Gloomy enough, is n't it? I suppose though that that 's largely owing to the rain. It 's cold, too, see our breath on the windows, in five minutes we shan't be able to see out at all. Not that *that* matters, for there 's nothing to see anyhow. What 's that—museum? you don't want to see a museum. It 's too dark now to see it anyway. Well, of course we 've got an hour and we might as well go there as anywhere, I suppose; the church and the castle will both be closed as late as this.

Hey there, driver! Oh, driver, drive us to

the museum. No, we don't want to visit the cathedral. We can't see both, Dilly, and you said the museum and I 've told him the museum, and so there 's an end of it. Of course I 'd like to have shown you the castle. They say it 's worth seeing, but if you prefer the museum, why, I 'm taking this trip for you and not for myself and if you want to be bored instead of seeing what you 'd like to think over until the day you died—why, you can have your own way.

Here we are. Well, it 's lighter than I expected, but then no one can judge of the light cooped up in a closed cab—I never get into one when I 'm alone. I wonder if you pay to go in—no, this seems to be one of those free-to-the-public places where you only pay to get out. Now, Dilly, here you are, back in Roman days. All these bones and stones were dug up around here, and all those smashed red pots and old Indian arrow-heads too. The translations are under all the monuments,—seem to be mostly notices of what legion put up each individual stone. Wonder what they put them up for, anyhow. All

these are tomb-stones. Lord, they must have been glad to die in those times, no lights at night and very little coal days. This room is all altars; I certainly hope that this is entertaining to you, Dilly, it bores me to death, I never step inside a museum myself, as I told you before. What 's in here?—Altars to all the gods going, I should think, and more stones put up by legions. No wonder the Britons were always rising up and overwhelming the Romans—strikes me the Romans did nothing but put up stones saying that they put them up. Wonder if they were as crazy over doing it anywhere else as they seem to have been at Carlisle. I know I never saw so many fool stones in all my life, but then, as I remarked before, I never visit museums. You see, Dilly, there never is one of these old towns but what is just chock full of interesting things that everyone wants to hear about when you go back home, and I 'm always busy looking at that kind of things. No one wants to know about old legions,—no one cares about their old stones,—but of course if you're enjoying yourself it does n't matter to me.

The Augusta Legion seems to have been the most enterprising Stone-Cutters Union of those days. Look at the way they line up! That room 's full of them and this too. Hello, what 's a lachrymatory? Here 's a collection of them. Say, Dilly, does n't there seem to be a terrible sameness in this to you? Let 's go in there and look at the stuffed things; they seem so much nearer our time. I don't care for stuffed things as a rule but I 've seen enough of the Augusta Legion to last me forever.

There, this is better. We 'll just take a glance about and then we 'll go. Oh, I say—Dilly—here 's a great collection, three newly hatched chickens and to keep them from emulating the Augusta Legion and looking monotonous they 've labeled the first "Chick," the second "Chick in down" (as if a chicken could be in anything but down!) and the third, "Immature Male"! I call that great. And here 's a *Phalerope*—ever hear of a Phalerope before? Do you suppose it 's pronounced like Penelope or like "cake of soap"—and here 's a Turnstone and a Little

Stint—did you ever come on such names in all your life before?—And a whole case of Puffins—*they* look sad enough about it—and some Harriers; well, I 've been hearing about Harriers all my life and I always supposed that they were dogs! And so they 're birds—well, well! And here 's a Bar-tailed Godwit—I tell you what, Dilly, this is worth coming to Carlisle to learn, to think of my arriving at my age without knowing a Bar-tailed Godwit when I saw him; and look at this modest little fellow in the corner—nothing presumptuous about *him*, no high flown name, nothing but just a "Common Coot." Say, Dilly, do you know what a *Mus Muscuta* is,—no, it is n't a mosquito,—it 's a mouse! And here 's a Shag and a Shua—yes, so help me heaven, that 's what they call them in Carlisle—and now let 's go!

. . . I tell you, Dilly, it 's too late now even to drive near the castle. I did want to see the remains of the Roman Wall but it 's too late for that, too. You see, if you want to visit the museum in places it means just giving up everything else. Now, *I* should

have preferred the castle and the Roman Wall myself. But I 'm not taking this trip for myself—I 'm taking it for you. If I was traveling for my own pleasure I 'd never come to England in October to begin with, you see it 's begun to rain and it probably won't stop until New Year's. And October is the time that no one ever takes to go to Scotland because it rains worse there than anywhere. Gracious, but the Augusta Legion must have had a wet time of it, wiping off a suit of chain armor two or three times a day can't have been great sport. No wonder those Puffins are sad-looking birds—I 'd be sad myself if I had to live here. I suppose they call it Merry Carlisle to try and put a good face on it. Say, Dilly, "lachrymose" means tearful, does n't it? Well, I 'll bet you those little bottles marked "Lachrymatories" were what the Romans cried into while they stayed here. After they 'd chipped a few dozen stones in memory of themselves they began to save up their tears.

Yes, that 's the church. I don't know its name. I want some good hot supper now,

and then I want to get aboard for Edinburgh.—Great Scott, but that 's going to be a long, tough pull—getting there this night.

Well, I hope you 've enjoyed Carlisle? Oh, yes, I suppose we could have seen more if it had n't been raining. I 've usually found that the rain is n't the best thing to get about in or to see sights through. But never mind, we 've done Carlisle now, and every time you 've done a place in Europe you can't help a feeling of real relief.

Nothing like a "done" place to give me an appetite!

## VII

### YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

*Carlisle, Oct. 15.*

DEAREST MAMA: We are sleeping here to-night, we have n't found Uncle, and Lee thinks that we 've lost Bessie. I am so tired that I could cry but it 's too early to go to bed so I will try to write you a pleasant letter. The baby is well—I forgot to say that before. If we don't find Uncle soon, I shall forget my head, I fancy.

To go back to to-day's beginning I must tell you that Bessie came to our door at seven o'clock this morning and asked me if I thought that there would be the slightest impropriety in her going out to walk with Mr. Jackson as she had seen nothing whatever of Liverpool. She said that being raised in a convent she really did n't know about such things and that if I thought it

would n't do just to say so and she did n't mind a bit. I saw (through the crack) that she was all dressed and had her hat on and I did n't at all know what I ought to say so I shut the door and woke Lee and asked him. He said to let her go by all means and to tell her if she missed our train to take some other and if she missed all the others to remember that Gretna Green was just over the border. Of course when Lee talks that way it 's no use expecting him to talk any other way, so I went back to Bessie and told her that I thought that she might go for an hour but to be sure and be back at quarter-past eight for breakfast. She said that she never took anything but a cup of tea in the morning and had had that so then I told her to be sure and be back at quarter to nine. Then I asked her where she was to meet Mr. Jackson and she said he was standing there right beside her in the hall! I *did* feel silly then, and awfully glad that I had n't said anything about him. They went off and we tried to go to sleep again and could n't, so we dressed and went downstairs to breakfast and Lee bought a Times and I wrote Pootsey.

After a while it began to be nearly time to go

and no Bessie and no Mr. Jackson. We went to our room and put our few things together and I became very much worried. Lee was n't at all worried. I thought that we ought to wait and he said wait nothing—we 'd go right along to Carlisle. I insisted on getting the maid to let me into Bessie's room to see if I could pack for her and when she unlocked the door, if all her things were not gone!

Then I did n't know *what* to say and Lee and I went to the station. Lee was very kind seeing that I was really troubled, and when I saw that he was n't going to make fun of me I asked him if he thought that Bessie was anything like an adventuress. He said no, he did n't think that, he thought she was only looking out for adventures. We bought some magazines and took the train and had a pleasant ride to Carlisle—not especially interesting. I did a great deal of thinking and toward the last I tucked myself in behind Lee's arm and went to sleep. He read Freeman and Hunt's History of Carlisle all the way because he said he wanted to be able to out-talk Uncle when we got there. We arrived a little before noon and as we got down if there was n't

Bessie—and Mr. Jackson—waiting for us! They had made a mistake and taken the train before ours and had thought that *we* were the late ones. Poor little Bessie had suffered *everything* from anxiety; and I was so good as not to glance at Lee *once*, — for Lee ought to be ashamed of himself for what he said.

And, Mama, they had been so thoughtful for us during the hour that they waited; they had telephoned to the hotels—to every hotel in Baedeker—and found out that Uncle was n't anywhere. Mr. Jackson said he thought that Uncle must have stopped at Lancaster and be going to arrive in the afternoon. Anyway we went and all had dinner together and we had some things that I never tasted before and they were real Scotch scones. You pronounce them almost to rhyme with buns and they look like uncooked dough and are simply delicious.

After luncheon we set out to see Carlisle and it 's a dear town, only it does n't seem possible that there are nearly fifty thousand people in it—it seems so small and intimate. The station is at the south end and the railway going north follows the line of the old walls on the west. The

city is a long flattened-out diamond shape with Henry VIII's citadel at one—the lower—end and William Rufus' castle facing Scotland at the upper. The great towers of the citadel have been rebuilt into court-houses now and the main street begins there and runs to the castle. We walked all the way up and stopped and saw the cathedral on the way.

The poor Carlisle Cathedral! It was a lovely, bright autumn day and the trees around were most beautiful and doing their best to cover up all its sad history, but I never saw such a pathetic church before because it seemed so sort of brave and quiet and cheerfully resigned. Its poor nave had *ninety-one* feet taken away by Lesley to rebuild the city walls in 1644, and the old Norman work stands there with a big plain stop-gap of a further end. And yet just as it was, Sir Walter Scott was married in it a little over a hundred years ago, so you feel that *he* cared for it even ruined as it was. The choir is perfect and Lee and I went inside and I knelt down and prayed most earnestly for the baby and everyone else, and then we walked around a bit. There is one old, old arch that is all bent

sideways in its top and some quaint stalls and delightfully carved pillars. The choir belonged to the Augustine monks and their monastery buildings lay about the western side of the church; but these also were destroyed by Lesley and the Scots when they wanted material for the renewal of the fortifications. They camped in the buildings at first, too, and stabled horses in the church and afterwards when the canons returned it took them months and months to clean things up again.

Lee and I went out the western door and there we found such a lovely scene that we 've hunted all over for a postal-card or view of it to send to you. A pretty sward of the finest, soft, silk-velvet grass; some huge trees; above their tops the old square central tower of the church; to the south the choir with its painted windows and little Gothic ornaments; to the north the sturdy old undecorated Norman work, and, when we turned around, the trim deanery and other buildings, grey of stone, and gay with glossy ivy, their small courts full of bedded and boxed flowers.

It was while we were looking at the church

that we missed Bessie again. We thought that they had gone on up to the castle so we went on there, too, but they were nowhere to be seen.

However, we enjoyed the castle for there is a guide to take you around and he meets you at the gate (with his stick) and if you have any ideas to express or questions to ask you very soon get over the desire and just submit. Lee never said a word and I only tried to speak twice, but we certainly learned a lot, and the castle (which is now used as a barracks) is very picturesque and charmingly untouched and ruinous in the unused portions. The street runs straight to the outer gate now, and the outer moat has been largely filled in and parts of the out-works completely demolished. This is the castle where Fergus MacIvor was imprisoned in "Waverley"; it was out of this very gate that they drew him on a hurdle, down that same main street—English Street, it is called—out between the two round towers of the citadel and so to Gallows Hill which lies off southward somewhere—but neither Lee nor I want to know just where.

The guide waited for us to look at the gate and I asked him if a young gentleman and

young lady had been there within half an hour, or were perhaps inside then. He did not answer—just let his eyelids sort of sink over his eyes and drew in a deep breath—like a singer who is n't very used to singing. And then he began (please just imagine every sentence starting very high and shrill and slow and running out very low and fast with all the words fused into one and Lee and I absolutely not daring to look at each other *once* for fear that we should smile when he was so supernaturally solemn):

"Ladies and gentlemen, I will now escort you through the castle of the city of Carlisle-the-only-English-city-which-retains-its-British-name-Caer-meaning-Castle-thus-proving-thatthecastlewas-herebeforethecity.

"Carlisle, as you probably know, was the westernmost city of the north line of Roman occupation stretching from the Solway to the Tyne; it was sacked by the Danes in 875 and in 974 was given by Edmund to Malcolm, king of Scotland-to-hold-of-him-as-a-fief-on-condition-thatheshouldpreservepeaceupontheBorder.

"You are standing now, ladies and gentle-

men, within what was the outer entrance to the outer court of the castle. That there building over there to the right commanded the entrance to the inner court, the-court-that-lay-around-the-Keep-whichwasbuiltbyWilliamRufusin1092.

"A moat ran between these two doors taking its water from the moat outside. That entrance overthere-had-anotherportcullis-and-drawbridge and-was-defended-by-a-half-moon-battery-We-will-now-walk-through-it-intotheinnercourtyard-ofthecastle.

"There, ladies and gentlemen, you will now please look up at the inside of that there building you just come through under and observe them two little windows. Stephen gave Carlisle back to the Scots and David I of Scotland died up there in that room in 1153—" (We did look up at the windows with great interest, you may be sure, Mama, and they looked most prettily and sweetly Elizabethan to Lee and me, and the whole was quaint and the tradition so old that we decided—after we came home—to believe it with everyone else.) "This-David-it-may-interest-you-to-know-ladies-and-gentlemen-was-the-

son-of-St.Margaret-andtheuncleofMatildaQueen ofEnglandandmotherofHenryII.

"You are now standing in the inner court of the castle, ladies and gentlemen; that there is the Keep or original castle built by William Rufus who brought Flemish masons-to-work-on-its-walls-and-who-settled-Carlisle-with-their-families-and-thepeasantswhohadbeendrivenoutof-theNewForest.

"Henry II took Carlisle back. William the Lion besieged it in 1174 Alexander II took the town but could n't take the castle in 1215. William Wallace marched by here on his way south. Edward I made this his headquarters during his Scotch campaigns. Bruce besieged it in 1315. The castle was near being taken in 1522 and it was then that Henry VIII had its walls and defenses repaired and built-the-citadel-at-the-other-end-of-the-town-themtwobigtowersyou-musthavenoticedwhenyouleftthestation.

"Now walk this way, please;—here stood the building in which Mary Queen of Scots was lodged when she fled here after the Battle of Langside. The building was burnt down and

only this corner of the tower remains. It was from here that she wrote to Elizabeth for a change of clothing and history records that Elizabeth sent her two torn shifts, two pieces of black velvet, and two pair of shoes. When you walk around the wall you can see where her-people-used-to-play-ball-to-amuse-her-out-on-the green-to-the-northeast-there. SheleftthereforBoltonCastleJune131568."

Then he led us across the court yard to the stair that mounts outside the Keep and, showing us an old wooden table, said solemnly,

"This was used to cut up her meat on!"

And then, drawing in a mighty breath, he said,

"I will now show you the dungeons!"

There were some candles and he gave us each one but no matches. Lee started to get out his own but the guide shook his head:

"One minute first, ladies and gentlemen; James was here on his way to London Aug. 4, 1617. The town being Royalist was besieged by the Scotch under Lesley in October, 1644. It was taken after the defeat of Charles I at Naseby June 25 and Lesley and his soldiers occupied it for several months. Oct. 1, 1648 Car-

lisle was taken by Cromwell. Nov. 16, 1745 it surrendered to Prince Charlie."—(Mama, can you imagine Lee and I, each holding an un-lit candle and standing on the old steps of William Rufus' old castle in the bright daylight, listening to all this?)—"Prince Charlie left Dec. 21 and the duke of Cumberland after a fierce attack and a brave defense entered the city Dec. 30. He lodged in those buildings over to the north, and the dungeons of the keep were filled with the valiant defenders of the town and castle. The-battle-of-Culloden-was-fought-Apr.-16,-1746; and-up-to-Aug.-12-three-hundred-and-eighty-two unhappy-men-were-choked-in-here. Youmaynow-lightyourcandlesifyouplease."

We lit our candles (our guide deigned to accept one of Lee's matches) and turned in at a door-way. As soon as we were inside I blew out mine and seized Lee's hand for I had a feeling that it was going to be awful (and it was). It came to me what it would be to enter that door a prisoner and start down those steps leaving all hope (and candles) behind, and I thought of my baby—and you—and had to swallow very hard indeed.

"Each holding an un-lit candle"

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is supposed by some that a secret passage must have led underground from here to the cathedral for we read that Queen Mary attended service while here and it is not probable that she went through the town." —(Lee said he did n't believe that the cathedral was Roman Catholic in Elizabeth's time, but the man did n't hear him—or if he did he did n't stop)—"Sir Walter Scott has described these dungeons in 'Waverley.' Step down, please—there, them holes you see high up is where they ironed men to the wall. That window gave the only air there was. One hundred and twenty-seven men were confined in this room one night and when day came only forty were alive. Now-come-over-here-you-see-this-stone-they-call-it-the Weeping-Stone-because-it's-always-wet-I-don't-know-why-but-it-is. Do-you-feel-that-long-smooth-groove?—Well, that'smadebyprisoners'-tongueslickingittogetthewater."

Then he walked behind us and opened another door, showing another room that had absolutely no light or air and offered to shut us in there for a little if we liked so that we could see how dark and close it was. Lee thanked him and told him

that we were quite willing to take his word for it.

I don't know what I looked like when we came out to the air again but I felt very pale. We mounted the outside stair next and at the top our guide made his final stand.

"Ladies and gentlemen, look over to the west, —it was there that the most striking incident in connection with the history of this castle took place. In 1596 on the Day of Truce William Armstrong of Kinmont came to the Wardens' Meeting and was treacherously taken by the English and lodged in Carlisle Castle. The Scotch Lord Warden, Sir Walter Scott of Buccleugh, having in vain demanded his release of the English warden, Lord Scrope, determined to free Kinmont Willie—as he was called—himself. Assembling two hundred men he crossed the Esk in the night, crossed the Caldew before dawn, placed scaling ladders against the western wall over there, entered the castle, broke open Kinmont Willie's door, and just carried Willie himself off, irons and all, without spilling a drop of blood, or raising any outcry. History records that Queen Elizabeth was exceedingly angry

and summoned Buccleugh before her-asking-him-how-he-dared-do-such-a-thing-to-which-he-replied'Whatistherethatamanmaynotdare?'which sopleasedtheQueenthatsheforgavehim."

This final vocal effort seemed to quite end the guide and Lee said he felt almost apologetic over not giving him at least a guinea for so much personal exertion and prodigally poured-out history. The man seemed very grateful for what he did get and told us that we might walk around the old walls as long as we liked, and then he took his handkerchief and mopped his face wearily and went down to wait at the gate and tell it all over to the next visitors. Lee says some pretty well-read man must have drafted the speech for him to learn by heart for it is very well condensed and all true except David's windows and Kinmont Willie's being taken over the wall; Lee says when Buccleugh got to the castle the scaling ladders were found to be too short and they battered in the postern door with pick-axes and carried him off that way. He read that in his History coming up on the train.

We spent about an hour on top of the old walls, part of which were also built by William

Rufus. We looked over towards Stanwix which was a station in the Roman system of defense, and we saw the green where Mary of Scotland's attendants played ball, according to our guide. Like every other country scene in England, the trees were soft-topped, the air pale-blue, and an infinite peace seemed to lie all over everything. Lee and I sat down on a cannon, laid our hands together, and talked about our baby. I said "Do you suppose anyone born and brought up here, could *ever* want to tear around later in life the way that Uncle does?" And Lee said he felt like giving up Oxford and coming to Carlisle to live only it would be so much trouble to move that he 'd rather just sit still forever on the cannon and think about it. Then we both laughed and got up and walked on.

When we returned to the hotel the man whom Lee engaged this noon to watch for Uncle said Uncle had n't arrived but that a porter at the station was positive that a gentleman answering that description passed through Carlisle on his way to Edinburgh last night. He says that he came in from Liverpool at five, left at seven, and had the ends of his trunk striped red, white, and

blue. It sounds very like Uncle to me; it would be *exactly* like Uncle to arrive at five, leave at seven, and have the ends of his trunk painted red, white, and blue; you know that as well as I do.

But Lee says that we cannot possibly go on to-night as we want to see the scenery. However, we can go to-morrow morning and we think that Uncle would surely spend two days in Edinburgh and the neighborhood. It is n't raining any more and the weather is so perfect for sightseeing that we can't see how he could rush right away from so interesting a place as Edinburgh must be. So we shall go on and trust to catch him there. There is something queer about it all and we can't see why he don't send us word in Oxford that he had landed safely at least, but then, you know, Uncle *is* queer, and I have to admit that even though I do love him so dearly.

Oh, I nearly forgot to tell you about Bessie. She has n't come back at all—nor Mr. Jackson either, and Lee says as we don't know where she comes from we can't be expected to cable her relatives. Lee says that if she has any relatives they probably would n't expect to be cabled any-

way as they must be used to her little ways by this time. I can't understand her at all, she had such sweet manners and I *know* that her lace was real. Dear me, I—

WHY, Mama, they have just come back. It 's nine o'clock, they missed us in the cathedral and have been hunting for us *all over!* They have been to Stanwix and Wetheral and Lanercost Priory and almost everywhere *except* the castle. Mr. Jackson said they never thought of going to the castle as he knew that it was used as a barracks now and supposed strangers would be denied admission as they are at French *casernes.* Bessie says that it seems to her as if she has been hunting for me almost ever since she knew me and I did feel self-reproachful, thinking of how I had been thinking of *her*, and of what Lee said about her relatives and her ways.

Mr. Jackson says he believes that he will go to Edinburgh, too; he is in no rush to get to London and four is such a pleasant party. So we are all to make an early start to-morrow.

I have asked Lee if he is n't sorry for the way he has laughed about Bessie twice now but he

just said "Call no man sorry until he is dead." He does have such a mean way of misquoting, Mama, and I think that men are *always* unfair to women—always. I went into Bessie's room to help her unpack (she *was* so tired, poor child!) and she told me with tears in her eyes that she had been on thorns all day, off alone like that with a man, and everything so different from the convent. She says that Mr. Jackson was very kind and most persevering in looking for Lee and me, but he *was* a man, and a man is so very, very different from a nun.

Well, poor child, she 's asleep now, and we 've just received the usual evening telegram from Dr. Tripkin that the baby is ditto. Oh, Mama, it smiled this morning and neither Lee nor I were there to see it do it,—life is indeed a mixture of sun and shadow!

I shall write you from Edinburgh to-morrow night when we have found Uncle. Don't think that we are not having a good time for we are enjoying every minute.

Your own loving

YVONNE.

## VIII

### UNCLE JOHN IN EDINBURGH

*2.30 P. M. Oct. 15.*

OH, I say, Dilly!

Oh, I s-a-y, Dilly!

Dilly, Dilly, *Dill*-y! I say, my watch has stopped, what time is it by yours?

Half-past two? It *can't* be. Mine says half-past two, too. Now, you know it *can't* be half-past two? It is n't possible that I 've slept until half-past two in the afternoon? Well, I do believe I have.

. . . I never did such a thing in my life before. This comes of taking a night train. I never travel nights when I 'm alone in Europe. You don't see anything when you travel nights and you 're very apt to oversleep the next day. Well, I bet I never travel another night—that 's all.

. . . Wait till I pull up a shade—George,

how I hate these slat things! Get hold of the wrong cord and it shuts up like a one-sided parasol. There, I guess I 've got the right ones this time,—now—here goes!

. . . . . .

No, I did n't drop the water pitcher, Dilly —I just let the shade down again with a crash. If I 'd known that the tops of the Edinburgh street-cars were covered with people who are interested in looking into hotel bedrooms I would n't have jerked it up so hard, that 's all. Guess I 'll content myself now with looking out through the crack at the side. Pretty park opposite; that must be the castle above. You can always find the castles and the cathedrals easy in Europe, Dilly; the castle 's always on the highest peak of a town and the cathedral 's always bigger than the castle.

Well, and so this is Edinburgh! Strange to think of my coming clear across the ocean to see it and then having to peek out at it through a crack like this. I don't know how I 'm ever going to shave in this room, not unless I take the whole population to witness.

Every car-top seems specially fascinated by my window, maybe it 's because it 's the only one with the shade down at 2.30 P. M. I tell you what, Dilly, that journey last night was the most uncomfortable I ever made. It 's all right Scott's saying "if you want to see Melrose right go look at it in the night." We went in the night and we did n't see a thing. I would n't have known that it was Melrose myself if that fellow that 's forever waking everyone who tries to travel at night in Europe had n't shook me and told me if I was for Edinburgh I 'd better be getting ready. I vow I get so mad over being told what I ought to do by those little whipper-snappers. I 'd just like to sleep past one station—it would serve them just right. I 'd like to know what they 'd say *then.*

Well, Dilly, I 've seen all I can of Edinburgh this way. We must be getting out. I 'll ring for your hot water with mine. We 'll have time to visit the castle and that place where Rizzio was killed and walk around the town some before night anyhow. It 's a little after half-past two now—we 'll be out by

three, we can eat a cold lunch in a hurry, you know, and then—

What 's that? *What?*

Dilly!

Wait till I pull on my—there! Well, now, what did you yell at me. Rheumatism?

Now, Dilly, you have n't got rheumatism any more than I have—you only think you 've got it. Twist around some, get up and stamp, well, then draw up your legs and kick. Now, I tell you, Dilly, you have *not* got rheumatism. Where could you get rheumatism? Nonsense, a baby could n't have taken cold last night. I 've had rheumatism and I know all about it and I know that there was nothing to give it to anyone last night. Besides there 's no such thing as rheumatism; there 's no such thing as anything. I read a magazine article the other day about all that (if I 'd known you as well then as I do now I 'd have brought it along with us), and I 'll tell you just what you 've done; you 've taken a picture of rheumatism and let it get into your sub-consciousness; you have n't got rheumatism at all—only your sub-consciousness has

got it. That 's a new theory, Dilly, but I 'm convinced it 's all right. Now you pay no attention to the rheumatism or the sub-consciousness but hustle out of bed and get dressed as quick as you can. A good brisk walk up to the castle will set you all straight. Nothing like exercise; when I had rheumatism I always took a long walk every day, but the best way is to make up your mind that you have n't got it. I 'll go into my room and dress and I 'll tell them to bring you some hot water. Kick your leg as you move about and try and make another picture in your subconsciousness—a picture of your leg all right, you know. Then your leg will be all right.

THERE, now I 'm all ready to go down—

Well, *Dilly;* you are a sorry looking spectacle, I vow! I must say this is pretty hard on me! Here, I never felt better in my life, and look at you! I 've come to Edinburgh just on your account and that 's the best that you can manage. I reckon the only thing for me to do under these circumstances, is to go down and send you up some breakfast and then get

a carriage and we 'll drive. It 's a nice day and we can see a good deal driving around and you can tell me about the things we see. That 'll be the best, as far as I can judge from the way you look. What do you want to have to eat? Now don't say you don't care because you 've only got to say. Well, I 'll send it up.—If the chamber-maid comes in you might just casually remark to her that that flask of mine is hair-oil,—I 've always heard that the Scotch were great on temperance and drinking; was n't it Burns who was always "coming through the rye," or doing something else with it? I 'll tell you where we 'll drive this afternoon, we 'll drive out to—I forget the name but it 's where the dead and the flying mingled their shrieks with something. It begins "Oh, say can you tell—" no, it is n't "Oh, say can you tell"—well, I can't recall the exact words at this minute. But do you notice, Dilly, how Scotland affects me—I 've been quoting Scotch poetry straight along ever since I woke up. When I was standing there at the window I caught myself saying "This is my own, my native land" over and

over, and that was curious, too, because, of course, it is n't my native land at all. But I can't stand wasting time this way. I 'll go down and get something to eat and order the carriage and you be ready to start when I come up.

WELL, Dilly!

Red? I should say I am red. I 'm mad!

Look here, I brought you along with me because I understood that you were a well-read man, and here you let me—your old friend that 's doing all he can for you to give you a good time,—go down into a hotel office and ask for a carriage to drive to Culloden and Culloden 's two or three hundred miles from here, up in the Catskills or the Black Forest of whatever this outlandish country does call its top half. Great Scott, I 'm so mad I can't see straight. The whole hotel is grinning over me; I feel like leaving Edinburgh, I vow I do. Yes, you *did* know I was going there, I 've said I was going there a dozen times since I woke up and you know that I 've been talking of Culloden right

along. I don't know why I am so anxious to see it but I am. "Young Lochinvar" was always a favorite of mine and I 've always thought that if I ever did get to Scotland I 'd head straight for Culloden. I can't see though why it says he came "out of the west" for it 's north but I presume in his hurry he did n't notice the direction he took.

I tell you, Dilly, let me make another mistake like that and it 'll be all up with you. There 's just one thing that I won't stand and that is being considered funny. Americans are always considered funny over here and I won't be considered American in that way.

Well, the carriage is waiting. Come on. Great Scott, if you can't walk better than that you won't climb many towers and climbing towers is the main part of European travel. Climbing towers and going to get money on your letter of credit is the main pursuit of the American in Europe.

. . . So we 're off. Tuck yourself up well, Dilly, as long as you think you 've got rheumatism you may as well think you 're keeping warm and getting over it.

Now let 's see, hand me the Baedeker. Did n't you bring it. Well—well—well, I vow, Dilly!

However, no help for misfortune but marry again; and I bet I take someone else next time, that 's all.

Oh, driver,—hey—what 's that? Scott's Monument. Look there, Dilly, that 's very interesting; that 's Sir Walter Scott's Monument.—I say, driver, we don't want to see new things like that monument. Can't you drive us around where it 's old? There, did you hear him, Dilly? He says all this park was a lake. Think of that. I suppose that was what made that castle such a good one, two sides rock and this side lake. Pretty bridge. What bridge is this, driver? This is Waverley Bridge, Dilly, named after Sir Walter Scott, I 'll bet anything. Handsome railway station —handsome buildings—but they all look dreadfully new to me. One of the most depressing things about Europe is how new it looks. I declare, Dilly, if Edinburgh is going to look as new as this everywhere I 'm sorry I came. I wish we 'd stayed in Carlisle, there

was that about Carlisle—it *was* old. However this looks more promising over this way, this looks *old*. Hey, driver, what 's this street? God bless my soul, Dilly, this is the High Street, this is the famous High Street, this is Sir Walter Scott's High Street. "Whose something back heaves to the sky, Piled deep and massy, Close and High," I declare I never saw anything like the way I 'm quoting poetry to-day. You see they call the side-streets "Closes" here. Hey, driver, what 's this church? This is St. Giles, Dilly, did you ever hear of St. Giles? I never did. Must have been a Scotch saint—no, that 's St. Patrick. Well, he 's stopped and so I suppose we may as well go in. Yes, you can walk, too. . . .

—There, I said "thrippence" when I took that change without even thinking—did you hear me? Come on, the man says that 's the Albany aisle. Who was Albany? never mind, you can tell me to-night. He says the pillars are the oldest part. Did you hear that, Dilly, the whole church was burned down by Richard II. I did n't know Richard II was ever in

Scotland. Did you hear that, Dilly, he says when James succeeded Elizabeth he said good-by here in this church—said good-by to the people, you know.

Who was Jenny Geddes? Why, did n't you hear him, he says right there was where she threw the stool. Well, Dilly, how should *I* know what he means by that—I asked *you* what he meant. There, this *is* interesting. That 's Montrose lying down there. He was beheaded and that 's his statue. Being beheaded always makes a man interesting to me. You can't take the time to read all that card, Dilly, it 's just the names from the memorial window; when you 've traveled as much as I have you 'll never bother to stop and read those printed cards, they have them hanging to things all over Europe. The man says Oliver Cromwell quartered his armies in the churches of the city and preached a sermon in the church-yard of this one, as if anyone cares whether he did or did n't. I wonder what all these ragged old flags are! No, don't ask him—he 'll talk another hour if you do.

The worst thing about Europe, Dilly, is how afraid you get to ask a question for fear of starting people to telling you things. I don't see anything else here.—No, we don't want to climb the tower, or the cellar either. I gave him sixpence—come on.

. . . There, now we 've done the church. We 'll go to the castle next. I tell you what it is, Dilly, it 's astonishing how little there is to see in the world after all; if it was n't for Rizzio we could leave Edinburgh early to-morrow. I 'm not sure but we 'll be able to leave anyway. We can send our trunks to the train and drive there right after an early breakfast. Or we can skip the castle and go and see Rizzio now. I declare that 's a bright idea. Hey, driver, driver!—driver!—driver, we don't want to go into the castle, just drive up as close as you can and then turn round and go back. Handsome esplanade. Where they burnt the witches—eh? where? Right here? How many? two thousand! when? Between 1437 and 1670. Why, that 's over two hundred years. That 's not so bad; I

thought they burnt them all at once. You do have the *greatest* way of exaggerating things, Dilly.

. . . So that 's the castle! What 's that? I don't believe those cannon command the mouth of the Forth. Well, if they do, it seems very remarkable to *me*. What is the Forth anyhow? I don't see any particular sense in their doing it anyway. View—yes, I see the view. It 's so close in front of me I could n't help seeing it if I wanted to. I wonder what that hill is—hey, driver, what 's that hill over there? Arthur's Seat, eh? Did you hear that, Dilly, that 's Arthur's seat. And so *this* is Edinburgh Castle? I declare but it 's a solemn thing to think of who 's gone up and down here, Dilly. Kings and queens, Robert Bruce, and now you and me. They say Edwin built the first castle in 629—curious, very curious. No, I did n't mean about Edwin was curious, I meant the plaid trousers that soldier 's got on. I must say kilts don't civilize gracefully—the plaid seems to be too big somehow.

Well, driver, I guess we 'll go to Holyrood

now, plenty of time before dark. And if we pass anything of special interest, sing out. Pretty view this way, Dilly; wonder what that Greek temple is up there. Hey, driver, what 's that hill and what 's that white thing on top of it? Calton Hill and the Waterloo Monument? All right, much obliged. There, I expect that 's that old Town Cross you were telling me about. The one where they executed people. I suppose Montrose had his head cut off there? He did—did he? Dear, dear! You must tell me about him to-night.

Well, this *is* a quaint old street. The curious thing about Europe, Dilly, is that when you do get where it really is old, it 's so sort of stuffed up and dark and the cobble-stones are so rough that you don't mind being modern after all.

Curious fellow this driver; what under the sun do you suppose he meant by turning around like that and yelling to us that that was the *Tron* Church? what is a Tron?—we never asked him what church it was anyway, —but it 's no use making a mountain out of a mole-hill so we 'll pay no attention. Well,

I declare, I never saw such a man! There he turned around again and hollered that that was John Knox's house. As if we did n't know about John Knox ourselves. I 've known about John Knox ever since we were boys together. He 's the man that used to make Mary, Queen of Scots cry. Yes, I *do* know that he was a great reformer, too. I tell you, Dilly, you are about as aggravating as the driver. I know all there is to know about John Knox.

. . . Yes, I thought *that* was interesting myself although when he said "Moray House" I thought he meant the Regent. Strange to look at a little balcony like that and think of a man and his bride hurrying out on it to see that poor Montrose being taken to his own execution. Who was the man? Argyll? Who was Argyll? Never mind—don't bother me with him now whoever he was. What did they execute him for anyway? Defeated by the Covenanters? well, who were the Covenanters? Oh, if it all works back to John Knox you need n't bother to explain because I know all about John Knox. Only just

"John Knox's house"

tell me *where* he was defeated? Philiphaugh, May 18, 1650, I declare, Dilly, I don't see how you remember dates. The only date I 'm ever positive about is when my wife died, and I remember her because she died on my birthday. I could n't remember my birthday before she died—no, I could n't, for a fact.

. . . So that 's Holyrood! Funny how they pronounce "Holy" "holly" here. What does Holyrood mean?—never mind, you can tell me to-night. Yes, you wait for us, driver, I would n't let a cab go this far from any hotel.

. . . I don't think much of this, looks like the inside court of a cheap summer hotel, who built it anyway? Yes, I thought it was one of the last James; it looks as if it was the final gasp of something. Do we go in here? Go slow up the stairs, Dilly, stairs in Europe are always stone and *always* twist. Yes, I bought one of the books. (Wait till I read where we are.) . . . It says this wing is the oldest extant part of the palace, built by James IV, the one who married the sister of Henry VIII and was killed at Flodden—

. . . Never mind, Dilly, you 're almost up now. There, now we 're up. You see it 's two flights up to Queen Mary's rooms because she was over Darnley. I don't know why, maybe she liked to look down on him every way—even out of her window. (Wait till I read in the book.) Yes, right in here. Dilly, there—*that 's* where they killed Rizzio! I vow, this *is* interesting. (Wait till I read in the book.) This was Mary's audience-chamber; here was where she used to dispute with Knox (I declare, it seems as if everyone had it in for me trying to tell me some more about Knox) and that (come along, Dilly,) was her bedroom, and this (hurry up, Dilly,) was the room where she was having supper. (Wait while I read:) It was Feb. 13, 1565, and Lord Robert Stuart and Lady Argyll were having supper with them. They were eating right in this identical room. (Wait while I read the book.) Darnley, Ruthven and the other conspirators came up the stair that opens into the bedroom (hurry up, Dilly, come along back into the bedroom, yes, here 's the stair sure enough) and burst in upon them. Rizzio

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"In this identical room"

jumped up (come along back to the supper-room, Dilly,) they caught him, pulled him through Mary's bedroom (come along back to the bedroom, Dilly,) dragged him across this other room (hurry up, Dilly,) and despatched him (it says "despatched" in the book,) right here where this brass plate is let into the floor, —see it!—I declare, this is about the most satisfactory place I 've been in in Europe—no doubt—no mystery—you see Darnley's room, you see Mary's room, you see the room that they were eating in, and you see the plate in the floor. Who was Rizzio anyhow, I 've forgotten? Was he the one that hid under the bed? Who was it that she blew up? Darnley, oh, of course. I know all about Darnley, we must go and see the Kirk o' Field, I always used to get it mixed with the Field of the Cloth-of-Gold. I never see any use in having names so exactly alike. Well, well, and so here 's where they killed him! Well, you can't stand here all day staring at a brass plate in a floor, Dilly, the man 's dead and we can't fix up affairs for him by standing by his plate. Let 's go now! Nothing else that we



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want to see here. Nothing else to see in Edinburgh for that matter. I move we make an early start to-morrow and go back to Melrose. I shan't take Sir Walter Scott's advice this time—I shall go in the daylight. I 'll write that poem of his over again, and I 'll say "If you want to see fair Melrose right, Take some train that stops there by light." Don't you think it 's odd, Dilly, the way I 'm taking to poetry to-day? Effect of the atmosphere I suppose. When I saw that stag's head on the old coat-of-arms down below here I said right off "A stag at eve"—just said it like that—not one minute's reflection, "A stag at eve." You don't happen to remember what that 's out of—do you? I *think* it 's Scott; it does n't sound like Whitman or Hiawatha to me.

. . . Why, if you want to but it says in the book that it 's all in ruins. It 's only the nave anyway. I don't see much use in looking at a nave in ruins. I never look at naves in ruins myself. However, I 'm taking this trip on your account, Dilly, so come on.

. . . We go through this door. There,

that 's all there is of it. It was called the Chapel Royal but it says in the book that it was the Abbey Church of Holyrood. The roof fell in. I told you that it was nothing but a ruin before we came in, Dilly. (Wait till I read in the book.) Montrose was buried here first. Seems to me Montrose and John Knox are the two most popular men in Edinburgh. Here 's something curious: James II was christened, crowned, married and buried here, and was born in the palace. I know that he did n't die here. Have n't I got it right before my eyes in the book that he was killed by the bursting of a gun at the siege of Roxburgh Castle? The Jameses did n't seem to like to die natural deaths. The first was assassinated at Perth, the second was killed at Roxburgh, the third was slain by his nobles after Sauchieburn, the fourth died on the Field of Flodden—it says so in the book. The fifth one did die in bed. He died of a broken heart when he found that he was father to Mary, Queen of Scots. Say, Dilly, this is mighty cold and damp for your leg—do you know that? Let 's be getting back to the

hotel and eating some of those buns or scuns or whatever they call them, and after that we 'll get to bed early so as to clear out the first thing in the morning.

. . . Town looks gay, all lit up—don't it? I like these old towns. I like Europe. I tell you, Dilly, there 's nothing like Europe. Now contrast that brass plate we 've just seen with the one where Garfield was assassinated. Think of the difference in the interest. You can't any more imagine a Garfield and a Guiteau in Holyrood than you can a Rizzio in the White House. There 's no romance in America, no Mary, Queen of Scots. All we have to fill our papers with are Carrie Nations and Floradoras. I declare, if this driver don't stop turning around and firing fool information at us, I 'll get mad. The idea of screeching out "That 's the Mound." I don't know what 's the Mound and I don't care. I want to get home to the Baedeker and find out who Jenny Geddes was and what possessed her to throw her stool around in church.

. . . There I go, Dilly, whistling "Sweet

Marie"—I just fairly brim over with Scott and Scotch things to-day, I never saw myself like this before. That reminds me, we 'll each have a Hot Scotch as soon as we get to the hotel. No, I did n't say Hop Scotch —I said *Hot* Scotch. There 's that monument again. Whose did they say it was? Scott's? Oh, yes, I remember. He 's dead now—is n't he? "Lost to hound and hunter's ken."—I vow, Dilly, I don't believe you could speak of anything to-night that I could n't quote you a verse for.

Here we are back at the hotel. Here, driver, there 's the money and a shilling for yourself. Good-night.

# PART III

## IX

### YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

*Edinburgh, Oct. 16.*

MY DEAREST MAMA: It is Tuesday. The baby is well, we are well, Bessie has again departed and this time we don't know what to think! And Lee has gone to the station to investigate a report that Uncle's red, white, and blue trunk has actually been seen there in storage. You can know from *that* that we have not found him yet and I am now quite sure that we have lost a letter, for he would *never* come to England and be in the country this long without letting us know. You know that as well as I do. I am very much troubled about it all but Lee says that the only thing to do is to forget what 's annoying and enjoy all

the rest. I 'm sure that I want to do so but beside Uncle there 's Bessie, and really, Mama, she 's the queerest girl that I ever saw out of a convent and I know that Lee does n't think that she 's ever been in a convent at all. And yet she was such a dear little thing, Mama, so kind and thoughtful. She helped me pack my dressing-case in Carlisle before we started and numbers of little things that did n't go in easily she very kindly put in her bag; and now heaven knows where she is—or her bag either. Lee 's going to buy me a list of the things that I *must* have at the drug-store, on his way back from the station to-night.

Well, I started to write you all about what we 've been doing to-day and first I must tell you that we left Carlisle at a prompt hour this morning and by some mistake bought tickets over the wrong road. We came over the Caledonian and it seems that that 's a dreadful thing to do. We found out why on the way up. Lee remembered then having heard some people talk of the Caledonian once but he said that it utterly slipped his mind when the man gave him the tickets.

When we started Bessie and Mr. Jackson were in the compartment with us and we all had a good time together talking about home and Carlisle and the Debatable Land through which we were then passing and which is such a fair land of fair wood and fair meadow that Lee said he 'd never have stopped debating it himself if he 'd been either Scotland or England. Then we saw to the left the silver strip of the Solway shining in the sun and *then* we crossed the Sark and were in Scotland.

When I thought of its being Scotland and that every leaf and grass blade in sight drew some of its life from the blood of countless centuries' fighting, right where my eyes saw to-day only beauty and brightness, I felt that I could not laugh and talk for awhile, and I went and climbed up close by Lee and took his hand—we both have found out that we see ever so much better when we hold hands—and we sat still and looked out on the scene which soon changed from rich luxuriance to cold grey bleakness. After a little, out of the purple shadows, rose up the Cheviot Hills, and although nothing could be more unlike the Jura, still they reminded us

of the Jura, just as we saw them on our way to Switzerland a little over a year ago.

Presently I said "Lee, can't you imagine the half-naked Picts slipping through those little ravines, stealing, stealing down to rob and murder among the farms close by the Roman wall? Can't you see the Romans marching up through here to build that other chain of forts that they hoped would keep the barbarians out of this south land? Can't you see King Arthur and King Edwin and all those other kings, whose armies must have passed by here—must have passed right by here just because armies like railroads follow the law of moving where there is the least resistance? Does n't it seem to you as if you kept catching glimpses of spears through the trees? It does to me!"

Lee said that he had just been thinking of that very thing and then he forgot all about Bessie and Mr. Jackson and turned to kiss me, and I remembered them and turned to keep him from doing it, and that turned both our faces their way and we saw that they were gone!

Well, Mama, I don't know whether it was my expression or what, but Lee burst out laugh-

"Mr. Jackson"

ing and I *never* have seen him laugh so in all my life. He simply roared. He said, "Ha-ha-ha-ha" fifty times and slapped his knee that way he sometimes does and then as soon as he stopped even a little he 'd look at me and begin right off again. He laughed so long and so loud that I 'm not sure but that he would be laughing still only for our coming to Abingdon and the decorations of the station there, and of the little town, were so extremely remarkable that we both forgot all else for the minute to look out of the window. Pointed yellow flags, tissue-paper roses, arches not quite symmetrical but covered with trailing bunting, long waving streamers, flags on every house, and scarfs tied around all the posts and trees. Lee said perhaps it was a "*Schutzenfest*" such as they have in Germany, but I lowered the pane in the door and asked a man who was standing on the platform outside and oh, Mama, Mama, *Mama*, will you only think of it, it was the *king*, Edward I (of Scotland) whom they were expecting on the *very next train* and we never had known it!

All the streamers and shaky arches and paper roses looked quite different at once; they seemed

to show how every one of those little cottages held people who had enjoyed doing what they could to welcome their sovereign. We could see a crowd already standing about dressed in their best waiting for that wonderful next train and Lee said, "I say, let 's get out and wait, too! I will if you want to." But I did n't want to—I wanted to keep on hunting Uncle John—so we did n't.

After a short stop our train pulled out and then Lee and I began to discuss Bessie again. Lee said they must have gotten out very quietly when we stopped at some small station and the guard opened the door. The guards open and shut the doors so constantly that no one ever notices when they do it, and he said that he wondered when she would return this time, and then he had another laugh, and then we agreed to drop the subject.

The road-bed was very rough and the outlook most uninteresting except where there were hills, and I was beginning to feel very tired of it all when the train stopped at Auchengray, and Bessie and Mr. Jackson got in with us again.

I expect Lee and I both looked startled, for

Bessie said "Why, what is it?" and Mr. Jackson said "Our bags were under the seat all the time," and pulled them out to prove it. It seems they got out to walk up and down during the ten minutes' wait at Carstairs Junction, and got into the wrong compartment when they got on again and that 's easy to understand for people are always doing that in Europe when it 's a man and a girl, you know—or, if you don't know, Lee and I do anyway. It 's much nicer traveling shut up with strangers when you 're a man and a girl than it is shut up with chaperons. Lee says marriage frees a woman from all question of chaperons and ties a man to one for life but he does n't mean anything mean by saying that; he just thinks that it 's a funny thing to say, and I do too, for it 's so true.

So we all four arrived in Edinburgh a little after noon, came to the hotel, ate lunch, telephoned all over about Uncle, found that out of the season the hotels are n't very strict over their registers, and so we set a man to look for Uncle and went to drive—all four of us—ourselves.

We had an *awfully* interesting drive. Mr. Jackson has been here several times and he di-

rected the driver. We went first to Calton Hill, left the carriage and walked to the highest point, and from there we had our first view of the most wonderful and picturesque city on the face of the earth. I don't see how even Mr. Baedeker can *mention* Naples in the same breath with Edinburgh. Paris is flat and low and monotonous in comparison; I said to Lee that if he did n't instantly agree with me that there never had been, was not now, and never could be, anything so beyond all description, as the scene before us, I must cease instantly ever to respect his opinion again. And what do you think he answered? He just said, "Oh, *hush!*" and the tone in which he said it satisfied me as to his complete sympathy.

I could n't describe it possibly, Mama; it is n't the hills beyond, nor Arthur's Seat towering over it; it is n't the shining Forth, nor the huge, brooding castle on the rock that in pre-historic days rose just where it rises now, only with the ocean charging up about its base on all sides; it is n't the faint blue mist that makes every view in Britain look like a painting by some celestial Turner, and it is n't any of those wonders al-

though any one of them would give individuality to any other spot on earth. But it 's the curious way in which the streets lie, so that the whole city is one wavering set of crenelated ridges all blended in and out in lines of grey, of black, of softly purplish-blue in the farther portions, broken with church-spires, with squares, with tree-gardens, woven and interwoven of artistically jagged lines, all making the only Edinburgh in the whole, wide world.

We were up there for quite half an hour and Mr. Jackson pointed out all the prominent buildings so that we formed an excellent idea of things in general. We saw Holyrood Palace, lying between us and the great hill called Arthur's Seat, and he told us about how people used to be able to see the giant profile of Arthur, cut out on the Salisbury Crags, from just where we were standing. The legend is that Arthur sat enthroned there to watch his men defeat the Saxons on the plain below, in the days when the Saxons were to the Britons what the Danes came later to be to the Saxons and what the Normans finally were to all the amalgamated rest. Arthur's Seat *looks* taller and fiercer than

Mont Blanc but Mr. Jackson says it 's a mere hour's walk to go over it. He said he had a friend who saw it the first time when it was wrapped in fog, rose at day-break the next morning, took two days' rations and an alpen-stock, set out, determined to reach the summit at any cost—and was back at the hotel before breakfast. The Old Observatory is on Calton Hill—the new one is on Blackford Hill to the south-west of the city—and the Nelson Monument is there, and a beautiful monument that has never been finished, but which is to be like the Parthenon and to commemorate the soldiers that fell at Waterloo. We walked around them all and out to the edge of the hill and looked down to where the old jousting-ground used to lie below. The hill slopes sharply there and once formed a natural amphitheatre from which to watch the lists. Mr. Jackson said that the story goes that Bothwell made Queen Mary fall in love with him by galloping his horse straight down the pitch. The gibbet used to be down there, too, and the road to Leith winds off that way. Leith is Edinburgh's sea-port. One

of the kings gave the monks of Holyrood a tithe on the shipping and so they built a light-house on Arthur's Seat and kept it in order to prevent wrecks. I thought that was so kind in the monks, but Lee and Mr. Jackson thought it showed how keen on business they were. Bessie did n't say what she thought, she kept very quiet all the afternoon. (No wonder.)

Mr. Jackson told us another interesting thing before we came down. There is a little river called the Almond that flows into the Firth of Forth, and a little town there called Gramond and Gramond comes from Caer Almond, just as Carlisle comes from Caer Luel. That 's real old British English—older than all the "burghs" and the "bys," by centuries; but what struck Lee and me was that the river had never had its name altered, while that of the town had been changed so completely.

When we came down from the hill Mr. Jackson suggested that we leave Bessie at the hotel (she seemed so used up and looked tired to death) and then drive around the Old Town a bit with him. I was so sorry about having mis-

judged Bessie that I wanted to stay with her but she said that she would far rather be alone, so I went with the men.

We drove in the opposite direction this time and went over a splendid road that encircles the foot of Castle Rock, passing the near-by Royal Mews (mews are stables) and so into the Grass-market. And there we stopped for it was there that the scenes in the "Heart of Midlothian" took place—the two hanging scenes, you know, and where the Covenanters were also executed. I never understood about the Covenanters before or how, when all who did not conform to the established religion were barred out of the churches, they took up arms and started a civil war. Later, led by that same Lesley who besieged Carlisle in 1645, they defeated the Royalist troops under the Marquis of Montrose at Philiphaugh and brought back Montrose to Edinburgh where he was beheaded at the Town Cross in the High Street. After the Restoration his body was re-interred in the cathedral with great honor, and in 1679 when the Covenanters again went into battle it was they who lost. Hundreds of them were

driven prisoners into the city, shackled with knotted ropes, and they were packed into all manner of holes, and herded like cattle in Grey Friars Church-yard (where we went next). There is a great tablet to them there. Do you know, Mama, they slept on the frozen ground and were dependent on charity for food; they were shot down if they moved at night, and were hung by dozens in the Grass-market. It seems rather curious that the "Solemn League and Covenant" for which they all died had been signed in the very same church-yard in 1638, forty-one years before.

James I, the one who was the Duke of Rothsay's younger brother and who was in prison in England for eighteen years, founded the monastery that once covered just about all the land around there. The Grass-market was the monks' own market originally. When Henry VI and his queen and the little prince escaped into Scotland after Towton they were given lodgings in Grey Friars and I told Lee that I supposed that they must have often looked up at the castle and at Arthur's Seat and wondered if they would ever see England again. Lee said they

probably felt about England much as we do at present about Uncle John, but I don't think that he really meant to joke about either Henry VI or Uncle. Mr. Jackson said that in 1558 when the Reformation broke loose in Scotland the people literally tore the buildings of the monastery that then stood there stone from stone. All was left in ruins and Mary gave the land to the town for a graveyard, because the church-yard near the cathedral was too crowded. In 1581 when the Earl of Morton was beheaded for having helped murder Darnley fourteen years before, they brought his body here in the black of night and buried it. The learned tutor of James VI, George Buchanan, was buried here, too. Oh, what a center of history any one spot in the Old World may become! Even where they bury famous people becomes famous directly they 're put there.

When we went back to the carriage Mr. Jackson said if we 'd excuse him, he 'd take a cab that he saw and go on because he had an engagement at five o'clock. We were awfully sorry to let him go because he knows all about everything, but of course we could n't stop him so he went.

We drove around some very large buildings that were endowed by Heriot, the awfully rich goldsmith to the awfully poor James VI, and then we hardly knew where to drive so we told the man to take us to a tea-shop—a nice one—and there we paid him off. Then Lee ordered tea and scones—we 're crazy about Scotch scones—and we wondered about Uncle,—wondered where he could be,—wondered if the baby had smiled again; and then, when the tea was all gone, we walked back across what they call the Mound—it 's a solid embankment that runs through the large public gardens and unites the New Town with the Old—and so to the hotel.

The man that Lee had employed to see what he could find out about Uncle was waiting for us in the entrance-hall and what do you suppose? —Uncle *slept* at a hotel only a *few doors* below here last night and the night before and left *early this very morning!* He did n't register because he arrived long after mid-night but he was there all yesterday and only left to-day—nobody knows for where—they *think* for Culloden. Lee said that if he had gone to Culloden we must give up all idea of capturing him for the

Highlands are just out of the question this time of year. He told the man about the red, white and blue trunk then and told him to go to the stations and see if he could n't find a porter who might be able to recall labeling it for anywhere. The man thought that Uncle would never take the trunk with him to Culloden so he went off to try and find if it was in storage and we came up to my room and there we found a note from Bessie pinned to the cushion. I went to the window, without even taking my hat off, to read it. It said:

My dear, I love him and have decided to go with him. Do not misjudge me because if vou do you will be sorry.

Lovingly,

Bessie.

I gave the note to Lee and sat dumbly down and he read it and sat dumbly down, too, and it was n't until I got up to dress that I remembered my toilet things in her bag. . . .

We 've had dinner now and the man has come back and said that Uncle's trunk is actually

down at the Waverley Station. Lee has gone to look at it. I 'm sitting here altogether bewildered.

Do you suppose that she has *married* Mr. Jackson since he left us at Grey Friars Churchyard?

My head fairly swims—but of course I 'm having a good time.

Your tired but affectionate

YVONNE.

P. S. Well, if we have n't found Uncle we 've found his trunk anyway! Lee 's just back! It *is* Uncle's trunk!

It 's at the Waverley Station and it had the steamship label with Uncle's full name on it pasted on one side so there is n't the least chance of any mistake. Lee had them haul it out and he examined it himself from end to end. It is labeled Edinburgh over the Carlisle label. Two porters are feed to keep an eye on it from now on and let us know the instant it is claimed. Lee wrote a note too, saying that we were here and *so* anxious to see him, and tied it securely to one handle.

Now we are going to sleep. Lee says that all that human ingenuity can accomplish is done for to-day. I don't know whether he means to refer to Uncle, or to the trunk, or to Bessie, and I 'm too tired to care.

## X

### UNCLE JOHN PUTS IN A HARD DAY'S WORK

*Train leaving for Melrose, Oct. 16, 10.30.*

NOW, Dilly, this is something like! Fine bright day, your leg all limbered up and me never brisker. That 's one good thing about me though—I always am cheerful. Never nervous. Never excitable. Never one of these people that lose their tempers over trifles. You don't know what European travel is like when you take it with some people. I 've seen men that pretty nearly drove the rest of the party wild. Not so long since either.

Well, here we are. Saying good-by to Edinburgh. Nice place. Not much to see but I don't complain of that because then I know I 've seen it all. Nothing like an early start and a well-laid plan the night before. I told you

that if we just decide where to go we can go anywhere from here, and you see that I was right. I don't want to miss a thing, not a thing. Missing Culloden is enough for me. Not but what I mind not having seen Falkirk, too; that 's where you said Wallace burnt the barn—was n't it? Not Falkirk but Ayr? Well, it don't matter much anyhow as far as I can see; so few people get Europe straight that I 've long given up fussing over *my* little mistakes. Then, there was Perth too, I should very much have liked to see Perth—and Dunfermline, I always did want to see Dunfermline: "the queen sits in Dunfermline bower and weeps the something weary." Strange how all those old verses ring in my head, I never had the slightest conception of how literary I was before. It 's just that same sub-consciousness that I was telling you about the other night, Dilly, only *you* use it for rheumatism and *I* use it for historical information. It 's strange how things turn out —now when I invited you on this trip I thought you 'd be telling me about everything and instead of that it 's me that tells you!

What 's that? Well, I hold it because it 's *my* Baedeker. I 'm sure if you want it any time you can have it. Do you want it now? Then what was the use of bringing up the subject, you 've made me lose my place and I 've got to look it out again in the index and I have n't the least idea what I was reading about. . . .

I tell you, Dilly, anyone who wants to enjoy Europe wants to take it the same way Baedeker plans it. This traveling opposite to the way Baedeker says is worse than trying to look to the left quickly when your back 's to the engine. That was Gorebridge we passed just now and now we go straight up the page till we come to that fine-printed sidetracking. We 'll come to Crichton Castle next; is n't there some book about the Admirable Crichton Castle? Seems to me I 've heard of it. Dear me, that must be worth seeing. I wish we 'd planned to get off there. . . .

Dilly, I wish we 'd gone this other page; this other page has all the sights in it, statue of Scott and Mungo Park; I always thought

Mungo was a man instead of a park—and Philiphaugh where Montrose was defeated; you remember Montrose there in Edinburgh—that friend of John Knox's that kept cropping up everywhere we went? . . . Oh, well, I don't know as there is anything over on this page that we 've missed after all, as far as I can see now that I 've read it through; it 's about the dullest page in the book—except those with the Roman numerals in the beginning. They always put me to sleep.

Now we 're going into Galashiels—wonder how they pronounce it. "Gas," I suppose. B-o-r-r-o-w-s-t-o-u-n-e-s-s is Bowness and C-i-r-e-n-c-e-s-t-e-r is Cister (or maybe "Kissed her" which was a way the Romans had), and I don't know why Galashiels should n't be Gas. Don't look ery Gala to me, and as to what "shiels" are I don't know, and don't want to know. No, don't tell me either. To be frank with you, Dilly, I 'm not very interested in what old words mean—I like better to talk about real things that are alive now. . . .

Ugly little station. I say, Dilly, think what

an improvement it would be if they 'd run the trains in and out of the castles over here instead of the stations; everybody gets so awfully tired of stations in Europe—there 's such a sameness about railway-stations. Always that big splash of ink and that ox's head and that "This way out." They try to vary the "This Way Out" by naming it different names in different countries but you soon learn the looks of it and get just as sick of it as ever.

Good gracious, are those people going to bring that dead rabbit aboard with them! well, I never traveled with a dead rabbit before. They call it a "hare," too, curious—very curious—call rabbits *hares* and then travel with them second class after they 're dead. Well, why don't we go on? I want to get to Melrose. I want to see it this time. Then after we 've seen it we 'll take what Mr. Baedeker calls a "carr and pair twenty twenty five S" and drive to Abbotsford and Dryburgh. I tell you, Dilly, these pages in this book are just full of places of interest. Here 's Coldstream, I certainly would like to

go to Coldstream and have a look at the guards; I 've been seeing things about the Coldstream Guards all my life. And here 's the seat of the Earl of Minto. After seeing Arthur's Seat it would be very interesting to see the Earl of Minto's seat and compare them. And Roxburgh where the cannon burst and killed that king is right in this same vicinity. And here 's Jedburgh, Flodden where another king was killed, and Branksome Tower—oh, I say, Dilly, we *must* take these all in, we 'll just skim through Melrose as quick as we can and then we 'll devote the rest of the day to what the book calls "the vicinity." Of course I could come back here again when I was in Europe some other time but I 'm taking this trip for you and I want you to see all you can while you 're here for you 'll never get abroad again—you know that.

. . . There, this is Melrose—that must be the top of the church sticking up down there. It seems too bad to be taking all this time for a church when—Walk, of course we 're going to walk! you don't want to ride

down a little hill like that. Quaint town—not so very quaint either; looks modern to me. Look at that letter-box, as bright as red can paint it. I tell you, Dilly, travel just develops one until a thing like that red letter-box fairly files your teeth. They ought not to have any letter-boxes at all in interesting old places like this. Why, David I founded this church away back in the Dark Ages—it says so in the book. Strikes me he founded pretty nearly everything in Scotland according to Mr. Baedeker. Curious thing about history that, Dilly, some one man in it always does the whole business; look at Caesar, look at Walter Scott—why, look at me in our old town! I 've been just everything to that town, gave them their library and a bridge and a monument to my father, and after all that they don't even overlook my taxes. I must say—

Do we go in here? So this is Melrose! Who lives in the cottage—what 's left of the monks, I suppose!

Hello, they 've got the gate locked? Is n't that just like Europeans to fence off every-

thing anybody wants to get into? We 'll have to knock up the cottage. . . . Nice old woman. . . . Good-morning, ma 'am; no, we don't want to buy any postals till after; no, we don't want any postals of the pig till after; no, we don't want to see the pig till after; we 've come to see the church now—

Now, Dilly, you 're looking due east. *That 's* the famous east window straight before you. There, did you ever see anything like this before? Impressive! of course it 's impressive—if it was n't impressive we would n't have come here, would we? It says in the book that it 's here where they buried the Douglas' heart. Come along up in back. There, see that sign! That must be what we were talking about last night—Michael Scott's grave. I don't know whether that stone face with the toothache is meant for him or not—do you? Here was where William Deloraine must have stood to pry. Wonder if this was the very stone he pried! Turn round and look this way—beautiful scene! I tell you, Dilly, this is the kind of thing that really does uplift your soul. You come to a

place like this and all the every-day things in life sort of slip away and you—Great Scott, Dilly, we 've left our trunks in the station at Edinburgh!

We have—we actually have! We went to get the tickets and then we went direct to the train. Why did n't *you* say a word? Thought *I 'd* arranged!—Arranged? how could I arrange anything without your hearing when you stick to me like you were glued to me, you 're so afraid of being lost in Europe? I vow, Dilly, I 'm so paralyzed I don't know what I say! I don't know what to do. This crazy country does n't give anyone any claim checks. For all we know someone else may have gone off with our trunks, long before now; I should n't wonder. I never would have come to England if I 'd been left to myself. I just came on your account. And now I 've lost my trunk! You can't buy trunks like mine over here, you can't buy any kind of trunk in Europe except European trunks and when a European trunk gets to America and in the clutch of those ice-tongs they use to unload with on the New York

docks, it just gives in and gives up at once and that 's the very— Well, never mind!

. . . Now, Dilly, it 's no use trying to tell me what to do. Because there 's *nothing* to do. They don't *have* any express in England. They have the goods-train which arrives a month after you 're back in America and they have the parcels-post which don't take trunks. As far as I see we 've lost our trunks for good and all. I *could* write a letter addressed "Waverley Station, Dear Sir," I suppose, and say if there *is* any way to get our trunks to Melrose to kindly get them here C. O. D.—anything they please. I 'll tell you, we 'll go out and find a place to write and write a letter like that at once. I don't want to look at this old ruin any more anyway; I never do think much of ruins under the best of circumstances. They all look just alike. Rocks and weeds and gravel paths and little painted signs about things that nobody cares a rap about knowing. I want to write that letter. If that old woman has locked us in here I 'll have her arrested—no, the gate 's open.

Uncle John and "Dilly" at Melrose

No, we *did n't* see the pig and we don't want to see him now either. Yes, give us a pack of postals. Come on, Dilly, we 'll find a hotel and write that letter—hurry—

Well—of—all—things—is that you, Jackson? Where did you drop from? Thought you were going to London. Well, this *is* a surprise! Still alone? Oh, yes! Dilly and I manage to hit it off together pretty well. Yes, we 've enjoyed the trip so far. We 've just mislaid our trunks and are hurrying on that account—well, see you later!

Looked odd, did n't he, Dilly? Never saw a man look odder. . . . I 'll tell you what it is, we can't get those trunks before to-morrow so we 'll have to be back here to-morrow to meet them. That 's a pretty how d' ye do. If there 's anything I despise it 's having to turn around anywhere in Europe and go back. But we 'll have to do it. Now you see what it is not to have a practical mind. All your well-readedness is n't in it with a little long-headedness,—here I have you and a thousand things to look after and you can't remind me about two trunks. I 'm not sure but what

we 'll have to go clear back to Edinburgh after them in the end. Well, I know one thing and that is that if we can't get them without going back for them we never will get them at all—I 'm quite settled in my mind about *that*. And they 're probably stolen anyhow!

. . . Here 's a hotel; we 'll go in here and write the letter. You take the Baedeker and do whatever you please while I write this letter only *don't* speak to me while I 'm at it. Writing a letter trying to get hold of trunks in a country where they won't give 'em up unless you say "There, that 's mine," is no joke, I tell you. . . . Look at the map and see how we get to Fast Castle—we 'll go there this afternoon and come back here for Jedburgh and Dryburgh and all the rest of it tomorrow. . . . Well, have you found a way? Give me the book. Now keep still a minute. . . . Here it is as plain as the nose on an elephant's face. Come on over to the station while I post the letter and find out about trains. I declare, Dilly, I never saw anyone so easily used up as you are. If you can't walk up hill promptly without getting the

hiccups I don't know what we 'll do in Europe—everything is up hill and they don't have any elevators to get to the top except in Switzerland. . . .

Now, Dilly, look here, I 've got this all noted down—the man looked it all out for me. We take the next train to St. Boswell's and change, then go on to Duns where we 'll have forty minutes for luncheon. Then to Reston where we change for Burnmouth and there we take a branch-line for Eyemouth which is only a mile or two from St. Abb's Head which is only another mile or two from Fast Castle. Sounds like a hard trip—eh? It does n't do anything of the sort and anyway I want to see Fast Castle and I 'm going to see Fast Castle so it 's no use discussing the matter. I missed Culloden through circumstances over which I had no control, but I can control Fast Castle and I 'm going to. The train goes by in ten minutes. Come on. . . .

Well, Dilly, here we are off again. I declare I shan't be sorry to come back here tomorrow. I can't remember the real places on

one of these postals. I suppose this stone thing was the pig the old woman wanted to show us. I thought she meant a real pig all the time—did n't you? That 's the worst of these people around castles and cathedrals—they 're always dying to show you something and you never can tell whether you want to see it or not. I 'm sick to death of being shown things that I did n't want to see. I did n't want to see that museum in Carlisle—well, we did n't go to the museum in Edinburgh anyhow, that 's some comfort. I want to get to Fast Castle, sit down on a piece of it, and just rest. I get very tired of this way of scurrying over the country, I never travel this way when I 'm alone—never. Great Scott, if this is n't St. Boswell's! Now we 've got to change. That 's the worst of Europe—it 's all branch lines. For Hades made human give me branch lines and no trunk-checks. I wonder if we ever will find those trunks again! Climb out, Dilly. Yes, I 'm down! No, porter, no other luggage. Careful. There 's a flask in mine—no, no boxes. Is n't that rubbing it in, Dilly? I bet every porter

we meet to-day asks if we 've got boxes. How long do we wait here? Ten minutes? I bet it 'll be twenty. Cold? Of course it 's cold. What do you expect of the Scotch coast in October? No, I don't know whether it 'll blow up a rain. I don't know *what* cold east winds blow up here.

Great Scott, it 's cold! If I get a cold in this country where no money can keep anyone warm we will be in a pretty mess. They say the only way to warm yourself with the coal they have here is to carry it up and down stairs in a basket until you 're all of a glow. That 's Europe for you!

There 's the train! No, porter, we have n't any boxes. Yes, for Duns and Reston; we get lunch at Duns, don't we?

Did you hear him, Dilly, we *don't* get lunch at Duns! We just stop at Duns for the pure joy of the thing. Where will we lunch? Heaven only knows! I tell you, Dilly, the romance of this day is fast wearing off for *me*. I don't know whether I want to walk five miles to look at some more old ruins or not. There never really was any Bride of Lammer-

moor, was there? It 's just a story, isn't it? I think we 'd be idiots to walk five miles along a coast in a wind to see ruins anyway. No, I did n't notice any hills when we left Melrose. What rot, no man ever split a hill before the days of dynamite and steam shovels. I tell you, Dilly, if you take my advice you 'll quit reading that book; it just makes you perfectly miserable. Of course there were things we did n't see in Edinburgh. Well, what if the Regalia was in the castle? I don't know what Regalia are—always supposed they were cigars up to now, but if they were something that you wanted to see in Edinburgh Castle why in thunder did n't you say so while we were there? I 'll tell you one great truth, Dilly, and you can learn it forever right now: the time to look at anything is when you 're where it is. If you wanted to see anything in Edinburgh you ought to have said so while we were there. I 've told you ten thousand times if I have once that I 'm only taking this trip for you; I would n't go through so much misery on my own account for anything. I—

Why, we did n't stop at Duns at all. That was it we just shot by.

Well, there 's European train-methods for you. Say that we 're to stop for forty minutes and then whisk through like greased lightning. Lucky I did n't have the trunks meet us there!

Dilly, give me that book. Let 's see where we are anyway. Is that rain? Well, if it *is n't* rain! That ends Fast Castle for us! Gee whilikins, how cold it 's getting! We can't stand this; *I* can't stand it anyway. Shut that little shutter over the door; we don't want any fresh air—not any more than we 're bound to get in spite of ourselves. . . . Reston—change! Is n't that just like Europe; get the back of your seat warm and as soon as it is warm have to hop out and begin on another!

No, porter, no *boxes*. (Dilly, you have n't called those things boxes once since we started!) Oh, I say, porter, where does the next south-bound train through here go to—Newcastle? Very well, we 'll go to Newcastle. Now don't say a word, Dilly, I 've had all I can stand of Scotland. Besides you 're a

family man and I want to get you home to your family alive. You 've had your way all along so far and see what it 's brought us to: pouring rain, trunks lost, no lunch to-day, you with the hiccups, and me in for the worst cold I ever had in my life! *Now* I think it 's time that I asserted myself a little—just to save our lives. Come into this station and get some food, some of those "scuns" and a hot drink. Where 's the Baedeker?

*Dilly!*

Did you leave that Baedeker in that train?

Well, I—oh, here it is in my pocket! Well, I thought that it was gone to join the angel chorus with our trunks, I did, for a fact.

Dilly, let me tell you something: I 'm not going back for those trunks—no, I 'm not. I shan't do another thing about them. No use to argue, I 'm altogether decided. I 'll buy you another. Take a "scun" and be merry. If I can smile off traveling with you, Dilly, it certainly ought not to be hard for *you* to keep a bright face. Your trunk was an awfully cheap one anyway; I ought to know—I bought it, did n't I?

Our train! Yes, porter, we 're ready; no,

no boxes; do we change? Great Scott—not *twice?* Dilly, when you take the through train for Newcastle, you 've got to change at Berwick and at Alnmouth; did you ever hear the beat of that?

I vow, I shall *never* survive this trip. Yes, guard, shut the windows and give us one chance in a thousand of getting somewhere alive. We don't get to Newcastle till in the evening, eh? Give me the Baedeker, Dilly. I *did n't* have it. You had it. Yes, you *did.* Dilly, you had that book. I 'll *swear* you had it. Have n't you got it? No, I *have n't* got it. Well, then it 's lost!

. . . No, I don't want to talk.

. . . Dilly, if you hiccup again I 'll get out.

. . . I don't know. How should I know? We can't tell anything about anything now until we can get hold of another Baedeker. If you say again that I had it I 'll—I 'll—I 'll—well, never mind what I 'll do. But I don't mind telling you one thing, Dilly, this is the hardest day's work I ever did in *my* life!

## XI

YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

*Edinburgh, Oct. 17.*

DEAREST MAMA: I can't tell you how funny it seems to have Uncle and Bessie both off our minds for a little. Lee said at breakfast that he felt at last as if he and I could conscientiously take a little pleasure; so we took the Baedeker and went off for the whole day. I wanted to go back to Calton Hill and sit there and look at the city till night, but Lee wanted to go to the castle so we went to the castle.

We had such an interesting walk, across the Mound and up the High Street, the "Hie Gait" of old times. We came to a very curious church with a funny central tower-top, shaped like an open crown, and we stopped to go in for a min-

ute. The Baedeker informed us that it was St. Giles, the most famous church in Edinburgh, and an old sacristan in decorative costume wanted to show us about. I did n't want to be shown about—it 's so *much* more fun to go about alone and find out everything for yourself; then the old man looked so sad that my conscience pricked me for depriving him of the sixpence and just about spoiled all my pleasure. It was a stately old church, all hung above with ancient battle-flags which made it still more interesting. Like the other old churches over here it has been burned down and built up and had its roof cave in and been restored until no one knows very much what it was like in the beginning. It takes its name from a saint, one of whose arm-bones was enshrined within its walls at one time. The Reformation did away with the arm-bone but some clever Catholic discovered that two arm-bones joined together form the outline of a heart (?) and hence the symbol of the "Heart of Midlothian," which one finds everywhere in Edinburgh. Lee says it 's the most far-fetched derivation he ever heard of in his life, but he has bought me a sweet little

"Heart" brooch just the same—they keep them for sale at the John Knox house.

We wandered about the church for nearly half an hour, sitting down slowly and thoughtfully to study the Baedeker between whiles. There is an aisle that was built by the Duke of Albany in expiation of the murder of his nephew, the Duke of Rothsay—the one who married the daughter of the "Grim Earl" and was starved to death in "The Fair Maid of Perth." They say that the Douglas had nothing to do with the murder, but he helped build the aisle just the same. There is a beautiful memorial to the Marquis of Argyle, also, the one who was beheaded at that same dreadful Town Cross in 1661.

What exasperates both Lee and me when we go about here is that although we are forever reading books and looking up things, we are forever finding things we don't know and that no one can tell us. As soon as we read the date on the Argyle Monument Lee wondered if he was the same Argyle who was married the day that Montrose was beheaded. It would be so curious if it were so because on the other side of the

church is the Montrose Monument, the two facing one another like witnesses to the great ups and downs of life.

It was just before we came to the Montrose Chapel that we had quite the most bitter trial of ignorance we 've experienced yet. The old sacristan whom we had scorned, came up behind us (with a feather-duster for an excuse) and said in low but piercing tones "'T is just *here* that Jenny Geddes threw the stool at the dean!" I quite jumped because he had on felt soles and I did n't know that he was there, and Lee said politely, "Indeed? Thank you very much." Then we went off a little ways to be alone by ourselves and I said "*Who* was Jenny Geddes?" and he said "*Who* was the dean?" We took the Baedeker and it confirmed the sacristan and even told us that the stool that Jenny threw at the dean was preserved in the National Museum. But it told us no more. "What under the sun did she throw it at him for, I wonder!" Lee said, and we *almost* went back to ask. But we did n't because if you ask anyone anything in Europe they 're so apt to answer for an hour.

While we were still wondering we came to the

Montrose Chapel and stopped to look at the beautiful marble figure of the Marquis as he lies there full length in his armor. The stained-glass window in this chapel is superb and we were trying to study out its arms and inscriptions when I suddenly noticed an explanatory card hanging to the pillar near-by and after we had very carefully read it from beginning to end, we turned again to the window and I don't know about Lee, but the tears absolutely ran down my face. Mama, it 's a memorial window to the clans and their chieftains who fought for Charles II before he was king, and who all died either on the field of battle, or by the orders of the Cromwell government. I never read anything so tragic as that printed card in all my life; I never read anything that brought the cruelty of power so vividly to me; I never read anything so mournful as the phrase repeated over and over "died at St. Andrews" which follows the name of the majority.

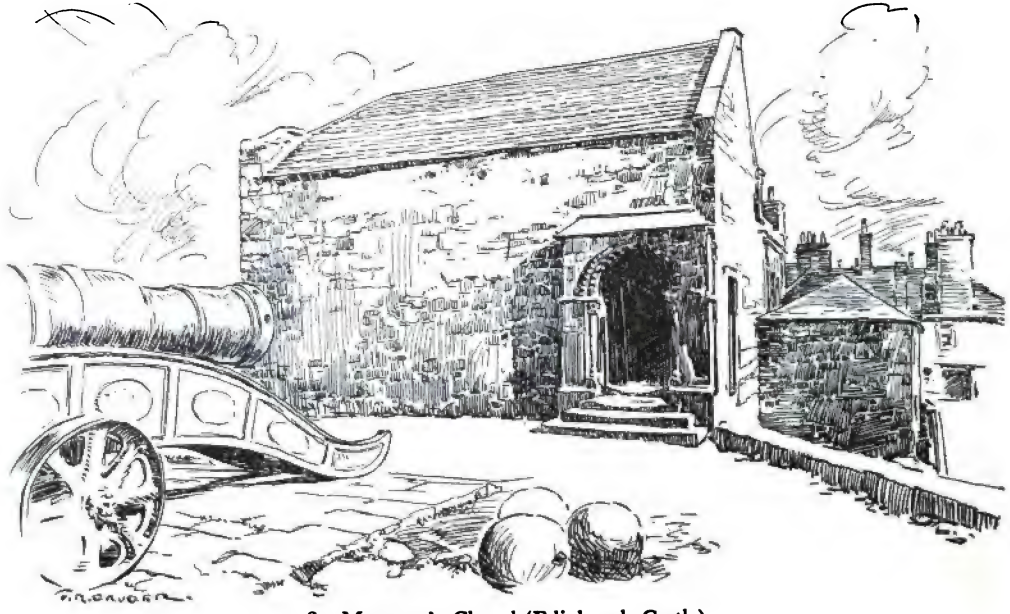
We went out after a little when the old sacristan looked so very much depressed that I could n't stand it and told Lee to go back and give him the sixpence just for letting us alone

while I waited and bought postcards to calm myself. I was sorry that I did it later, for he was so long that I began to think he 'd made a mistake and gone out by some other door. There is *nothing* so upsetting in a European church as having anyone go out by some *other* door. I walked up and down, looked at the Cross,—it 's a restoration of the old Town Cross put up by Mr. Gladstone—and thought of the old time when it stood farther along and was the literal center of everything that went on. It says in the big history of Edinburgh that all the appointments and engagements, business and social, were made "at the Cross," and *caddies*, or messengers were always to be found around there ready to go anywhere or do anything. I found the heart of colored stones set into the pavement close by St. Giles to mark where the old Tolbooth—or prison—stood too, the old prison that the mob fired in the "Heart of Midlothian." The Luckenbooths or "locked booths," where the merchants kept their wares used to stand all along the north side of St. Giles, and there used to be a little passage left free so that passers-by could look up at the

church-clock. Heriot's shop was here, too, that Heriot that did so much for the city.

Dear me, I thought that Lee was *never* coming when finally he did come! And what *do* you suppose had kept him? Why, the old man was so grateful for the sixpence that he insisted on taking him away around the other side of the church and showing him *exactly* where Jenny Geddes *stood* when she threw her stool at the dean! I said right off "And did he tell you all about it?" and Lee said, "No, I did n't dare ask for fear he 'd start in and you 'd get tired waiting." Oh, *dear*, was n't that trying—to be as near as that to knowing about Jenny and the stool!

We went up on the esplanade to visit the castle but we did n't stay in it very long. It 's so intricate and there are so many buildings and so *much* history about each one that we were almost stifled under the weight of the ghosts. The oldest building is a little Norman Chapel called St. Margaret's and which is the smallest church in the city—perhaps in the country. It is ten feet wide by sixteen feet long with quaint dog-tooth molding around the arch of the dear wee



St. Margaret's Chapel (Edinburgh Castle)

chancel. It 's a very over-awing little place although it is stripped of all furnishings and Lee did look awfully huge and black against the whitewash which is over all the interior; I made him wait a minute while I went up where the altar stood once and knelt down and prayed all the spirits of the past and future to take care of all of us. I pray in every church that I ever enter but I never prayed before in a church where the response seemed so near at hand. We came out over the door-sill that every great man who has been in Edinburgh since the time of the Conqueror must have passed over, and where Edward I entered to receive the fealty of the Scottish prelates. St. Margaret was the sister of Edgar Atheling, the mother of Queen Maude of England, of the mother of Stephen's queen, and of David I. David I was the king that endowed Holyrood Abbey and everything else. It was Margaret that brought the Holy Rood (Holy Rood means a piece of the True Cross,) with her when she came to Scotland and it was the most precious treasure of the country. Edward I took it to England with the palladium in 1291 and Edward II's queen Isabelle gave it

back to the Scotch in 1328. When David II, the Bruce's son, set out to invade England in 1346 he had the Black Rood—as it was then called—carried at the head of his army, and it was captured (with the king) at Neville's Cross, and placed in the Cathedral of Durham. We are going to stop at Durham on our way home with Uncle and see it. That will be *so* nice.

James VI was born in Edinburgh Castle in 1566. We saw the room; I did n't think that it was at all attractive. Perhaps, though, it looked better when there was furniture in it, and hangings on the walls, *and a fire!* I did n't think to write it before but although it was a lovely day outside it was awfully dismal and cold in the church and in the castle also.

What interested us most was the Argyle Tower where the Argyle who has the monument in St. Giles was imprisoned in 1661 and his son in 1685. They showed us the room where Claverhouse appeared to his imprisoned friend Lord Balcarres on the night of his death at Killiecrankie, too. Claverhouse was the man that the Covenanters called "the Butcher" and that the Royalists called "bonnie Dundee." Lee said he

had always supposed that "bonnie Dundee" was a girl.

We saw Mons Meg, too; Mons Meg is a cannon. They took her to England after "the '45," but Sir Walter Scott secured her return passage in 1829. I must say that so far from the Scots harassing the English it sounds to me as if it was the English who were forever marching up here and carting off everything that they could lay their hands on. Edward I was here, and Edward II was here, and Edward III was here and Richard II and Henry IV and the Earl of Hertford (who was afterward the Protector, Somerset). Hertford just about burned up everything, and what he did n't destroy the Reformation and Cromwell settled completely.

We did n't look at the Regalia, but went out after seeing "Mons Meg." I got so mixed up that I thought we went out another way but it was the same way and we came forth to the esplanade again and the beautiful view, for Edinburgh is perfectly lovely from any direction. The view from the castle is almost, but not quite, as fine as that from Calton Hill.

We walked the whole length of the High

Street next and then through the Canongate. The two form one *pretty* straight road from the castle on the hill to the Abbey-palace at the foot of Arthur's Seat, and although there are very few of the old buildings left, still the "*Strassenbild*" (as the Germans say) has been wonderfully preserved. Mr. Jackson told us that Edinburgh was the first city after Hildesheim to follow the latter's lead in attempting to intelligently preserve the medieval features of the quaint and interesting old streets and buildings in European cities. John Knox's house which stood just within the old Netherbow Port, is *very* quaint and interesting. We stopped and visited it and bought my brooch and a whole set of Scott bound in Tartan, each volume being two by three inches. We never can read the print but they will make such sweet Christmas cards for we can send them through the mail. I bought them just for that. It is off of the High Street and Canongate that the curious little side-streets called *wynds* or *closes* run. They *are* so funny and narrow, mere slits of foot-passages. It seems incredible that the very greatest nobles had their houses in such dark little alleys. Horse

Wynd was called so because it was the only one that a horse could go through.

The High Street ends where old Edinburgh ended and the Canongate marks the beginning of the Abbey-town in medieval times. There is a line of colored stones where the privilege of sanctuary began. There used to be a cross, called the "Girth Cross" there, too; if criminals laid hold of it they were safe from arrest.

I must say Holyrood does n't look very interesting at first sight and it is the queerest place I ever saw. There *was* a magnificent church and a huge palace-monastery of five courts here once. The first court was the open space that lies in front of the palace now, and there used to be walls or buildings all around it, the little building that they call Queen Mary's Bath-house was the abbot's postern. Behind these was another court and to the right of that another, and behind those, two more. To the north stood a great and glorious church abutting on the cloistered court nearest. All the lands from the town to Arthur's Seat and thereabouts belonged to the abbey which St. David founded and endowed and which took its name from the Holy

Rood of his mother, St. Margaret. All the Scotch kings coming after gave bountifully to the monastery and lived there often when in Edinburgh. Kings nearly always lived in monasteries when they did n't live in castles in those days.'

There 's nothing left of that first pile of buildings where Bruce and Baliol each held parliaments and where John of Gaunt came to spend ten restful days after the mob burned his London palace of the Savoy and chased him out of England in 1381. Something curious resulted from his visit to Holyrood; when Richard II and Henry IV each ravaged Edinburgh they spared the abbey because it had given the uncle of the one and the father of the other shelter. Lee thought it very queer that Richard spared it under the circumstances, but perhaps Richard was a little influenced by the fact that when *he* came John of Gaunt himself came with him.

After telling how interesting it all is I 'll now go on and tell you how little is left of it. During the Hertford (Duke of Somerset) invasion in 1543 the choir and transepts of the church and parts of the palace were burned, and the Refor-

mation pulled what was left of them to pieces. In 1650 Cromwell used the remains of the palace as a barracks and it got afire too, and that finished Holyrood. The only parts left are the ruined, roofless nave of the church and a corner of James IV's addition to the palace. James VII had the present buildings put up and built part of them right across the front of the church. The front of the church seems to have been a very curious front because the Regent had built a house for himself across the front, a century or so earlier. They seemed to use the churches in olden times as a nucleus to lean their town up against. It 's a fact that in every city where we 've ever been you read how they have recently taken down all the buildings that leaned up against and hid the lower walls of the churches. That seems curious, I think—don't you?

We went in to look at the church—what there is left of it. Its very tombs have been twice desecrated and now all the bones are boxed up in a sort of stone vault in the oldest corner of the nave. The transepts ran behind the ruin and the choir behind them—absolutely nothing is

left of those—an end wall has been built in and the Queen's Park spreads irregularly beyond. We sat down on some blocks and rested—I get rather oppressed with the way that thoughts storm in upon me in these old places and we find that touring in October, when you are almost the only tourists, makes you realize everything much more keenly than in the season when the edge is taken off by the dust and the crowd and the volubility of Mr. Cook.

Mary and Bothwell were married in Holyrood May 15, 1567, a few weeks after Darnley's burial there. James VI had his father's body taken up and removed to Westminster later. Ever so many Scotch kings have been baptised, crowned, married, and buried, just where the thin grass now struggles up amid the broken stones and concrete.

"Oh, Lee," I said, "it makes the world seem such a useless, hopeless, struggle. Let 's go away and walk in the sun by ourselves, and *quick*."

So we went out at once.

Arthur's Seat was shining and glowering up above us and Lee thought that it would be nice to climb it. Mr. Jackson's story of his friend

made me feel quite sure of our being successful as to reaching the top so we set off. The weather was just right for climbing—only windy—but we did n't mind that, at least not at first; later, when my hair fairly blew out of the braids and Lee's hat blew back to the bottom we *did* mind a little. I had to sit down on the grass and hold my skirt down on each side of me with both hands while he went every step of the way down to where the monks had their light-house; *that* was built on a flat enough place to stop the hat. They call the building St. Anthony's Well now, and close to it is Muschat's Cairn, a big heap of stones piled over a man who murdered his wife in 1720. But I did n't look at the well or the cairn, I just looked at the beautiful city and Calton Hill opposite. Mama, I 'm crazy over Edinburgh. I 've never seen anything so picturesque in all my life before. If I 'd known that there was a spot like this I would have begged to come and live here. Just fancy if our baby could have been born in Edinburgh!

But then if the baby had been born in Edinburgh it would always have been used to Edinburgh and never have had the wonderful joy of

coming here for the first time, and I would n't wish to deprive anyone of *that*. That is one advantage which we in America have over the people on this side of the water; we have the pleasure of coming over here and finding it all new. I would n't have been born and brought up to take Europe as a matter of course for *anything* and Lee says that he feels *just* the same way.

By the time he came back with the hat, *I* was nicely rested and we set out to climb again, feeling more and more respect for Mr. Jackson's friend, the higher we attained. The wind was blowing quite fiercely when we reached the Salisbury Crags where the garter-lady's husband looked on when *he* was conducting his operations against the Scots. Lee stopped, buttoned his overcoat from top to bottom, and said emphatically, "I think that I should have sat somewhere else!" And then we went on again. It was very pretty, all little grassy and rocky ravines—for the hill is volcanic like the castle-rock, and the Seat itself is just the basalt plug that forms in a volcano's mouth—and sheep and sheep-dogs, and vistas following the turnings of the path. But it was so windy and kept growing so

more and more windy that Lee finally said that he should like very much to meet Mr. Jackson and ask him if he had full faith in the veracity of his climbing friend. My hair was a perfect waterfall by this time and my breath was completely gone when we finally attained a small plateau. And there, of all things in the world was a one-eyed man selling post-cards and *lemonade!*

He said it was so windy that we could n't go on to the top *possibly!* Of course, then, we were *bound* to do it, and we did it! We reached the toppest top and rested there in triumph.

Lee spread his coat out for us to sit on and held one side of my skirt by sitting on it, and held down the other side with his stick, and we kept quiet until we could breathe again. The view was worth everything we had gone through, for we could see the ocean, the Forth, the hills of Braid, the Pentland hills, Blackford Hill (where Marmion caught *his* first glimpse of the city), the famous bridge over the Forth, the whole city, and Duddingston which was once a forest and where they say Wallace and his men hid on their way to attack Berwick.

It was ten thousand times worth climbing for!

We could see the Lammermoors too, and Roslyn "where Roslyn's chiefs uncoffined lie." We could n't pick out the place, but I knew that somewhere over to the south lay Craigmillar Castle where Mary, Queen of Scots used to spend so much time. Lee did n't think that it was in the direction that I said but the minute after he said that he had never heard of it before so I could n't help laughing at him. I asked him if he did n't remember how it says in one of the guide-books we read last night that when Mary sat in Holyrood she could n't but think of Craigmillar; but he just said "Well, what of that? Did it rankle with her especially?" So I went on to tell him that it was there that they meant to murder Darnley only he would n't go there to be murdered. He said "I suppose this means that you want to go there?" and I said, "Yes, I do!" So we got up and started down the opposite side.

The one-eyed man waylaid us below and pressed his lemonade upon us but we only wanted his post-cards. He had one of Arthur's Seat and he was very amusing for when I said

"'Me with my apron on'"

"*Is* that Arthur's Seat," (we thought it was a waterfall, Mama,—do you wonder?) he said in the most perfunctory way "Oh, yes," and then, in vivid exposition, "And that 's me in front with my apron on!" In other words: "Never mind Arthur and his Seat but look at the apron of the one-eyed gentleman who sells lemonade on its summit."

We came down on the Duddingston side and hunted up the dearest little bit of an inn down a stone-walled lane—"At the Sign of the Sheepshead"—and had lunch there.

I declare, Mama, I don't believe we ever met anything quite as story-like as what came *next!*

# PART IV

## XII

YVONNE TO HER MOTHER (*continued*)

THEY lighted a fire in a small private room and I brushed my hair in a tiny wash-room upstairs and we sat down to the *cosiest* dish of ham and eggs and the *biggest* pot of tea. We put the platter and the pot down in the ashes to keep hot and we began to eat and get warm and to feel riotously happy and lighthearted. Suddenly the door opened and another couple entered. I must tell you what they looked like first, and then I 'll tell you what *she* said so that you can judge the effect of the combination upon Lee and me.

The lady was very tall, very straight, a very good figure, black piercing eyes, a face that you just *had* to look at, a hat with black plumes—

lots of them,—and a black velvet walking-suit.

The gentleman came about to her shoulder, had funny little mixed-up features, ears shaped like clam-shells, a receding chin, and he carried *her* hand-bag!

They both greeted us pleasantly and we spoke to them and smiled, too. They sat down and the maid laid places for them. When she left the room to fetch their tea and ham and eggs the lady looked at us most graciously, and said,

"Americans, I see!"

Lee said yes, we were; although it never is flattering to be picked out as anything at a first glance like that.

She smiled—she had a charming smile—and said,

"Then it will interest you to know that I am the re-incarnation of Mary, Queen of Scots."

My *dear* Mama, can you imagine our feelings! Of course we thought that she was crazy! I looked at Lee and he opened his lips quickly, and then shut them hard.

She kept on smiling in the sweetest way.

"I see that you 're startled—you don't understand. Never mind, I 'm sure that you are

both intelligent enough to enjoy new experiences, and it will always amuse you to remember meeting me even if you are not sufficiently advanced intellectually to comprehend our relative positions."

Lee put down his knife and fork at that and said to her very seriously and quietly, "Do you mean to say that you are speaking to us in earnest?" She looked directly at him with her big, black eyes and said, "You won't doubt that after we have known one another ten minutes." Then, "Pray go on with your luncheon and let me tell you something of myself—it will entertain you."

I felt quite paralyzed. Lee took the ham and eggs up out of the ashes and helped himself afresh and went on eating but I could not swallow another bite. The lady had a beautiful voice and the most impressive way of talking, and I assure you that to sit in a little Scotch inn and hear someone making conversation out of all sorts of unknown medieval history is enough to take your appetite away. And that is just the kind of things she said. And she spoke as if every word was true, too.

But Lee took it all in in the most placid and unimpressed way; he reached for the sugar-bowl and said, "Did you ever incarnate in Scotland before 1542?" quite as if that were an every-day question in good society.

"Oh, yes," she said with that same smile, "I was Lady Marjory Douglas, the daughter of the Grim Earl, you know, the one who was married to Rothsay. Why, that was when I first met Mr. Joyce," and she turned and looked pleasantly down upon the little man beside her. We had already gathered that he must be her husband.

"Was he the Duke of Rothsay?" Lee asked.

"Oh, no," she answered, "he was my pet monkey at that time. He finished his Karma as an animal at Falkland and I had him buried there." Then she put out her hand and patted Mr. Joyce just as one would a dog. "He 's a very young soul," she said, "I am a very old one. We are not affinities at all."

I put my foot over by Lee's, but he drew his foot quickly away; he did n't feel it safe for us to hold any communication by any means whatsoever while Mrs. Joyce alias Mary,

"Mr. and Mrs. Joyce"

Queen of Scots was talking. He told me so afterwards.

"Does Mr. Joyce remember when he was a monkey?" he asked. (Yes, he *did*, Mama, he said that *right to their faces!*)

"Not clearly," she replied. "You don't remember when *you* were a monkey yourself, do you?"

"No," he said, "I don't remember any of my previous existences."

"No, of course not," she answered. "I saw how very immature you were spiritually when I first came in. But you will begin to think now."

"Has Mr. Joyce begun to think?" Lee asked.

"Oh dear, yes; he has entirely given up climbing trees and liking to have swinging bars in his dressing-room. A shock like that of the fatal ninth of March sends an Ego forward tremendously."

"What, was he Rizzio too?" Lee asked. (Just think how much he knows to connect the ninth of March with Rizzio?)

"Of course," she replied, simply.

In spite of me I could n't help *staring* at Mr. Joyce. It all seemed so weird, so bewildering.

"We shall visit Craigmillar together, shall we

not?" she said then, "I shall be able to make it quite fascinating to you. I 'm very fond of Craigmillar."

"How did you know that we were going there?" I asked, "we have n't spoken of it, have we?"

She turned her brilliantly sweet smile on me and reached out and took my hand in hers "Why, my little girl," she said, "I can read your every thought without the slightest effort. If I did n't find you and your husband of interest and worthy my attention—if I had n't measured you both in my first glance on entering the room—do you think that I would have troubled myself over you at all?"

After that Lee and I deferred even *thinking* until we should be away from her and just went along and accepted the whole fairy tale as true.

We finished lunch and set out to walk to Craigmillar—it 's only a pleasant mile or so—and Mrs. Joyce entertained us with hit-o'-miss reminiscences of when she was a Druidess and when she went to see Thibet and when St. David gave the lands of Craigmeloure to the Holy Church of Dunfermline in 1137.

"Were you anywhere about here, then?" Lee asked her.

"No," she said, "but I had to study all later when I was a princess of Scotland. I learned the history of many of the royal castles, then."

"Did you recognize Mr. Joyce at once when you met him as Rizzio?" Lee asked.

"Oh, yes," she said; "Mr. Joyce was such a comfort to me as a monkey that I would have recognized him anywhere thereafter. No one knows what it is to a proud, ugly-visaged woman such as I then was to have even a pet monkey adore her. When Rothsay rode abroad, making game of me from hamlet to hamlet, at joust and feast, in the face of his father and in the face of mine, I found consolation in the mute devotion of this little ape—" and she put out her hand and patted Mr. Joyce tenderly again. "You cannot think," she went on, turning to me, "what a strange bond there is between us. We shall probably finish our mutual acquaintance with this existence and yet I have gladly devoted an entire period of my development to developing him merely out of recognition of that time. As Rizzio he was handsome,

cowardly, hopeless—it was impossible for him to progress in that shape. So he died. Since then I have twice watched over him; this time he was born deaf and dumb but he will be fit for another plane now and later you will all see!" She patted him again and he turned his funny little face and bright eyes up toward her, and honestly, Mama, he looked so like a monkey that it gave me a jump—like Alice-in-Wonderland when the baby turned into a pig.

We came to Craigmillar Castle soon. It is very old, having belonged to a Sir John Preston who shared David II's imprisonment in the Tower of London from 1346 on, but of course it has been many times altered and restored since then. Its red stone walls rise up above some trees a few hundred feet back from the road and it looked to be in a peculiarly flat and hard-to-defend position to the twentieth-century military knowledge of Lee and myself. There is a cottage at the turning from the road and the woman who lives there acts as guide to visitors. Mrs. Joyce opened the cottage door and called within, "Mrs. Stenhouse, please hand me the

key to the gate; I am taking some friends through the castle." Lee and I caught glimpses of the Scotchwoman's face as she handed the key and its awe and reverence was almost disconcerting to our common sense. We began to wonder if we were really awake—or not.

There is a strong outer wall, ten or twelve feet high with a round tower on the corner, which encloses the inner wall or "keep."

"That was a dove-cote," said our cicerone as we approached it, pointing at the tower, "in time of war it became a watch-tower. Many a fair morning have I seen the doves fly forth and wondered if when I went forth later I should return as they. Ah, my prophetic spirit!"

"Did you remember existing previously then, too?" Lee asked.

"Why, we always remember," she said, turning that same bright, intense smile of hers upon him. "We, who rule, we who watch the lives of others understanding each motive that we will, *we* always remember. If only we could learn faster that the best power is the power for good, if only we might realize sooner that great possibilities are great possibilities to do for others,

not to do for ourselves—*then* the remembering would be so vastly worth while."

"Have n't you learned that at all yet?" I asked her very gently.

"Dear child," she said, "it is just beginning to dawn on me—can you believe me when I say so? I have struggled for many thousands of years with those about me and now I have learned that after all the struggle is only to overcome oneself. I travel in the desire to learn constantly, I minister to this crude new-born mutilated thing to redeem my debt to that other semblance of himself; I try humbly to beat down the woman who rose triumphant here almost four centuries since and to make out of her what I am striving toward. She was so beautiful, so free, so filled with opportunity—I can't blame her for her faults because her life throbs with mine. But how deep the suffering for her sins has been!" She stopped and while Lee was unlocking the inner gate I saw her wipe unfeigned tears away, and then smile bravely.

We entered a large court-yard and crossed to an entrance opposite which bore a coat-of-arms and "Oxo" cut out above it. Lee remarked he

had n't supposed that they were advertising it even then and Mrs. Joyce looked at him with the faint sort of amusement one gives to a very small child's joke.

"Come in here," she said. "Come through here. This is where they drove in the cattle for protection." It was a low stone-walled room with a door opening out into an inner court.

"Would it hold many cattle?" Lee asked.

"Twenty or thereabouts," she answered; "I don't know. I never was here at the time of a raid. I rarely descended into this part of any castle in the old days. A lady then was in much the same position that a guest is now: she kept to the chambers above. What went on below we never saw, we never heard—" she stopped short and openly shuddered, as if over some memory.

"Do you like to come here?" I asked, impulsively.

She shook her head, "No. Not at all. But I must. Once in so long something brings me back. Perhaps it is good that I should remember—I do not know—I only know that I *must* come."

We went through the dark passages after her, Lee stooping his head at each doorway. We went down a curving stair, and each lighted one of the candles that sat on a stone ledge at the bottom.

"Do you know the story of James III and his brothers, Mar and Albany?" she asked us. We said, "Only partly."

"This was the dungeon where the Earl of Mar was put." Lee stooped down and we all went in with our candles. No one could stand erect except Mr. Joyce. The walls were three feet high at the sides with barrel-vaulting overhead. One long narrow slit through the thick masonry let in light and air.

"Was he here long?" Lee asked, his voice echoing awfully.

"He either died here or was murdered here, or was carried to Edinburgh to die or to be murdered there—so the story goes," she replied. "The truth will come to light some day—when it is time."

"Do you know it?" Lee asked.

"If I do I may not tell it," she answered.

We went into another dungeon farther down

the hall and there not even Mr. Joyce could stand up straight. There was a place in the wall at one corner where they poured water and dropped food down a kind of a chute to the prisoners within. Was n't that hideous?

"This is enough for me," Lee said, going out abruptly.

"Those were stern, cruel, merciless days," Mrs. Joyce said, sadly. "Stay your steps in the hall and let me show you one more relic of my past."

We waited for her to pass us and go before. She stopped and showed a break in the wall and a hole within just at the passage's angle.

"They opened this during the past century," she said; "opened it by accident, and within they found a skeleton that crumbled to dust in the same hour."

"Oh, goodness! do you know all about that too?" I cried, full of wonder, and horror, and curiosity.

"Do I know?" she said—oh, her voice did sound so strangely there in the dark! "Yes, I know. I knew all that long long-ago day that one had disappeared from the light above, and

later I learned that one had been tombed up below here. It was such knowledge that bred the tiger in me; it was such doings that flung *him* lifeless outside the wall of the Kirk o' Field. I should have liked that he should have died here—here where he had done the deed. There would have been justice in his crying in vain for mercy within these very walls! Had I had them in my hands but once—the whole foul pack—they had seen the last of their heads at the Cross and I would have laughed at the sight!" She suddenly stopped short and sighed heavily. "So Heaven help my better self that cannot forego the crying out of the wish," she added, very low and most mournfully.

Lee put his arm about me in the damp dark and we all went back toward the stair, blew out our candles, put them back upon the ledge where they belonged, and mounted to daylight again.

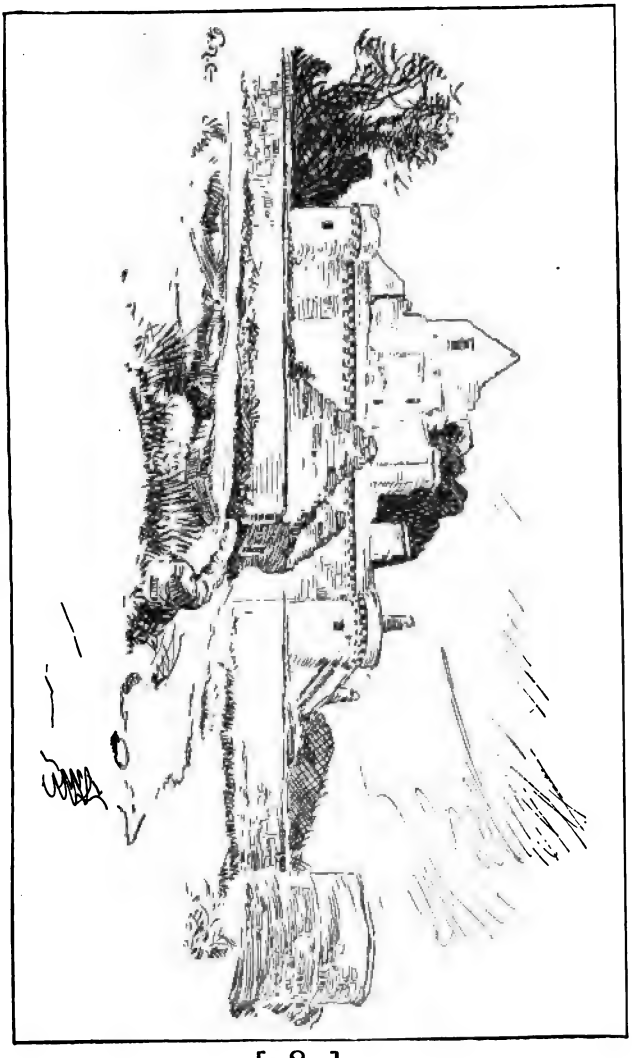
Craigmillar now belongs to a Mr. Gilmour who keeps it in repair and generously leaves it open to the public. Therefore the rooms are in a good state of preservation and we could walk through them all. We saw the Great Hall and

other halls, bed-chambers with real nice little clothes-presses, and the turret-rooms. There is one very small apartment tucked off in the south-east corner where Queen Mary is said to have been hidden after her flight from Loch Leven. "But that is pure tradition," Mrs. Joyce said, "I stayed at Sir Simon Preston's house in the city; Craigmillar held too many memories then."

"Did anything pleasant *ever* happen *anywhere* in those days?" I asked timidly.

They all laughed and Lee said heartily, "Yes, indeed, James IV met Margaret of England here and welcomed her royally, and their son spent all his boyhood here, hawking and studying;—and you yourself had some right good times here, did n't you, Mrs. Joyce?"

She smiled, but I thought it a sad smile, and then we went up to the ballroom on the top floor, a long, narrow room about big enough for three crowded sets of lancers, and so out on to the battlemented roof. I sat down there and Lee made me very nervous by going away around the edge, a fearfully unsafe thing to do because the holes were all big enough for him to fall through if



Craigmillar Castle

he fell at all. That is what I do not like about old castles—the tops of them seem so easy to drop from.

When we came down I was very, very tired. I wanted to go home and Lee wanted to take me home, too. Mrs. Joyce said "You might take the tram-way from Duddingston," and somehow the word "tram-way" sounded *so* oddly on her lips that we both felt startled. "Shan't we meet again?" I asked her, as we walked along. "That will depend," she said, smiling. It came to me in that instant just what personal magnetism or fascination or whatever you call it, is, and I saw why Augustus could not let himself look at Cleopatra, and why Elizabeth would never see her cousin. No one in the wide world could help liking Mrs. Joyce, I 'm sure—not even if she blew up a Darnley every time that she came back to earth. Her bright, piercing eyes and her intense personality attracted one toward her, whatever they might think of her actions or her belief.

"Do you mean that it depends upon us?" I asked.

"No, my dear," she said, touching my hand

with hers; "it depends upon the Great Purpose and whether Its ends are to be further served by us together or by us separately. You will think new thoughts—thoughts new to you—after this meeting, and probably it was for that that I was led back to Craigmillar this time. I leave the city this evening and I know not if we shall ever meet again. Good-by." She stopped short in the road at that, kissed me on both cheeks, shook hands warmly with Lee, and turned as if to go back over the way that we had just come. But she paused while we shook hands warmly with Mr. Joyce, too; for in spite of ourselves we could n't feel altogether positive that he *was* deaf and dumb any more than that he had ever really been a monkey.

"Do you believe that any of it *could* be true?" I asked, after we were completely out of their sight.

"It 's the queerest experience I ever had," Lee said.

"But she believes it, don't she?" I said.

"By George, I don't know whether she does or not!" he said. "I never ran across anyone like that before."

"Would you like to do so again?" I asked him.

"I 'd rather run across Uncle John," he said, laughing.

I can't tell you how nice and commonplace and everyday Uncle's name sounded, coming into the conversation just then.

"Oh, Lee," I said, "I do hope that we 'll find him in a day or two. Travel is so bright and cheerful with Uncle, he always sees something amusing everywhere. I don't feel that you and I can stand any more dungeons for a little while."

"We 'll get news of him pretty quick now," he asserted confidently.

Dear me, he did n't know how true his words were!—

We reached the hotel to find everyone on the look-out for us and they had been watching for us all day!

It seems that Uncle sent for his red, white and blue trunk by a letter that came at half-past ten this morning, just a few minutes after we had gone out. It was to "meet him at Melrose"; so we leave for Melrose at eight to-night. It was fortunate that we came to the hotel for tea for

it gave us time to pack and get an evening train.

I will write you from Melrose to-morrow. Oh, I *shall* be glad to see Uncle! Lee says that we shall travel tied together in threes hereafter —just as the Covenanters did. (Of course the Covenanters did n't go that way usually, only when they were prisoners.)

Good-night—the baby is well.

YVONNE.

## XIII

### UNCLE JOHN IN NEWCASTLE

*Hotel—9.30 P.M., Oct. 16.*

THIS is our room, Dilly; now for goodness' sake, make yourself happy. The trip's been just as uncomfortable for me as for you and a good deal more so, for I have to see to things and you only have to find fault with the way I see to them. I could n't get connecting rooms, I *had* to take this. This is what they call a double-bedded room. I don't know why. I suppose because both the beds are double. Odd idea fixing up one room to hold four people!

No, we have n't any *boxes*, porter;—easy with the bags, there 's a flask in mine. No, we are n't expecting any boxes to arrive. Do

we want a chambermaid? No, we don't want a chambermaid; we can take down each other's back hair. Fire? Oh, does she build the fire? Yes, of course we want a fire. She *does n't* build the fire? Well, what in thunder has she got to do with it then? *She gets the girl that does build the fire!* Well of all the—

Dilly, did you hear that? If we want a fire, the man will tell the chambermaid and the chambermaid will call the girl who builds fires to build one for us! There 's Europe for you! There 's enterprise! Come over here and look at this for a fire-place—will you? Wait till I take away the little Japanese fan, that covers it up completely. There, that 's an English idea of a fire-place—that snug little black box that would n't hold a shoe unless you stood it on end and let the toe go up the chimney.

. . . Come on. Let 's go down and get some supper while they balance a bit of coal on those three toothpicks to warm us to bed. You must *not* call it "dining-room," Dilly, I 've told you that a hundred times. You must call it "*coffee-room!*" And a quarter is a

shilling, and a shilling is a *bob* and they call two of them *two-bob.*

Now, don't get huffy; you don't want everyone laughing at you, do you? I should think you got laughed at enough without trying to make mistakes. It 's just as easy to learn to say "half a bob" as to say "half a dollar," and then you know you 're talking good English. If you were pleasant about it I 'd teach you no end of good English. I 'd be glad to, but I must say, Dilly, you have n't ever been pleasant since we changed cars at Berwick—or was it at Alnmouth? Anyway, you have n't so much as looked half-way agreeable since I let my bag fall on your head getting it out of the rack. No,—you have n't been what I call at all agreeable since then, no, you have n't, Dilly, and you knew I did n't mean to let it fall either. And if I *had* meant to let it fall I certainly never could have planned to hit your head right where my flask was. You knew the flask was there anyway, you knew that just as well as I did—you 've heard me tell every porter I speak to to look out for it; and I was as sur-

prised at the bag's hitting you as you were at being hit. In fact, I was more surprised, for I thought that it was going to hit me and it would have hit me too, if I had n't jumped. I vow I almost wish it *had* hit me—the way you 've acted since. Glum 's no word for the corners of your mouth.

Well, let 's sit down! How sad all the waiters look! As if they 'd all been hit on the heads with bags—don't they, Dilly? Good lands, can't you take a joke? I tell you what, Dilly,—I—well—let 's change the subject. Look at the windows all open on a night like this. Did you ever see such a country in your life! If my cold settles in my legs and I get rheumatism, *then* you 'll see what rheumatism can be! I don't have rheumatism like *you* do; I have it so it just lays me out flat. I tell you, Dilly, if I get rheumatism in this horrible country, it 'll be the saddest day of your life. You *will* have cause to look glum then. Here I am, with the hot-water bag, chest-protector, all my heavy underwear packed in my trunk and my trunk lost.

. . . I tell you what, Dilly, I *can't* lose that trunk! There are things in an American trunk in Europe that an American in Europe simply can't do without. Why, there are my clothes, I can't pick up clothes anywhere—they have to fit. And as to collars, I don't believe they make my brand over here. Then I had a lot of cigars in my trunk, too, and my slippers—I 've had those slippers for twenty years; and a new set of blades for my razors; and two changes of spectacles and—a quantity of things. What 's that? *Your* trunk? Well, I 'm not forgetting your trunk—I mean them both. Don't be going around with a chip on your shoulder that way, I tell you, Dilly, you make it very difficult for me to remember that you 're my guest when you pipe up like that about your trunk when I 'm worried over my own.

I tell you what I think I *could* do. I *could* telegraph to Edinburgh to send those trunks here. That letter I wrote this noon won't get there until to-morrow morning and the telegram will get there to-night. If the trunks have n't been claimed by some thief who liked

their looks, maybe the Waverley Station will be so kind as to forward them to me here. Oh, I 'll tell you, better yet, we could telegraph Melrose to-morrow to send them on here then,—or, I 'll tell you, Dilly, what would be the best of all, we could telegraph Melrose to send our trunks to—to York—we 'll certainly be going to York—or, *I 'll* tell you the best idea of all, we 'll telegraph Edinburgh to-night and ask if the trunks are there, and *then* if they *are* there we 'll have something to go by. That 's what I 'll do!

Waiter, get me a telegraph blank.

. . . Look at this, Dilly, *this* is the English idea of a telegraph blank! Now keep still while I write. . . . Now, that 's off my mind! Now, let 's eat. Did you ever see such people for preserving meat in the middle of yellow jelly or for eating mutton? I don't blame them so much for the mutton because it 's so good over here. They cook it a way they call South-brown—whatever they mean by that—and it 's very good indeed. You want to remember that, Dilly, always ask for South-brown mutton. I don't take to the

vegetables here at all. Nor the bread. And as for that stuff they call "Stout"—well, I never saw anything like it! Your whole dinner gets cold while you 're pouring a glass. If you try to hurry the pouring it foams at the mouth and when stout foams at the mouth it 's the fellow that 's pouring it that goes mad.

. . . Now we 'll go back to our big double-bedded room and sit around our little fire and lay the lines for to-morrow. Come, cheer up. Fractured your skull. Fiddlesticks, the flask was just about empty. Stop thinking about it. Look at me! It 's astonishing how I bear up—rheumatism coming on, trunk and Baedeker both lost; but *I 'm* still cheerful.

. . . There, this is just what I expected, the fire 's out!

I wonder now, if they 'll have the face to charge me for whatever went on in that little black hole while we were downstairs eating?

If that 's the way *you* feel about it, I reckon we may as well go to bed.

*Morning, Oct. 17.*

WELL, Dilly, here we are again; how do you feel? Still feel that way, eh? Well, I 'm laid out flat too, I guess. I told you that traveling like this in all kinds of weathers, by day and by night, would do the business for me and now it 's done it. You were so precious anxious to see all you could though and I was so anxious to have everything go just to suit you and as a result here we are, both in bed with rheumatism. . . .

I 've sent out for two Baedekers so we 'll each have something to read. I expect we 'll be here for a week or so and we may as well read about what we can't see. Your head? I 'd forgotten all about it—you see, the bag did n't make any impression on me. . . . There, now, can't you take a joke? I declare, Dilly, we can't live in the same room if you 're going to go on this way. Ring for the chambermaid, she 'll have to get at the fire. Good gracious, Dilly, is that the way you feel about a chambermaid? Well, put

the sheet over your head, or put on your hat, whichever you please.

. . . Dilly, oh, Dilly!

She 's gone. Yes, she made one. Yes, the smoke's coming from it. They 'll send us up some breakfast. Yes, I see the rain on the windows as well as you do. That 's the equinoctial I expect,—when it once begins, there 's no more good weather that year, I 've always understood.

I don't know whether there 's anything to see in Newcastle or not. You call yourself such a well-read man, I should think you 'd know something of interest about it. All I know is that it 's the one place in the universe it 's silly to take coal to. I always supposed it was warm from that; but I 've learned my mistake—I 've learned my mistake.

. . . I perceive, Dilly, that our fire has gone out. Just ring for the porter to tell the chambermaid to tell that sooty young person to come in and set it to smoking again. The principle of this fire seems to be that as soon as the smoke ceases we learn that the fire has

already ceased for some time. That 's another proverb that needs re-writing for Newcastle: we hopefully watch the smoke and breathe the smoke and wait for the smoke to clear away but no fire do we ever see. . . . Here are the Baedekers; now, we can look up where we are and where we are n't and what we might be doing if we could do anything at all. . . .

There, Dilly, we never noticed that engine that the book says is on the platform! We ought to have looked at that. That reminds me that we never found out about that girl that threw the stool at the man in that Edinburgh church either—I meant to look that up as soon as I got home—guess I 'll look it up now. Seems such an odd thing to do in a church. What did she have her stool with her for anyhow?

. . . I tell you, Dilly, you don't appreciate the advantages of having time to know things. History, you know, and such things: I *never* have time. Here 's all this page and a half of the history of Scotland and I 'd like nothing better than to have the time to

learn it all but, great Scott! I 'll never have the time and that 's all there is about it. I have to pick up my history here and there and get along the best I can and I tell you, it 's pretty hard. Take this very minute, for example, here I am talking to you and as a consequence trying to find Edinburgh among the F's in the index.

. . . Here it is. Old Town, New Town, Prince's Street; we saw all those. Scott's Monument, too, and the castle! You know, Dilly, I would n't have minded going into that castle if you 'd felt any interest. There seem to have been some very interesting things in there. I 'm always interested in castles. Heaven bless my soul, the fire 's gone out again!

Ring for the chambermaid! . . .

Look here, my young woman, can't we have a fire that 'll burn—we 're very tired of seeing them go out. I 've got rheumatism and I should like a fire if you 've got any coals in Newcastle. Or does the proverb mean that it 's no use bringing coals to New-

castle because you can't make 'em burn when you get 'em here? . . .

Well, Dilly, what is it now? Is n't there anything at all about her in the book? He was Dean Hanna, was he? Let me read in my book. . . . Parliament House! Thank goodness we escaped that! And John Knox's house, too. And Holyrood—we saw that. And Arthur's Seat—we saw that. You see, Dilly, we saw all there was to see. We only—oh, here 's about Jenny Geddes and—

Those trunks! Dilly, we 're forgetting those trunks! Maybe there 's a telegram for me downstairs. It would be just like Europe to keep a telegram down in the office till we came down and asked for it. Ring for the chambermaid, she can tell the porter to send the news all down along the line that we are now ready and waiting for whatever 's coming up to us to come.

. . . There, I told you I 'd lay any money that there was a telegram and that the trunks were all safe in Edinburgh. I will say that for Europe: you can trust everyone. You



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can leave stick-pins and handkerchiefs all over and there they 'll be when you come back looking for them. We left our trunks in Edinburgh and we telegraph and there they are! No worry, no bother! Just telegraph with a paid answer—back comes the answer. Perfect system. I wrote to have them forwarded to Melrose—they will be sent on to Melrose. No paying postage on checks, no "*brasses*" as they call them here, —just infinite confidence and uprightness. I tell you, Dilly, after all, I don't know but the English baggage system is better than ours.

Now the question is, shall we have them sent here or where? As far as I can see, there 's nothing to keep us in Newcastle but the rain and if they can't make that fire burn we can't possibly stay here with our rheumatism. I don't know how you feel, Dilly, but I can't get over the rheumatism while my teeth are chattering. Well, I did n't say that yours were n't chattering, too; I declare, Dilly, you seem perfectly possessed to get mad at me ever since you got that

crack on your head last night. I did n't mean to say it because I don't think it 's good-hearted, but you drive me to tell you to your face that if you had n't been asleep it never would have happened. I was trying to get it down without waking you and that 's what made the trouble. I was being too thoughtful, that was all. Now, if you 'll quit growling for two minutes, I 'll just run my eyes over these pages and see where we can go next and then I can telegraph for the trunks to meet us there.

Now here 's Hexham, we could visit Hexham. An Abbey church, a Roman camp, a Scottish camp, and St. Wilfrida's crypt. Wonder what a crypt is; probably old Saxon for "crib." I tell you, Dilly, there are few things more useful in Europe than being able to guess instantly at the meaning of foreign words. I don't think Hexham would be worth our while, do you? They 've got those old cribs everywhere; they 've preserved the crib longer than the saint in lots of places. Warkworth Castle is near too, but I don't know as I ever heard of Warkworth

Castle. What did you say? Alnwick Castle—I never heard—What? Who was killed there? St. Margaret's husband and son, eh? Well, I don't know as I want to go there on that account. There would n't be anything left of them after this length of time, you know. If they had any cribs they were Scotch and so their cribs would be in Edinburgh, along with Jenny Geddes' stool. Curious about that stool; I thought that church had pews. Perhaps she brought it to church just on purpose to throw at the dean. My, I 'd hate to be anywhere around where a girl was trying to throw a stool at any one man.

I 'll tell you what *is* near here, Dilly, that I would n't mind seeing, and that 's these islands, Farne, Lindisfarne, and Bamborough Castle. Don't you know "Bamborough, Bamborough, ride a cock horse," when you were a baby? Is n't it Lindisfarne that you were telling me about, where they dug up St. Cuthbert and carried him here, there and everywhere until they struck the bull at Durham and could n't go any further?

Yes, I thought I 'd got that all straight. I tell you what, Dilly, if you did n't have rheumatism and I did n't have rheumatism and it was n't raining, we 'd go and see those islands.

But as it is, they 're out of the question. Heaven knows what might drop on you next and you 'd lay it all to me.

What 's that? Yes, our little pet fire has gone out again. You might know without asking. Ring for the chambermaid. . . .

I can't see anything for us to do next but to go to Durham, Dilly; I move we send the trunks to Durham.

. . . Look here, my good young woman, I want to know if fires ever *do* burn in this hotel?

Well, then if they do burn why don't that one burn too?

If you put that iron hood over it what will be the good in our having a fire at all?

Well, now, I 'll tell you what it is, you go down and tell whoever runs this hotel that if that fire burns this time, we 'll stay here to-day because we 've got the rheumatism and

have no choice but to stay, but if that fire does n't blaze—mind you, *blaze*—within an hour, we 'll go because we 've got the rheumatism and we 'll have no choice but to go if we can't be warm.

And oh, I say, send me a telegraph blank.

I 'm going to telegraph Melrose to forward those trunks to Durham to-day, Dilly, and now will you kindly quit groaning and holding your head. Heaven knows I 'm sorry enough that you 're here without having it such an open secret between us.

. . . Good gracious, Dilly, I most sincerely ask your pardon for bringing you to Europe and I promise you I 'll never do it again.

. . . Yes, it 's out another time. Ring for the chambermaid!

## XIV

YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

*Melrose—Thursday, Oct. 18.*

MY DEAREST MAMA: We are here, and life would have been heaven to-day if it had not been for so many things. I 'll tell you first that the baby is well and secondly that *I* believe Uncle must be bewitched. Lee says *he* thinks that *everybody* is bewitched. I don't know, perhaps he is right. Perhaps Mrs. Joyce is all that is sane and normal; or perhaps meeting her has made us insane and abnormal.

At any rate we left Edinburgh last evening and came on here to sleep. Fancy Lee and I actually *sleeping* within the precincts of Melrose Abbey! That seemed a fairy tale to me sure enough, and when I looked from my bed-

room window and saw the huge shadowy outlines of the ruins stretching out beyond I did regret the twentieth century and did wish that my clock might be set back a thousand years and we be lodged in the "guest-house" of the monks.

There was a monastery at Melrose a thousand years ago, you know. It is all nonsense to say that St. David founded it in the Eleventh Century; it says in the history of St. Cuthbert that he was a shepherd boy "near Melrose, whose monastery he afterwards entered." Lee looked it up, and St. Cuthbert lived *ever* so long ago. So we could have come here then very nicely.

When we arrived last night we went first and looked at Uncle's trunk in the station baggage-room. As true as you live and breathe, Mama, he *has* got the ends of that trunk painted red, white and blue. I did n't believe Lee but now I 've seen for myself. He 'll never lose that trunk, it would be a moral and physical impossibility. Lee asked if any gentleman had come in about it, and the man at the station said no. But he said that many travelers who were only stopping a day or so in a place never bothered to claim their "boxes" until they were ready to

label them to leave; he said they knew that they were safe always. Lee told him where we were going to stop and to let us know just as soon as anyone did come for the trunk and the man promised to do so. Then we went to a hotel, had a grand supper (with scones, of course), and got to bed as rapidly as possible for we were *awfully* tired. You see Arthur's Seat and Mrs. Joyce were things that drew upon unaccustomed muscles and brain-cells with Lee and me.

This morning dawned too beautiful for words; it looked as if it might be raining somewhere near but with us it was only sweet and sort of tenderly mistful, the very morning of all other mornings to visit Melrose Abbey.

We had breakfast in our own little sitting-room, right by the window, and the tops of the dear beautiful ancient walls seemed to urge us to hurry to be happier even than we were then as we sat there, so *perfectly* happy. Lee said, "I tell you, we ought to get off like this oftener; this is so nice!" And I said, "Yes, but it 's very, very nice in Oxford, too; and then, too, the baby is in Oxford!" Mama, we have to be continually reminding one another of that precious

baby now. I 'm ashamed to confess it, but we forget that we have it *so often*. Taking trains and changing in stations it goes out of our minds completely, and twice lately I have deliberately dreamed that we did not have one at all! I woke in a cold fright!

Of course we sent to all the other hotels last night to see if Uncle was here but he was n't. We think that he is probably taking in all the interesting places around here first. You have to drive and is n't it too aggravating to think that we might be going about with him if only we could once catch him! You see this little stretch of comparatively flat land which lies between the "Lammermuirs" and the Cheviots, is just crowded full of Scotch and English history, and of Sir Walter Scott and his works. We want to go *everywhere*—it would take at least a fortnight to begin to see it all; and of course if Uncle sees it first he 'll neither want to go again with us or wait for us to go alone. You know Uncle. We want to go to Abbotsford and to Dryburgh Abbey where Scott lies buried, and to Jedburgh and Kelso and all over.

But I must tell you right off the remarkable

thing that has happened. After breakfast we walked to the station to send off our telegrams and whom do you think we saw just boarding the train? *Bessie and Mr. Jackson!*

They did n't see us and we did n't have time to say or do *anything*. They *must* be on their wedding-trip. I do wish I might have seen her married; I 'm really so fond of her. And then, too, I could have gotten back my toilet things— I just hate these Tartan-backed ones Lee bought for me in Edinburgh. Imagine brushing your hair with the Stuart plaid and brushing your teeth with the Douglas plaid! But was n't it nice that we saw them, if only in that way?

We went while we were at the station and looked at Uncle's trunk again. It is still there and we talked some with the man so as to really get him interested. He was such a nice man, only difficult to understand. Lee asked him if our English was difficult for *him* to understand and he grinned and said he "was thinkin' that it was." Lee asked him how we talked and he said with another grin "like Lunnoners that did n't talk right." He was so pleasant that I wanted to ask him if he knew about Jenny Geddes and

the dean and the stool (we 're so anxious to find out all about them), so I tried to be very skillful and mentioned how much we admired Edinburgh and the beautiful church there, St. Giles, I *believed* they called it. He grinned again and said "That 's the place where Jenny Geddes threw her stool at the dean, I 'm thinkin'," and there he stopped. It 's very aggravating not to know something that 's so well known in a country that people take it for granted that you surely must know it and so never tell it to you at all.

It was about eleven o'clock when we left the station and walked down the little winding hill to the Abbey. The sky was overcast so that everything seemed etched with a steely point against a purple atmosphere; that is one of the strange landscape tricks here: the distant fields are all softly blended in light and shadow, but what is near stands out with a clarity such as I never remember seeing before.

A long, low thatched cottage extends along the side of the species of entrance-road, leading to the gateway into the ruins. An old woman lives there, keeps the key, and sells the sou-

venirs and post-cards. When she came out to us Lee asked her which way we were looking and she said "to the East." We have been wondering if all the ancient Christian churches faced the same way and we are going to ask and notice after this. He asked her where the nave originally came to, and she said "to the street." What magnificent aisles and vistas those old monks did build for themselves! The woman offered to go about with us but we love so to go about alone by ourselves that we declined her kindness with thanks. She bade us to be sure and notice "the pig" and we promised solemnly to do so without knowing what she meant, and then she turned away and we went on alone.

It is quite true that it is as beautiful as stones can be combined to form and then to crumble. Perhaps there have been ruins more lovely, or perhaps St. Ouen's in Rouen may in a thousand years fall into bits more artistic, but I am another to agree to the world's verdict that Melrose is the fairest of all that they have now. When we passed through the ugly iron gate that guards it from too rough visiting, we stopped to look down the desolation of broken pillar and

severed arch, straight away to the peculiarly simple yet intricate weavery of the famous eastern window that ends both the choir and the view. The best preserved portion is the Crossing—the place where the transepts join the choir. We walked, almost timidly, up there and stood still and looked about feeling a reverence that was half wonder. Such clusters of shafts, such wealth of carving, such slender flying-buttresses springing lightly from one point to another! Such quaint little, low round-headed doors tucked away in corners behind pillars and high up in the walls, coming from, and going to, nowhere now, but once the ins and outs of—what?

We could see beautiful galleries too, running round the higher portions of the walls, galleries that we all are familiar with in the great cathedrals, but which were so oddly eerie here where they began with a break and ended with a break. In some places there seemed a sort of malice in the way that time had torn away just the stone needed to support an arching mass that might otherwise have stayed with us at least a century more; in some places there was a touching mercy

in the way that the ivy had blessed, and then drawn its pall.

We walked about for a long time. We paused at the spot in the chancel whither his comrades brought the Bruce's heart and stood to see it buried; we looked upon the grave of Michael Scott and thought about William of Deloraine. Lee said only to think what a man like Walter Scott does for his own country; every bit of it—scenery and history—he has made vital for all time to all people. Fancy if such a son could be born to Ireland—or even to England, for strangers don't know England as they do Scotland. One *feels* Scotch in Scotland because of the magic of Sir Walter Scott; my heart absolutely rises and chokes me every little while. Oh, I do wish that either Lee or I had a little Scotch blood on account of the baby!

It began to rain lightly while we were still in the Abbey (does n't that sound sweet: "still in the Abbey"?) and we went into one of the little Gothic chapels, one which still had its roof, and sat down. It was heavenly sitting so and watching the rain descend softly upon the moss and rock about us. Through a magnificent great

open arch in the side of the choir opposite we saw the scurrying clouds as they flew before the wind, and if we turned and looked behind there, through another arch, could be seen an old deserted grave-yard all covered with bent or broken tomb-stones, a relic of Melrose's Protestant days —now also in ruins.

It looked as if a bad storm were brewing and we thought that we had better return to the hotel and started to do so, but when we passed out the old woman insisted on knowing if we had seen the pig, and when Lee tried to get by her by saying "of course, and it was enjoying the prospect of a fine crop of mud soon," she laughed and just made us go back with her. And, Mama, it 's a gargoyle! Heaven knows what makes it such a special object of note.

Right outside the Abbey gate we met a boy who had come running from the hotel to find us. They had a telegram from Uncle at the railway-station. Of course we fairly tore up there and the man was as pleased as we were over it. Indeed he was more pleased for as soon as Lee and I read it, *we* did n't know whether to be

pleased or not. Uncle is in Newcastle and wants his trunk to meet him at Durham. That means that he is through with all this part of the country and that we must be through with it, too. And we have n't seen Abbotsford or Dryburgh or *anything* but Melrose! Lee says we can come back some other time but I wanted to go now when we 're so close. It 's so easy to go to places when they 're close. Oh, dear, I don't know what to do! But, of course—

We are leaving for Durham after luncheon. And we are taking Uncle's trunk right with us. It seemed so silly for him to pay carriage on it under the circumstances and I proved my relationship legally with the key that I 've had on my key-ring ever since I traveled with him in France that time. We gave the man at the station our Oxford address and he said that although it was against all the rules to give a trunk up to anybody but the one that it belonged to, still, he 'd trust us.

So we have the trunk—only Lee says he 'll have it "sacked" en route if he has to pay twenty pounds to get it done. We can't travel with

Uncle and a red, white, and blue trunk—not even if it is our Uncle and his red, white, and blue trunk.

I 'll write you from Durham to-morrow after we meet Uncle. Dear Uncle, how glad we 'll be to see him, even if he has skipped Abbotsford and Dryburgh—and made us have to skip them, too!

Dearest love,

YVONNE.

# PART V

## XV

YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

*Durham, Friday, Oct. 19.*

MY DEAREST MAMA: We don't know what to think!

We have been here twenty-four hours and not a sign of Uncle. Lee says that when you stop to think of it perhaps it is we who are behaving foolishly, to chase about the country this way. It 's so very plain that Uncle cannot possibly be trying to find us or wanting to find us anywhere near as hard as we are trying and wanting to find him.

I want to stop right here and tell you that we have seen Bessie again, and have heard that the baby is well and smiles *frequently* now. How shall we ever be able to let Pootsey have it so

much of the time after we get home again. *If* we ever do get home! I begin to wonder what *is* to be the end of these wanderings, and if we shall ever again see Uncle. Not but what we 're having a splendid time.

To-day has been perfect—dear me, no; yes, it rained, I remember now. The train-ride from Newcastle yesterday was one of the prettiest that I ever took. It was misty and the October landscape was a real dream, not just a figure-of-speech dream. I know that if I lived in this part of the country long enough I should soon come to really believe in fairies and nixies, for I absolutely *see* them in the lights and shadows of every day's twilight. There is such a peaceful charm about the time of year too, and being so far outside of the regular season for tourists we seem to have all the treasure of all we see just hoarded for ourselves alone. We have yet to form part of a "party" anywhere, and that is *so* idyllic; and then best of all, we love all that we see *so* much, and enjoy seeing it *so* much, and enjoy seeing it *together* so much. (Which latter is better than best of all, is n't it?) And then we have enjoyed knowing about things and having

the leisure to look up about what we don't know, so that the old stones really speak, and the voices of the past call out to us from every side.

Just before we reached Durham we came through Chester-le-Street, the place where "the story of Durham" begins. From the train-window it looked like any other little town, built in modern shape of ancient stones, but it used to be of great importance for St. Cuthbert's body remained there for over a hundred years, and during those hundred years (883-995), the country altered until the bishop of Bernicia who had brought the body was succeeded in time by the first bishop of Durham, there being no more Bernicia—only a Northumberland in an England. It was in Chester-le-Street that Athelstane halted on his way to Brunanburh and he made his brother Edmund promise him at the Shrine of St. Cuthbert that if he fell in the conflict he would bring his body back there to be buried. He had a tremendous reverence for St. Cuthbert and put beautiful embroidered vestments on his tomb as an offering after the victory. We saw those very vestments in the cathedral library today.

Durham—"Harold the Dauntless'" Durham —was a mere groupy outline of roofs and towers before our train arrived bringing us to make its acquaintance, so of course it was all dark by the time that we were what I now call "hoteled and Uncle-Johned" for the night. I *was* disappointed not to find Uncle here. I had had a feeling that he would surely be here on account of the trunk and that we 'd have all the mystery cleared up before we slept. But we had to sleep with the mystery wrapping us up as much as ever and to-day has n't cleared it up either. Again we have engaged a man to watch for Uncle and had a notice posted in the baggage-room at the station; we 're getting very much accustomed to that now, and tired of it, too. But we know that Uncle is alive for Mr. Heath wrote Lee that he had drawn on Brown, Shipley & Co. for some money, and that 's something anyhow. And he must be somewhere in this part of the country or he never would have had his trunk sent here. Lee has changed his mind about sacking the trunk as Uncle could not tell it then. You see they don't have checks here and a red, white, and blue trunk is easily picked out.

After breakfast this morning (no more scones alas! They stopped short at the Border) we took umbrellas and went out, going down to the Framwellgate Bridge first of all, because Mr. Jackson told me that if I went to Durham it was worth while looking my first look from the bridge.

So we went and so we looked and I cannot picture how anything could appear more strongly, royally imposing than what caused the bishops of Durham to be called "the prince-bishops of the North." The river takes a big swing around a big hill and the cathedral and the castle front the world together from the small plateau on top. The very towers of the strong old church seem proud and impregnable as they lift their huge square heads to the sky, and the buttressed front of the castle spreads down the hill as if God's earth was taken under man's protection in Durham. I 've never seen walls give such an impression of limitless force before; they were so strong that it seemed as if an enemy would take a single look and retreat in despair. Lee says that Mölk on the Danube is more imposing and that the wall at the back of Jacques

Coeur's house in Bourges looks stronger, but that was only because we have n't found Uncle as he expected. Lee is different from most men and when we don't find Uncle he is lovely as ever to me but I find that just in the first of the disappointment what we see reminds him of things I *have n't* seen, somewhere else. I don't mind at all.

They say that Durham was York's only suffragan for some centuries but that the bishops of Durham were so haughty that the archbishop of York might as well have been without any subordinate at all. No one could be surprised at that view of the matter after one glance upward from Framwellgate Bridge.

There is a charming river-bank way but we chose to walk through the town to the cathedral and found it modern in the main street, with plenty of quaint glimpses into other days on the side. It is n't a thousand years yet since Bishop Ealdhun brought the body of St. Cuthbert here from Chester-le-Street—brought here it is *supposed*, because this place was safer and easier to defend. There are many legends about the wanderings of the monks before they were led to

decide on Durham (on account of a cow), but except once when they fled to Jarrow from William the Conqueror, the guardians of St. Cuthbert's bones and the bones themselves have never moved since Ealdhun consecrated the foundations of the first church here in 995. Ethelred the Unready was king of England then, Scotland had hardly begun to make its history, poor Ireland was having her wonderful civilization all torn to bits by the conquering Danes, and Bishop Ealdhun himself was a very active man politically as well as religiously; married, like most Saxon priests of those days, and with his daughter married to Uchtred, the powerful earl of Northumbria.

And so Durham began in the year 995 A.D. And Lee and I went along its narrow, winding street over the cobble-stones that Uncle so detests, and up castle and cathedral wards quite a little later on in history, in 1906, in fact.

The castle is now a university (since 1832) and the Keep is built over into students' rooms so that the concierge shows only scraps and traces of the past here and there; and really, the scraps are fitted together with such very modern im-

Durham Castle

provements that we bought a little green book to read about it later and did not linger long. The Conqueror built a first castle and Hugh de Puiset (the Bishop Pudsey of colloquial name and fame) built another a century later; and I think that the most interesting thing about them all is that it shows how the English commons pronounced the letter S in de Puiset's name or else how the Norman Danes themselves pronounced it. There are other interesting things, too. It was to this castle that the last Saxon archbishop Ethelwine came back from his flight to Jarrow, to do homage to William and Archill the Danish jarl of Northumbria did homage with him, becoming ancestor to the Scotch Argyles of later years that way. Argyle and Comyn are both old Danish viking names.

There is a great square of turf between the castle and the cathedral and the cathedral covers all of one of its sides. The cathedral is over five hundred feet long, longer than a long city block with us. And the side-view is as flat and low and unimposing as the river-view is high and grand and stately. Lee said that he thought that the side-view might "grow on us" later but

he "did n't think much of it" himself, at first. He said so! You can see by this that he was becoming somewhat reconciled to our having missed Uncle by this time—but not altogether so.

We went in what is called the north portal, toward the river-end of the nave. There are some *very* odd things about Durham Cathedral and the oddest is that it seems that one of the bishops started in to build an uncommonly beautiful Lady Chapel, and because of various misfortunes that befell the work, he decided that St. Cuthbert did not want it where the Chapels of Our Lady were usually placed behind the High Altar, so he took it up bodily and rebuilt it right across the cathedral's front door. It was that same Hugh de Puiset who did that; he was a nephew of King Stephen. The story says that St. Cuthbert never *did* like women, and as he was buried just behind the High Altar himself he could not bear to have even the Lady Chapel near him and so he kept interfering with the work until it was given up.

We were hardly within the door before we met the most delightful gentleman imaginable,

he is the verger and he has the cathedral by heart. He was such a pleasant jolly man, it was like meeting an old friend for the first time.

It did n't take him very long to make us sorry that we had even dared to criticise the side-view outside; he was so fond of the church and so full of the church and so thoroughly conversant with all its good points and knew so many noteworthy facts about it, that in less than five minutes I was absolutely certain that he was right when he said that we were then standing within the greatest of all the Norman monuments in England.

That 's really true, Mama, I 'm thoroughly convinced of it. Westminster Abbey was entirely rebuilt by Henry III, but Durham is today just as William of St. Carilef planned it when he returned from Normandy in 1091 with his spirit stirred to give his own people such a church as those which he had seen during his three years' exile over-sea. It was he who had turned out all the Saxon married priests before he went away, putting monks from Jarrow and Wearmouth in their places, and now he came back to set about building a cathedral worthy to house the shrine of a saint. It seems so strange

to me that in a time when men lived in general in such a poor way, that they could plan such huge buildings and know how to hold up the roofs over them. Why, the Cathedral of Durham is like streets inside, it spreads away into the big distances in every direction and sounds just faint and fade in the aisles beyond the pillars.

The history of the church fits in with our trip delightfully. Turgot the confessor of St. Margaret, was prior while William of St. Carilef was bishop; to think that one who must often have knelt just where I did in that wee chapel of Edinburgh Castle, must also have wandered often just where we wandered to-day, watching the whole mighty thing rise slowly out of the earth.

Flambard, the chancellor of Henry I was bishop here, too; he was bishop when St. Cuthbert's body was brought and placed in the costly shrine that had been made ready for it, in 1104. We saw where the shrine stood, and the bones of St. Cuthbert are buried now underneath the platform. Shrines were shaped like little long, pointed-roofed houses; they were made of gold

or silver richly decorated, and they were almost *all* confiscated at the time of the Reformation. There are just a few left here and there in museums and a lot in the Louvre at Paris. Kings and queens and everyone used to make pilgrimages to shrines just as we go to watering-places, and for much the same reasons. And they used to have a pleasant time and buy souvenirs just as we do, too! But in those days they made offerings before and after great undertakings, and we only make them after we are sure that the thing is done. (When I drew Lee's attention to the latter deep reflection he said yes, no modern erected a church or even a church-window until he was absolutely positive that his relative was dead.) There used to be no end of interesting offerings at the Shrine of St. Cuthbert, and a good many of them were taken from the Scotch. Ralph, Lord Neville, who was one of the commanders at the great battle fought with David II near Durham, offered Queen Margaret's famous Black Rood, but we did not see it after all; it seems that it disappeared at the time of the Reformation. The piece of holy wood was set in a crucifix studded with diamonds, and the

crucifix was hung in the aisle near the shrine. The banner and some of the armor of James IV was offered by the Earl of Surrey after Flodden. We saw Lord Neville's tomb in the Neville Chapel on the south side of the nave. He was the first layman to be buried in the church, I suppose he was put there out of deep gratitude for his victory; Edward III was in France at the time of that battle and if David had won there might not have been any more English kings for Northumberland. Neville put up a cross to mark the site of the battle and from that it came to be called later, the Battle of Neville's Cross. Queen Philippa, the regent, was in Durham at the time of the battle, but she did n't really ride about on a white horse encouraging the soldiers as it says in the story. David II and many of his nobles were carried to London prisoners, among them that Preston of Craigmillar. It 's like fitting bits in a great puzzle—"Such a little world after all!"

Ralph Neville died in 1367 and his son John, the next earl, gave the bulk of the money to build the beautiful screen behind the High Altar. Just before it was begun in 1372 the

bones of the "venerable Bede," which had been brought from Jarrow long before and laid near those of St. Cuthbert, were removed into the Galilee. The Galilee is that curious building built in front of the cathedral's front. We went there next and except for the gas from the heater —the verger said himself that the gas was the ruin of the chapel and the death of the vergers, so you can think how bad it was—it was the most odd and fascinating chapel that I ever imagined. One of the bishops decided that the Galilee being where it was showed that the front door was worse than useless, and so he built an altar over it and his own tomb just in front. So much for the front door of Durham's Cathedral.

The view from the windows of the Galilee out across the river Wear and the beautiful country opposite was *lovely*. Such coloring, the English green shining through the blue English mist! It made me even forget the heater—although perhaps that was because I was leaning out of a window and breathing freely in consequence.

I could n't but wonder how the English Prin-

cess Margaret felt when she stopped here on her way to Craigmillar to meet her bridegroom James IV. She traveled north in charge of the Earl of Surrey. They must have been reminded of the battle of Neville's Cross when they looked at the Neville Chapel and the Black Rood of Scotland hanging in the aisle by the shrine, little guessing that the next great battle to be fought near by was to be Flodden Field, ten years after. The same Earl of Surrey was victor there, the Princess became a widow, the banner and armor of her husband were offered at the shrine where the Black Rood had been offered, and the monks of Durham pleaded in vain to be allowed to bury the body of the young dead king inside their peaceful walls.

Since then the Reformation has come and gone and stripped the old church of what were once its most precious treasures. And priests in England can marry again just as they did before the Normans came; and there is no Border between this country and Scotland.

We wandered around for just as long as I could stand the gas and then we went out into the cloisters—beautiful cloisters commenced un-

der Richard II and completed under Henry V. They are surrounded with old monastic buildings in one of which—the deanery now—Edward III and Queen Philippa were just going to bed when the monks came and said the queen must lodge somewhere else on account of St. Cuthbert's feelings. And she had to leave, too; live queens never offended dead saints in those days. Lastly we visited the Library and saw pieces of St. Cuthbert's coffin, the vestments presented by Athelstane and other curiosities.

It was just as we were going back into the cathedral on our way home to the hotel for luncheon that we saw Bessie. I heard a laugh and I knew that it was she and looked around, and just walking down toward what is called The Nine Altars, were Bessie and Mr. Jackson as gay as you please. They did n't see us, and we stood stock-still, struck dumb.

I said, "Oh, Lee, I *must* go and speak to her. I want to ask her for my toilet-things."

Lee said, "I don't see why we should bother. If she has n't gratitude enough to treat us decently you 'd better let her go, I think."

I said, "You 'll be sorry if you misjudge her

like that; you always have been sorry whenever you did it, you know."

But he just shook his head.

So I stopped and drew a long breath and said, "Then let 's go to lunch!" So we crossed the nave and went out by the door that no bishop has built up—as yet.

I shan't speak of Bessie again to Lee. Not if he feels that way. Of course it is ridiculous for him to feel that way, for of course there is some reason for everything that anybody does. No nice girl, well brought-up (in a convent) would ever think of going off with any man unless he was her husband. And if they are having anything like as good a time as we 're having I want to have the fun of talking the trip over with her and I want my own toilet-things again, too. Gracious me, Lee thinks if a woman has a red-plaid comb and a green-plaid toothbrush she does n't need anything else and I am nearly insane for all my other things. But it 's no use arguing with Lee. He and Uncle are different from most men and I 've long since learned that it 's no use supposing you can argue them out of their own opinions.

And after all, it does n't so much matter. When we were first married we did n't want to talk to anyone else, either, and now we like to talk to ever so many people very much.

We have bought a lot of books on Durham, and Siward, the famous Earl of Northumbria married the grand-daughter of that married bishop. The highest tower of the church is two hundred and eighteen feet high. Lee says the fact that we are now ahead of Uncle and have his trunk makes us *have* to wait for him. Bishop Langley is the one who is buried in the Galilee. Suppose Uncle decides on another route and does n't send for his trunk for several days!

I declare I don't know what we *are* going to do. It seems so funny to think that while we have plenty of money of our own we are tearing wildly after Uncle like this. No one who had ever traveled with Uncle would ever believe that it was just for love. And yet you know that I do love Uncle. I love him dearly. It was here at Durham that Canute gave up Lothian to Malcolm of Scotland on condition of feudal homage, Lothian is all that part up toward Edinburgh, the "Heart of Midlothian" you know.

I suppose that we can go on and leave the trunk here for Uncle to send for. Oh, Mama, they kept a lot of Scotch prisoners in the Cathedral of Durham in 1650—the civil war, you know—and it was they who chipped and spoiled all the monuments. There is another block in the big history puzzle; in between the setting on fire of Holyrood by Cromwell's troops, and the signing of the surrender of Oxford to the Roundheads at Marston—where we get tea when we go punting on the river—comes in the spoiling of the Neville Chantry by Scotch prisoners who were fighting for Charles and were captured by Cromwell.

Oh, dear me! I do hope that Uncle will get here *early* to-morrow. It would n't take him long to see Durham and then we could go on to York in the afternoon. As long as we are here we want to go to Durham, York, and Lincoln. We want to see the three big cathedrals.

Good-night. Love. As ever,

YVONNE.

## XVI

### UNCLE JOHN TAKES A ROOM BY HIMSELF

*Newcastle, Oct. 19.*

THANK you, porter. . . . Yes, just dump them all on top of that chest of drawers. Curious custom you have here of having all the bureaux nothing but chests of drawers. Not that I 'm finding fault with anything; I 'm too blamed glad to get into a room by myself. You could n't offend me with any kind of a chest to-night.

Oh, I say—one minute more!—This is n't my brush; this is Mr. Wiskett's brush. I want you to take it and run like mad to his room with it; he 'll be saying I 've lost him his brush next. He 's the readiest man I ever saw to fancy that people are taking his things away. Here, this red cravat is his, too, I suppose he 'll be saying that I 've carried that off, too; it would be just like him. . . .

Well, what did he say when you gave him the brush and cravat? Did, did he? You must n't mind that though; that 's nothing to some of the remarks he addressed to me yesterday. Here 's a shilling for you—don't mention it—and, porter, I want you to get out someway and buy me a trunk, a box, you know, not a big box, a small box,—oh, yes, about that size I guess—and bring it over here and take it to Mr. Wiskett with my compliments. Never mind what he says to you. Just put the trunk where he can see it and go out and leave him alone with it. I vowed yesterday that if I lived to get out of his hearing he should have another trunk within an hour. Mind you, his own trunk is all safe and sound in York waiting for him but he 's that cantankerous I 'm glad to pay for another if he 'll only shut up about trunks. There 's another shilling for you, now hurry —yes, the fire 's all right. Slippers? I have n't any with me. Great Scott, man, those must be his slippers! Now, he 'll be saying I 've got his slippers! Here, take 'em and run to his room with 'em. . . .

Well, what did he say? Did, eh? *There's* a pleasant disposition for you, and I 've got to get back to America with him—will you think of *that*. Just as if, when a man suddenly decides he 's got to get out of the room that instant or hit someone hard, he could pick up his belongings with any sort of calmness. I tell you you never had anyone in this house as mad as I was when I sent word to the office to get me another room. I was so mad I thought for a minute I 'd have to jump on him and pound him like I used to when we were boys in school together. He was one of these thin boys that hop away when you have hold of them and are trying to hit 'em. He used to make me mad even then. You can judge what sort of a fellow he was when he was nick-named Dilly. Nobody but a namby-pamby could possibly be nick-named Dilly. He was always—bless my soul, porter,—this is n't my watch; it must be his! He 'll be accusing me of packing up his watch, now. Here, take this watch back to him. . . .

Well, what did he say? Now would n't that make any man mad? you saw how sur-

prised I was when I found it. But that 's just Wiskett; suspicious is no name for him. Why, if anyone could imagine what I 've been through with these last weeks! And what makes it the hardest to bear, porter, is that I brought him down on myself—I did, for a fact.

. . . When you come back, just bring that trunk—box, I mean—in here for me to see it first. There, now you can go. Yes, the fire 's all right. Oh, when an English fire does decide to burn it 's like a few other things they have: nothing can beat it. By the way, did you notice how the fire in Mr. Wiskett's room was doing when you were in there? Has, has it? Well, I 'm darned glad if it has · it serves him just right! . . .

So you 've got the trunk—the box, I mean. Bring it over here by the light and let me see it.

So that 's your idea of a trunk—a box, I mean. Why, that is n't big enough to get anything into. However it 'll do Wiskett because all his things are in his other trunk. I

don't know that I like that patent-leather finish; looks like a Swede emigrant's valise to me; and what 's the good of a handle in front? Where are the locks—under the straps, eh? That 's a curious place to hide them. I don't think much of that trunk, porter, and that 's a fact; but then I 'm not buying it for my own use—I 'm buying it for his. Open it up and let 's see how it looks inside. Not any bigger than a minute, is it? Suited? Of course I 'm suited. What made you think I was n't? I have n't got to travel with it anyway—I 'm buying it for Wiskett. Is that the tray? I thought it was a pan for developing Kodaks. Yes, I did, for a fact, I did. Oh, no! it is n't too small—what made you think that I thought that it was small? It 's all right; I won't say that if I was getting it for myself I 'd get it, but I 'm getting it just to shut him up. Do you know what he said yesterday? Well, he—but there, you would n't see the point in it over here, people are n't strenuous over here. If they were that trunk would never get ten miles without being stove in ten times. In America? Why,

man, that trunk—box, I mean—will never see America; it would n't live to tell the tale of one checking, it—

Hello, Wiskett, is that you? Come in. Well, what 's the matter now? Lost! What makes you think they 're lost? I 'm just buying this one to cart all the truck we 've bought here as far as York.—Now, Dilly, don't let 's begin again on that. I had enough of that yesterday. I said York and I telegraphed York. The pig-headed way you talk of Durham drives me mad. We may not go to Durham at all. What would have been the use of sending the trunks to a place where we may not go at all? There 's nothing to see in Durham except a cathedral and a castle and we can see both of those in York. If you follow me in here and begin again about that trunk business I vow I 'll leave in the night and you can paddle your own canoe back to your native land. What do you suppose I took this room for anyhow? I took it to have a quiet spot where I could be free from you and your trunk. . . .

Wiskett, you 'll drive me crazy. I don't

know but I 'm crazy now. I did n't make England. I 'm not responsible for the way it 's run. I have n't any more to do with the running of this country than I have with the running of my own; and heaven knows no good American can say more than that. . . . I know I brought you here! I know that only too well! . . . I never meant to let that bag fall on your head. . . . I did n't have anything to do with your rheumatism. You had a great deal more to do with mine; I *never* have rheumatism when I travel alone. In fact I have n't mentioned it out of fear of hurting your feelings but I have n't a mite of doubt myself but that I caught it in that old museum of yours at Carlisle. I felt a twinge then, I remember it distinctly, I was just looking at the Bar-tailed Godwit and I felt a distinct twinge; I felt another at the Shag and another at the Shua. I started to speak of it at the time but I hated to spoil your pleasure. I 've mentioned before, Dilly, that I 'm taking this trip wholly on your account and I must say you have n't repaid me very well. No, you have n't. No, Dilly Wiskett, you have *not!*

If I was in your place my friend could drop a Saratoga trunk on *my* head and I 'd never murmur; I 'd be too tickled to be seeing Europe. And as for losing a trunk, what 's a trunk? I tell you, Dilly, if you don't shut up over that trunk you 'll lose *me* and then you 'll have cause to set up a hunt. Besides, your trunk is n't lost—it 's in York. Yes, it is in York. Dilly, I tell you for the one hundred and fiftieth time that that trunk of yours is in York. If you say Durham again I won't go to Durham under any circumstances. . . .

Well, now you 've said it and just to show you that I mean what I say I will *not* go to Durham. No, Deloraine Wiskett, not under any circumstances now. No, not if you prayed to me. No—never. Not now—Not now. . . .

It 's too bad because I wanted very much to go to Durham. They say it 's by all odds the finest cathedral in England and I naturally wanted to show it to you. Of course I can see it some other time myself, but I 'm taking this trip just for you and one of my main objects in bringing you over was so that you

might see Durham; but that 's settled now. It 's a great pity because when you were so sick coming over I used to feel that Durham would make it all up to you. But you 've cooked your goose as far as the bull at Durham is concerned now. . . .

We 'll go on to York to-morrow. It 's quite a ride. . . . Well, several hours. We 'll get there in the afternoon, unpack our trunks, and get as good baths as we can out of these brass watering-pots they allow us; and then we 'll see York. Why, of course, we 'll see York! Have n't I brought you here expressly to see things? We 'll see Lincoln, too. Yes, we 'll go to Stratford. He may have written the plays or he may not, but we 'll go there anyhow.

I say, Dilly, what brought you in here anyway? I don't want to seem rude but my purpose in taking this room was to get off by myself. I tell you that frankly because it 's impossible for two people to get along together pleasantly unless they are frank. I believe in being frank, that 's why I tell you what I think so plainly. My disposition is to be

frank and so I say frankly that I got a room alone by myself, because I wanted to be alone by myself. If I had n't wanted to be alone by myself I certainly would have stayed with you. . . .

No, I don't care to talk. I 'm never very fond of talking and I 'm less so to-day than usual.

Well, if it 's gone out again, why don't you ring for the chambermaid?

Great Scott, Dilly, I tell you, I telegraphed to have it sent to *York*. Do you hear, to *York*. To Y-O-R-K, York! Don't you suppose I know? I don't deny that you were sitting by but I wrote the telegram—did n't I?—Well, then?

## XVII

YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

*York. Saturday, Oct. 20.*

DEAREST MAMA: We are in York tonight. We arrived on the four o'clock train and have now wholly abandoned all hope of meeting Uncle. We cannot understand it, and I certainly hope that everything is all right, but Lee thinks there is some mystery that it is useless to try and solve by force so we left Uncle's red, white and blue trunk to await him in Durham, attached a letter to each handle, and came on here by the noon train. We shall spend Sunday here, go to Lincoln on Monday, stop at Kenilworth as we cross the country, and be home by Thursday, or Saturday at the latest. Lee thinks that when Uncle has finished his trip he will surely come to us before sailing for home, and I hope so with all my

heart. If Uncle comes over here deliberately and then deliberately turns round and goes back without seeing my baby I declare I don't know what I *shall* think.

We went out and took a walk about Durham before we left this morning. We visited the cathedral again and this time I thought the side-view imposing, too. Cathedrals are like people, you *must* learn to know them well to appreciate them properly. I am not meaning to pretend that I know Durham Cathedral even slightly well as yet, but I know it better now than I did yesterday. It is astonishing how well acquainted you feel with anything in Europe if you get a chance to go back to it a second time. The battered lords Neville seemed quite old friends today and as for the jolly verger! well, we wanted him to come to the hotel and lunch with us before our leaving. We just peeped in at the castle again, too, and it was so superb with its old stones and glossy ivy all shining from yesterday's rain that I felt I had undervalued that also. When we came out Lee asked a gentleman where we would find the river-walk to the bridge and he very kindly explained the whole

intricate matter to us. Lee listened most seriously and said at last, "I understand; just behind the little cottage, is n't it?" Mama, but the gentleman jumped! And then, as we stood there quite frightened over wondering what we *could* have done to offend, he said, with the greatest possible dignity, "*Little* cottage! *Divinity* School, if you *please*."

So we hurried away, thoroughly crest-fallen, and cooled our blushes by the river-bank. We descended such a pretty way, with ever so many pauses to look down, or up, or about us, for the trees and the water of the Wear, and the vista of the path itself before and behind, were each and every one a separate *genre* picture.

The train-ride was again a joy beyond words. I found myself saying over and over with Count Witikind in the poem

> "Give me broad lands on the Wear
> and the Tyne,
> I will leave my faith and cleave unto
> thine."

And the lands in this part of the country *are* fair enough to convert anybody to anything, I do be-

lieve. There never was a truer adjective than the word "broad" as applied to Durham. I don't know what it is but there is a sort of breadth to the prospect such as I 've never seen before. Elsewhere there are hills—or a horizon; in Durham there is always some further extension, more clumps of trees with softly rounded tops; and then, between their gentle grouping upon the line of vision, you see stretching widely on, more meadow-land, other boundary-lines, and where they break, yet more again. "Broad lands" indeed; and lands of such overflowing wealth of green verdure and autumn promise for another year that I could but think of all the ways in which men have tried to express the gracious goodness of Nature's outpouring motherhood. It seemed as if the great cathedral behind us had in very truth spread a blessing over all that belonged to its rule, and, looking on what it ruled and the surpassing wealth mirrored by every tree and field, I came to comprehend why the Scotch kings were so given to "harrying," and the Danes were so resolute on becoming settlers where they first landed as enemies.

The whole countryside is rich in historical

association. Raby Castle, the stronghold of the Nevilles and the home of "the Rose of Raby" is near Durham, and Barnard and Middleham are on the side-routes between there and York. It was at Middleham that Warwick entertained Edward IV, as some say; or kept him prisoner, as others say. The castle of Middleham was a part of the inheritance which Warwick's youngest daughter brought Richard III, and their only child was born there in 1474. Lady Anne was at Middleham when Richard went with the little Edward V up to London, and it was at Middleham that her child died during his parents' absence in 1484. Poor Anne Neville! I think her story even sadder than that of Margaret of Anjou. How often her eyes, brimming with tears, must have looked out across these broad lands of Durham, and wondered if it were possible that she had once been the happy, petted little maiden, whose father ranked above kings. I do wish that we might have visited Middleham. But then I want to go everywhere and see everything. I do so love old castles and history. I could sit on ruins for hours imagining what must have happened among them.

About two-thirds of the way down we passed through Northallerton which is near where David I of Scotland was defeated at the Battle of the Standard. David I was the one who was the son of St. Margaret; he was the David that founded all the abbeys and who died in Carlisle Castle. David II is the one who was the son of Bruce, who lost the Black Rood at the Battle of Neville's Cross and was imprisoned in the Tower of London. I thought that we should never get the two Davids disentangled but I think that I have them all straight now. There was about two hundred years between them.

We arrived in York at four o'clock and came at once to the hotel. I was tired and there was a good deal of mail so we settled ourselves down comfortably to enjoy the letters by a bright fire and over our tea. The baby is *so* well, and so are all of you, too. So nice to hear. It 's a little exasperating to read your suppositions as to Uncle and the baby. When you imagine Uncle playing with a baby that is in Pootsey's charge you certainly are dreaming. Lee says he wonders when we shall begin to be allowed to handle it a little, not to dare to hint at playing

with it. Lee and I would certainly love to touch the baby a *little* oftener. It is so awfully cunning and I 'm crazy over its hands and feet. But we appreciate Pootsey at her full value and we never for one instant think of—

Oh, Mama, Mr. and Mrs. Joyce have just sent up their cards!

Love,

Y.

## XVIII

### UNCLE JOHN IN YORK

*Arriving at four o'clock, Saturday, Oct. 30.*

COME on, Dilly, we get out here. Stiff? Well, I guess mine are as stiff as yours; I must say that you seem to think that you have a monopoly on everything unpleasant. Yes, I 've got my bag. Yes, I 've got my umbrella. Yes, I 've got my Baedeker. I tell you what it is, Wiskett, the way you ask me if I 've got what I naturally would n't think of leaving the train without, is about as trying a habit as any of your habits that have tried me yet. Trunk? No, of course I have n't got the trunk. I did n't buy that trunk to carry. I bought it for porters to carry. The good of Europe is you don't have to carry things if you don't feel like it, and I never hankered to lug my own trunk yet.

Here, you, oh, I say, porter! Porter! Yes, he sees me!—Get that shiny little trunk—box, I mean—down out of the rack, please. Now, porter, I want to tell you, we have two tr—boxes here in storage; they must have come in from Melrose about Thursday, a small green trunk marked D. W. and a steamer trunk painted red, white and blue. . . . You 'd surely recollect the red, white and blue trunk—I had it painted that way on purpose. Well, of course you can ask about it. Yes, we can go to the place with you. Come on, Dilly, we 've got to go and look for our own trunks the same as usual. Europe again; no turning the checks over to the hotel-man and finding your trunks in your room when you get there. . . . Fine little station. See the little case of labels on wheels like a lunch-wagon. Handy idea. Easy to jerk about when they have a great rush of eleven trunks at once, I suppose.—But I begin to see why nobody has trunks in England—too difficult to keep track of,—too—

Is this the place? How do you do, I came to get two trunks, forwarded from Melrose

by Wednesday's. train, a small green one marked D. W. and a steamer trunk painted red, white and blue. You 'd remember the steamer trunk if you saw it; I had it painted that way on purpose. . . . Why, they *must* be here. I telegraphed to have them sent here (You shut up, Dilly, I did say York!)—I was in Newcastle and I telegraphed Melrose to send those two trunks to York. No, we did n't have them in Melrose, we left them in Edinburgh by mistake. What 's that? . . . Oh, but I telegraphed to have them sent to Melrose. . . . No, I wrote—I wrote from Newcastle. . . . What 's that? Oh, yes, we had them in Edinburgh, I telegraphed from Newcastle and they were all safe in Edinburgh. . . . I tell you, we forgot them in Edinburgh. Of course they were at the station, you don't suppose anyone would forget a trunk at the hotel—do you? No, we did n't have them in Melrose. I tell you we telegraphed from Newcastle to have them sent to York. . . . No, we did n't telegraph to Edinburgh—we telegraphed to Melrose. What should we telegraph to Edinburgh for after they were in

Melrose? Don't you understand English? We did n't *want* them in Newcastle, we wanted them in *York.* I tell you we forgot them in *Edinburgh.* . . . I tell you we telegraphed from Newcastle. . . . Don't you have any baggage system here? I tell you they telegraphed me from Edinburgh; they have some sense of what 's due a man with baggage in Edinburgh. . . . Well, now I 'll say it just once more and only once more. What 's that? Coming by the goods-train maybe? Well, how long will that take? Don't you think maybe they're here after all? You 'd *surely* remember the red, white, and—

Well, I must say I don't like this at all. . . . I can see just what you think,—yes, I can, when it comes to a lost trunk I can see just what any man in this country must be bound to think if he 's got any common-sense. You think those two trunks are lost for good. . . . Yes, you do, I can see it in your face. This comes of your poor baggage arrangements over here. . . . Yes, it does. . . . How do you expect strangers to keep track of their trunks without any checks? . . .

The best a man can do is to have his trunk painted red, white, and blue and *then* he loses it. . . . Yes, we have lost them. . . . I *know* we 've lost them. . . . (You shut up about Durham, Wiskett.) Do you expect me to stay in York while you hunt? Well, I shan't do it. I 'm leaving to-night. . . . I 'm going to Lincoln to sleep. . . . No, we have n't time. . . . Yes, I 'll leave my address, of course. . . . And I 'll tell you one thing and don't forget it, when I get to London I 'll set proceedings on foot to recover that trunk if I have to hire every detective in that Irish Yard that you English are always talking about, to work on the case. Come on, Dilly.

. . . Well, what do you think of *that?*— Those trunks have been stolen. I could see in that man's face that he thought that we 'd seen the last of them. I declare this is tough; two perfectly good trunks not to speak of all the things inside of them. And after all it 's the things inside that are what make you mind about losing your trunk the most. This is a pretty set-out for seeing York. . . .

Here, porter, put all this stuff in storage for us. How long have we got before that Lincoln train? . . . Well, that 's time enough to see all I want to see of York in my present frame of mind. Yes, it is, Dilly; I wish you would n't interrupt. What, do we get a check for our belongings if we store them in York? Astonishing! You do give checks under some circumstances, then? I supposed that we were expected to just hand them over to be stolen, too.

. . . Well, Dilly, I 'll tell you what we 'll do now to try and cool off. We 'll walk around the walls, it says in the Baedeker that that 's the first thing the visitor to York should do and I don't know what we are if we are n't visitors. If we were natives we should n't have lost our trunks. I vow, I see now why there 's a baggage-van in with each passenger arrangement; it 's so as to give you a chance to hop on your trunk before some other fellow hops on it. And they call this a civilized country, too. . . . Yes, I 've got the check for those things. I told you I 'd got it before.

Fiddlesticks, yes, you can, too. . . . It

is n't far. . . . And we 'll see everything in the city from the top of the walls. Come on, now—wait till I look in the book. There, that 's Leeman's statute. Who was Leeman anyhow? . . . And you call yourself a well-read man! . . . Now, where 's the arch? Oh, yes, I see. Now we go up the steps. . . . There, I told you we 'd be able to see everything from the top.

This wall looks very modern to me, Dilly; this is no Roman wall. A Roman wall always has all sorts of weeds growing along the top. I 've never seen a genuine Roman wall without weeds growing along the top yet. I wonder if the people of York expect anyone to even suppose that this wall was built in the Fourteenth Century as Baedeker says it was. I consider it an insult to the intelligence to print such stuff. Just about what you might expect, though, of a country that will steal a trunk painted red, white, and blue. I should think that the very fact that I 'd gone to all the trouble and expense of having it painted with red, white, and blue stripes would show that I did n't want it stolen. I should n't think

that any Englishman would want to steal a red, white, and blue striped trunk anyway. If I was an Englishman I would n't be seen with a red, white, and—

I don't know what it is. The book says that we come first to Micklegate Bar, but that looks to me like a garden and a ruined church. However perhaps that 's what they call a "bar" up here. . . . I don't see any good standing and looking at it, Dilly, you saw ruins at Melrose and you can see gardens anywhere. St. Mary's—well, if it 's St. Mary's it does n't say anything about it in the —oh, yes, it does; it says that 's St. Mary Junior. I never knew before there were two Marys. And that 's the "Minster" beyond. I suppose minster means cathedral in Yorkish. God bless my soul! Have we got to go down to the street-level here and come up again on the other side of the tower? I don't like this. Baedeker never said that we had to do this. I think he ought to have mentioned that you had to go down steps whenever you came to a tower. I hope to heaven that there are not many towers. Well, and so that 's

the cathedral—fine building. Why, you could n't possibly see it better than from here, Dilly; what are you thinking of? They all look just alike inside—precisely alike. All ruins look the same outside and all cathedrals look the same inside—exactly the same. I 'm sorry if you feel that way. You can go to-morrow and sit in the one at Lincoln from dawn to dark if you like. Well, I 'm really very sorry, Dilly, very sorry. Of course if I 'd known that losing your trunk was going to affect you like this I would n't have come to York at all. As long as the trunks are lost there 's really no sense in our being here—no sense at all. Only I thought that as you did n't see Durham you would n't want to miss York, too; and so, as I 'm taking this trip just on your account, I planned to stop here. Most travelers like to see York—"time-honored York," Shakespeare called it. Lancaster, was it? well then "time-honored York," Lancaster called it. But of course if it does n't interest you I made a mistake in bringing you here and I 'm very sorry and I apologize. . . .

Oh, we 've got to go on around now—it 's the shortest way back anyhow, it 's—

Great Scott, have we got to go down to the street again here, and come up again on the other side? Well, did I ever! I think that it ought to have spoken about this place, too, in the book—I do indeed. Dilly, did I give that baggage-check to you? Oh, no, here it is, in my other pocket. Scott, but that was a scare! I thought if I 'd managed to lose the only baggage-check in England I would just lie down and give up. I wish you 'd quit being huffy, Wiskett; if I don't mind losing my trunk goodness knows you ought not to mind losing yours! My trunk was a deal better trunk than yours and yet look at me now it 's lost! Am I huffy? Am I bad-tempered? Not a bit. Bright, alert, cheerful, interested in everything and everybody as usual—that 's me. I came to York to see York and I 'm happy because I 'm seeing it. Who was that man who said to let him sit on the walls of York so that he could overlook York,—well, that 's me, only I prefer to walk to overlook instead of sitting. When I get to

a new town I always feel just like that poem of the hound loosed on—well, I forget what they let him loose on, but at any rate I 'm like him and not like you. I 'll tell you what you make me think of to-day, Dilly, you make me think of a rooster with wet tail-feathers—yes, you do. The only difference is that we know that the tail-feathers will dry again, and no one that saw you to-day could imagine the corners of your mouth ever turning up in this world. . . .

Do we go down here? Well, and where do we go up this time? Here 's a pretty kettle of fish; the book says to walk around the wall and before we 're half around the wall ends. There 's Europe for you! Puts it in the guide-book that York has a wall and then takes down the wall. Goodness knows I did n't enjoy scrambling up and down their old wall every two minutes but at any rate up to now when we got down we could get up again somewhere else. . . .

I wish you 'd keep still, Wiskett, I can't make head or tail of this book while you keep up that mumble. If you thought that we

were going the wrong way all the time why did n't you say so sooner? Anyhow it 's plain that we must be *here*—or maybe we 're *here.* Yes, we *have* been walking around it the wrong way. Well, if that is n't Europe for you; lose your trunks, have to go through the book upside down and then walk around this pesky wall the wrong way. Now we don't know what we *have* seen, and we 've ended up by losing even the wall. *Did* we come *there* or *did* we go *here?*—We did n't see any castle, I *know*. . . .

Well, as far as I can see we 've got to find the Red Tower and get back on the wall there. We 'll see the castle then and I want to see the castle. Did anything ever happen in York anyhow?—Was n't there an Isaac of York or some such man? Oh, yes, I remember now. Yes, of course, never mind all that.—We have n't any time to talk about him now. We 've got to find the Red Tower. Here, you —little boy! I say, where 's the Red Tower? That? Much obliged. Come on, Dilly. Nonsense, you are n't either. Well, yes, I think it is narrow to walk on top but you can keep

close to the outside next time. No, I don't see how they ever "crowded to the walls" myself; between you and me, I don't believe in this being a real wall at all. Walls were always ever so much thicker than this. I think this wall is just built to fool tourists. I never am a tourist when I travel by myself, alone. A person looks so foolish being a tourist, I think. Here 's the Red Tower at last. How should *I* know why they took down that piece of the wall? I tell you, Wiskett, I brought you to Europe to tell *me* things and you do nothing but ask me questions. You make me think of that Riley poem "Was I there, Ma?" . . . Good lands! can't you take a joke? I declare, life with you is getting to be a thing of—

. . . I don't know what we 're looking at. There you go asking questions again. My reason tells me that we 're looking at the city of York but of course if you have your doubts you can have them. . . .

Say, Dilly, this having no wall on one side and a gap every few feet in the wall on the other is beginning to make my head swim,

too. I think the book does very wrong to advise anyone to take this walk. This is a very long walk, do you know it? And here we 've got to climb down and up again at that. I don't see why they don't build a piazza around each of these everlasting towers. It would n't cost much and it would make both York and Baedeker more popular with strangers. . . .

Well, I 'm out of breath, too, I guess. I tell you, Dilly, this is an awful walk. The book ought to have said something about it. . . . What 's that?—It says to "omit part"? Maybe it does—maybe it does, but I should think that you had known me long enough now to have learned that I never admit—I mean, omit—anything. Thoroughness is my motto. There 's really no use in coming over here if you don't mean to be thorough. That was why Culloden rankled me so—and that girl in the church with her stool. Great Scott, I have n't thought of that girl and her stool for two days; what was her name, Fanny? Jenny? Yes, Jenny; I knew I could n't forget it. It was the man who was

Hannah. Jenny and Hannah—that 's easily remembered. . . .

Dilly, this is the longest walk I ever took in my life. I never had any idea that York was a city of this size, no wonder they named New York after it. Every time there comes a little turn I expect to see the station or the castle or *something*, and instead I just see another long waggelly stretch of walk on this darned wall. I can't conceive how anyone could print it in a guide-book that this walk was one to be taken. Good lands, have we got to climb down *another* flight of old stone steps and up the other side? Don't tell me that we must! I vow! . . .

Well, it 's some comfort to have the climb-up put off for a little. So that 's the castle—what 's left of it? I don't think much of it. I don't care if the Jews did burn themselves up there. It says in the book that they were massacred. . . . I did n't know that a man could massacre himself,—I thought you had to stand off a little ways and jump at a thing to massacre it. . . . I did n't know burning was the same as massacring. . . . I always

massacred my wife's letters then; she always wanted them massacred. No, I 'm not making fun at all; it says "massacre" in the book and so I thought that it meant it. I always believe Baedeker, even when he says that everyone ought to walk around York on the wall. . . .

Where is the place to get back on it? That 's the most exasperating part of it all; we 're sick to death of this wall and yet we 're afraid we 'll lose it. River? Yes, I see the river. One generally sees a river when he 's walking over the bridge. The people used to stretch chains across here? Did they indeed? I hope that it made them happy. There 's our beloved wall again. Dilly, I never hated anything in my life like I do this wall. I never was so sick of anything in my life before. . . . Here we go again, darn it! Along, and along, and along the top of the wall of York. Nothing to see. Nothing to do. Only walk, walk, walk on a wall. I don't wonder they had a hard time getting men to "man the wall." Imagine living up here. Say, but I 'm sick of this wall. How

did we ever come to start on this wall anyway. Two and a half miles! We 've walked ten already, I bet. . . .

Oh, my gracious, Dilly, look at that fresh stretch! That 's a good mile ahead of us. This comes of being kind-hearted and trying to show you all that there is to see. I never took such a walk before. I see now why the wall has stayed so nice and new, I don't suppose you could drag one of the natives on to it with a dog-collar and chain. My legs are actually giving out. And if we have n't got to climb down and up again! Well, with all our other miseries I do think that we might have been spared *this!* . . .

I shall write to Baedeker myself to-night. I shall write him from Lincoln. He asks people to write him and he 's going to get what he asked for from me. I wonder what time it is. Great Scott, we 've got to hurry! Is n't that the crowning straw: to have to hurry on a wall? . . .

. And to have to climb down and up again at that? . . . No wonder they took these old cities easy, they were too full of gates—York

was anyway. Used to spike heads on 'em—did they? Well, I would n't mind what they did to my head, if only I could quit with my feet. "The weary sentry"—is n't there some such poem—I bet he walked on the wall of York. . . .

Dilly, I 'll never forget this wall as long as I live! I could n't forget it if I wanted to. I never had such a walk in my life before. I shall write Baedeker but not till to-morrow morning. Oh, yes, I 've got the check for the things. Yes, of course that 's the station. Can't you see the tracks? What 's the use of fussing any more over the trunks. Those trunks are gone, I tell you. Look here, Wiskett, I 've been pretty patient throughout this walk on this wall, and I only took it on your account; I never get on a wall when I 'm traveling alone by myself. And you have n't been what I call even half-way pleasant. No, you have n't. Now I tell you what it is, if you keep on acting this way you 'll drive me to do something very desperate, yes, very desperate indeed. I 've been thinking of it for some time and coming along this wall

I 've been pretty much making up my mind to do it. I 'm the most patient of men and of course my main object in bringing you over here was to give you a good time and show you everything, but even the worm will turn in time and I warn you, Wiskett. that I 'm beginning to twist.

So look out! I 'm very nearly settled in my mind; and, as what I 've settled on concerns you more than me—*much* more—I say again, look out!

# PART VI

## XIX

YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

*Sunday Evening, Oct. 21, York.*

DEAREST MAMA: We are leaving for Lincoln to-morrow morning; we are not going to look for Uncle any more, it is hopeless. We shall be in Lincoln to-morrow night, and then go to Warwick and Kenilworth and home. We 'll be at home Friday morning, at the very latest. We could be there Thursday only that we want to stop at Stratford-on-Avon and that would take another day.

I don't know where to begin, whether to tell you first about York or Mrs. Joyce or Bessie. Oh, Mama, Bessie is *such* a dear and they *are* so happy, Lee is *never* going to mind *anything* that she may do again. And Mrs. Joyce is a dear,

too, no matter whether she is herself or just reincarnated. And as to York! Well, we like it best of all yet, only we *did n't* get to walk around the walls and we are *so* sorry for Bessie says that they are very interesting, and Mrs. Joyce says that that is so true that she has made a point of walking round them at *least* once in each century, and that it is a more agreeable walk now than *ever* before. She says that during the Roman times you had a wider walk to walk on but not so long, and then the foreign soldiers used to say things and although no one could understand what they said still we all know how *very* unpleasant it is when people say things that no one understands. She says that during the Middle Ages the tops of the walls were extremely dirty, and that then one could understand all that was said and so ladies never walked there; she always used to go around unincarnated. I must tell you first of all how she came to find us; she said her aura became cognizant of the approach of Lee's aura so she sent her personality to look through all the hotels and when she found that we were here she came right over;—she said that she wanted so to see us

again; she said that she had been *greatly* interested in us.

We had a very pleasant time together. They are going to spend the winter in Egypt and the spring in India. She calls Egypt and India "getting back to civilization." I asked her if she ever lived in York and she gave us a vivid description of when she lived here—the only time that she really *lived* here. She says that she only calls it "living" in a place when she is born *and* dies there, she was born in York in 1050 and died here about 1100. We are so used to her now that we don't think anything of her being born so frequently, or feel that we ought to look sorry over any of her deaths.

She said it was terrible in 1066. Along in September the Danes landed. Her family did n't mind particularly because although her mother's father was a Dane, her own father was a Saxon and *most* arbitrary and disagreeable and as he had to go out and fight the Danes it left the family at peace for a little while. She said he marched away with Morcar and Edwin, and in no time at all he and Morcar and Edwin came rushing back with the Danes after them. She said

her mother was pleased (you remember that her mother was a Dane) and her mother's mother who had a Roman nose, was so pleased that her father's mother, who lived with them too and was a pure-blooded, red-headed Pict whom her father's father (a Briton) had bought in the Bristol slave-market when he thought the times too stormy for legal domesticity, was so furious in consequence that there was a terrible primitive family row, and right in the middle of it the Danes who were in York let in the Danes who were outside of York, and they had them to board until the chiefs had divided up all the gold and silver to be found. Then the Danes went east to hunt somebody else to fight, and more gold and silver to divide up, and they were hardly gone when Harold arrived. I was *so* interested in Harold because I *always* have liked Harold and I asked what he was like; she said he was the dearest man and *awfully* good-looking but so busy that he had no time at all for women. She knew his wife, who was Morcar's sister, intimately but she did n't like her very much and she said she was n't at all the wife for Harold. It seems that they had that

way of looking at it even as long back as the Saxons.

So Harold rushed through York just as the Danes had rushed through before him, for he wanted to get rid of them and get back the gold and silver. He found and fought the Danes at Stamford Bridge, killed the Danish king and his own brother Tostig, and then came tearing back to York. And the next day the news arrived that the Normans had landed at Hastings and he flew south again. Mrs. Joyce said it took them weeks to clear up and get their breaths after all that and I don't wonder.

There was only one other such terrible time in York's city history and that was almost four hundred years after, when Henry VI, Margaret of Anjou and their little son, stayed at the Friars Minors down by the castle here while Towton, the bloodiest battle in the War of the Roses, was being fought. Then along came riding, faster than post-haste, the dukes of Exeter and Somerset, to tell the king and queen to fly. They escaped out of the northern gate and went to Scotland to be housed by those other Friars in Edinburgh in that old monastery

that once stood close to the Grassmarket. Warwick and young Edward entered the city a few hours later and took down from over the gates the heads of Warwick's father, Salisbury, and of Edward's father, the Duke of York. Fancy riding into a town where the heads of your father and uncle were spiked upon the walls!— It was that duke of York who had married the "Rose of Raby." I did n't know that Warwick and Edward IV were first cousins until I took this trip, but they were through that same Cecily Neville, "Rose of Raby," and duchess of York.

It seems to me that all the history stories are very frightful, so sad and ferocious. And yet they make all one sees here so full of interesting thrills, for, from the time of the Conqueror on there are numberless real relics and real signs of everything that has happened, left in sight. The old tower and piece of the Roman wall within the grounds of the Yorkshire Historical Society were here long before the Conqueror even; they were here when Severus died and when St. Helen lived and when the Roman lady, whose hair and hair-pins are in the museum, was walking about.

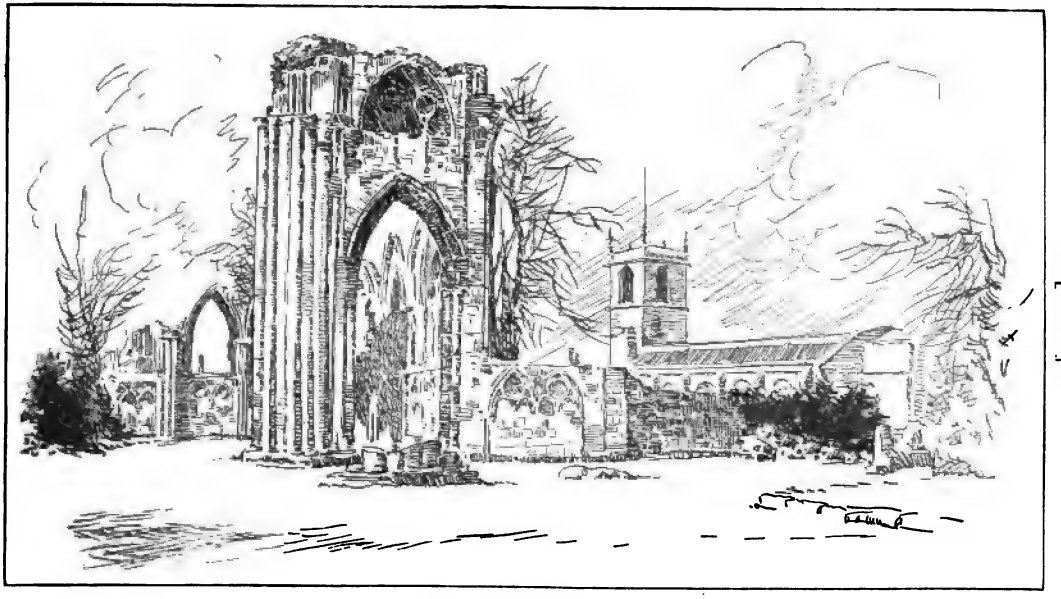
Mrs. Joyce says that that hair was *hers*, by the way; she says her parents who were living in Spain sent her to Britain to visit an army-post because girls were so very scarce in Britain, while in Spain she had sixteen sisters. But she did n't marry here; she died. She said it was n't at all uncomfortable, living in Britain then, and she had the entrée to all the nicest houses, went for the week-end to Aldborough always, and enjoyed herself thoroughly. As for privations she says that the houses were more comfortable than they are now for the Romans had laid down hot-water pipes all over. She had a trained nurse when she was ill and an excellent Irish doctor and no end of prayers in four different temples. The only vexatious thing was their burying her with those cheap hair-pins in her hair. She says she does n't mind dying in the slightest but to have one's hair in a museum with cheap hair-pins stuck in it indefinitely is maddening. She says she never saw such hair-pins in Eboracum. She thinks that the undertaker must have furnished them.

I tried to bring Mr. Joyce into the conversation by asking if *he* had ever been in York be-

fore but she just patted him, and smiled, and he did n't answer. Perhaps he was n't even sufficiently advanced intellectually to be a monkey at that time. At any rate we thought it better not to press the subject.

She made a very pleasant call and promised if her aura ever felt Lee's aura again to have her personality look us right up. After she left we went to bed for she makes me fearfully tired—I 'm conscious of so many mental somersaults while she 's talking.

We rose promptly this morning and went to the grounds of the Historical Society before going to service at the cathedral. As they comprise a monastery founded by Athelstane in 936, a church founded by the great Danish earl Siward about 1055, the famous Abbey of St. Mary's, and the famous hospital of St. Leonard's, I shan't try to tell about them because I could n't. They are all one park now with the rough, strong, Roman Wall jutting into a corner of it. Opposite in an angle are several stone rooms with vaulted ceilings, all very old. They were part of St. Leonard's hospital which occupied all the surrounding ground through the



St. Mary's Abbey
with St. Olaf's to the right

Middle Ages. On the other side of the Roman Wall lies the park. The ruins of the Abbey-Church of St. Mary's are here; that 's the church that was founded by Siward as St. Olaf's, but afterwards changed its name. The ruins are very beautiful and beyond them is a little new modern St. Olaf's. The Historical Society has built a museum on the slope above, and it is full of interesting things. The collections are very well arranged, there is a fossil creature that goes from one end of the room to the other, and cases and cases of tiny silver coins. I supposed that the coins were collections and thought them very stupid at first. But when I read how they had been dug up in little heaps at different times just where the people had hurriedly buried them to save them from the Danes, they looked differently. You can trace the entire history of Eboracum-Caer-Ebrauc-Eoferwic-Jorvik-York right through from B.C. to to-day. There are relics of the time when York was the Roman arsenal, of the time when it was the chief of the twenty-seven British "caers" or fortified places, of the time when it was the capital of the Danish kingdom, and so

on down and down. I never understood clearly before that the Norman Conquest was only the final complete giving up to the Dane. They began in the north at Lindisfarne in 793 and they finished in the south with London in 1066,—that was all.

The guest-house of the monks has been recently restored and forms a supplement to the museum. Mrs. Joyce's hair is in there. We looked at it a long time and Lee said again that he did wonder if she believed herself. While we were looking at the stone monuments a lady coming in slipped on the concrete and sat down flat. I screamed and we hurried to her but she scrambled up alone and said she never fell down at all. Yes, of *course* it was Mrs. Napier. She always *did* like to travel by herself, you know. She has looked pleasant so long now that she looks like a "Chessy-cat," and she 's so cheerful and so determined to live up to her new philosophy and see only the bright side of things, that it 's really exasperating. I asked her how she liked the cold weather and she said it was n't cold; Lee asked her to have lunch with us and she said she only ate two meals a day; I asked

her if Amelia was all over typhoid yet, and she said that Amelia never had typhoid because there was no such thing as typhoid to have. Lee asked her if there was anything that we could do for her and she said that as there could never possibly be anything the matter with her there could never be anything to do for her. Lee said "Oh, well, if you ever feel differently about things we 're always to be found through Brown, Shipley & Co., you know," so we left her and went on. I should n't think that she could get much pleasure out of museums, it must be such hard work to look at bones and deny that they are dead. I like Mrs. Joyce's way of thinking better.

From the museum we went to the cathedral. St. Mary's must have been almost as handsome as the cathedral in its day but it never can have had space to show up as well. But this cathedral did n't always have space either, it also had houses built against it until recently. One of the two main streets of Eboracum ran right under the end of the south transept, but of course in Roman days there was no such building. The Saxons built a tiny wooden church

on the site for the baptism of Edwin, king of Northumbria, in 627. When he was killed in 633 his head was brought back to be buried in that church. King Oswald finished a stone church a little later. When *he* was killed *his* head was buried at Durham. Bodies to bury seem to have been rarities in ancient days; it 's the heads that all the stories are about. Oswald's head is the one that St. Cuthbert always carried with him and still carries in the old frescoes and sculptures. It was on the roof of Oswald's church that Alcuin saw the rain of blood falling and the next time that he went out of the country, he deserted his college work in York and took up with Charlemagne's offer for Paris. He was wise for the portent of the blood came true—the Danes landed first in 793 and took York by storm in 866. It was in 867 that Uchtred became the first Danish earl of Northumbria. His father-in-law was that married Saxon bishop of Durham and his grand-daughter married the Dane Siward who was earl later. It was this same Siward who drove Macbeth from the Scotch throne and gave the crown back to Duncan's son. His son Waltheof submitted

to the Conqueror, married the Conqueror's niece Judith here in York, rebelled again later, and was the first English nobleman to be beheaded (while alive).

The cathedral is beautiful inside but as it was Sunday we could not walk about it at all. That was unfortunate but the music and the stained glass were both glorious and I was quite happy thinking of events in the past and trying to imagine just how they looked.

They repair, restore, and rebuild cathedrals so much that it is rather difficult to figure out when any particular form was assumed, but York, as it is, has gone, in the main, unchanged for the last four hundred years. So when Richard III brought his queen and little son here in August 1483 it all looked just about as it does now. That 's worth remembering. So much has happened in the cathedral of York. Fair Rosamond's son Geoffrey was archbishop here, and so was George Neville, the brother of the great Warwick, and so was Cardinal Wolsey. There were a lot of royal marriages here, too. In 1221 there was the marriage of Alexander II of Scotland to Joan, daughter of King John.

In 1252 their son Alexander III married his cousin Margaret, daughter of Henry III here also. The Scotch king was knighted by the English king on Christmas in the cathedral and married the next morning. Edward III and Philippa were married here, too, and one of their children, William of Hatfield, is the only prince of royal blood buried within the walls. There are a number of interesting tombs, that of Hotspur, and of Archbishop Scrope who was beheaded for taking part in the Northumberland rebellion of 1405. Hotspur "the gallant Percy" was killed in battle and his head hung over one of York's gates when his father rode into the city to make his submission. The Percys had a great town house in Walmgate called Percy Inn. After Towton they brought another duke of Northumberland home to die before *his* head could be claimed for the walls. They must have always been wondering on just what walls their heads would finally hang in those old times. I wonder if that is n't why collars that cut make men so nervous nowadays. The Richard Maudlyn who looked so like Richard II was a prebendary of this church and was thought to be

the king's half-brother. That reminds me that it was near York that John Holland, another half-brother of Richard's, murdered Stafford; it was on the road from Bishopsthorpe, which is just south of here and the site of the arch-episcopal palace. Holland met the young earl and struck him down and Richard II who was then in the city swore that his brother should die like any other murderer whenever he came out of the sanctuary at Beverly where he had taken refuge. Richard's mother pleaded with one son for the other for four days and then *she* died of a broken heart. Things always fall heaviest on the woman. After she was dead Richard forgave his brother. I suppose he felt badly about his mother even if she was responsible for his having so many different kinds of troublesome half-brothers.

When the service was over we visited the Chapter House, or house where the Chapter met in council. It 's a beautiful octagonal building with a pointed roof upheld by stone archings. The carving inside is wonderful. It seems to be a design of foliage and when you come near you see that every scroll or terminating tendril

is an exquisite little portrait bust. And such sweet, human faces, such pleasant every-day people, all so quaintly capped and collared, but so full of liveliness and character. I seemed to touch close upon the life of another age. I felt like borrowing a step-ladder and climbing up to learn to know each one of the dear little stone people individually. I felt as if a reception had been given for me in a place where I had never been before and could never return again and where everyone looked exasperatingly fascinating.

From the Chapter House we walked to the castle but did not go inside. Nothing is left of the Conqueror's castle where the Jews killed themselves and their families at the time of the coronation of Coeur de Lion, and I suppose very little is as it was during the War of the Roses. The site has always been fortified. There was a fort here and one on Baille Hill on the opposite side of the Wharfe always. (The Wharfe is a river.) They guarded the river-entrance from the Danes, or from any sort of water-invasion. The Conqueror only rebuilt and strengthened. He must have lived there while he laid the

country waste the time that all the land from York to Durham went untilled for ten years. Unhappy "broad lands of Durham," then!

The Friars Minors had a monastery close under the protecting castle-walls and all the visiting kings and queens of later times stopped there. It appears to have been more comfortable to live with monks than with soldiers in those days. Then too there were no horrid memories haunting monasteries—not as a usual thing anyway.

After we had walked around the castle and across the pretty bridge near by we turned to come back to the hotel and within a block we ran right on to Bessie and Mr. Jackson!

It was dumb-founding but there was no time for anything,—Bessie flew at me and kissed me and I kissed her, and Mr. Jackson and Lee shook hands. We all came back to the hotel together—they are staying here, too—and then came the explanations.

Of course there is a story and a perfectly delightful story and Bessie and I had such a lovely time after luncheon. Oh, I am so glad to see her again; I do like her so much. She found all my toilet things the same night I

missed them and sent them to the hotel in Edinburgh and I never received them—only think of *that!*

The story is *so* romantic, and *so* interesting. She told me *everything.* It seems that after she left the convent she became a convert to the belief in trial-marriage just before she met Mr. Jackson. She never had tried any marriages or wanted to try any but she said as soon as she met him she knew that she would never want to marry anyone else and yet she did want to be true to her convictions, and she wanted to go abroad with her aunt too, and she did n't know *what* to do, and being an orphan and so desperately fond of Mr. Jackson she did not know *what* to do even more so than is usually the case when a girl is in love.

Mr. Jackson came to the rescue (you know I have told you all along how bright he is), and he proposed that Bessie marry him before she sailed and keep the license, and then he would meet them places and if he could persuade her to go off with him it would n't hurt because they would be really married and if after awhile she did n't like him or feel as if she could ever go

off with him, why, she could just tear up the license. Bessie says that seemed a very sensible way to be true to her convictions only she made him promise to take another steamer because she felt that it would be an awfully mean advantage of her convictions to sail on the same steamer with a husband that she was n't sure she wanted to marry. So he took a different one and she landed the day before he did. Well, she says can you imagine her predicament when her chaperon ran off like that and she was left to wait alone in Liverpool? She says that she never slept *one wink* that Saturday night; her agony of mind was terrible, for although she did n't know how to manage, still she could hardly wait for Mr. Jackson to get there. But with dawn her reason returned and her good-sense asserted itself and she made up her mind to not let him know that she was in Liverpool for they had arranged to meet Monday in London. Then she heard me and knew that I was an American and then she saw her chance to be true to her convictions (Is n't it all romantic?) and you know what followed. Poor Bessie! She says a trial-marriage is the worst kind of a trial. She says

Mr. Jackson drove her half-wild and mortified her to death. He kept telling her all those first days that he 'd arranged for them to go places with Lee and me, and then when she went, we would n't be there. She says the agony she endured in Carlisle and Edinburgh no human tongue can tell, and the worst was that being married to him made her convictions waver first and then begin to look silly. And all the time she was so desperately afraid it would get to be too much of a trial for *him*, too, and then maybe he 'd go off and leave her. You know it never matters so much what a woman goes through because she can stand it, but if a man begins to have to stand things *he 's* always liable to go off; and that 's *so* trying for the woman he goes off from. Poor Bessie!

But when it came Tuesday and she had been true to her convictions all of Sunday and Monday she just could not stand it (and him) any longer so she gave up and went off with him and she says that they have had the most ideal week. I really think she 's very happy; she seems so.

They are going to Lincoln this evening but we did not even suggest taking the same train. We

knew how they felt. We 're going in the morning. They are coming to Oxford next week and stay at the hotel; we did n't ask them to stay with us, we know just exactly how they feel.

So everything is straightened out now except Uncle. Oh, Mr. Jackson *saw* him in Melrose on Wednesday. He said Uncle would n't even wait to speak to him or he would have told him about meeting us. I think that he might have told him. But then, of course, he was just married; people just married do such queer things. Lee is so different from most men; he was n't a bit flurried when we were just married, he only made that one little slip of giving up our through tickets to Constance at the first *sortie* we passed through *en route*. Good gracious, the baby was two months old before we got back the money for those tickets. We *never* refer to them. I would n't think of being so mean.

Lovingly,

YVONNE.

## XX

### UNCLE JOHN IN LINCOLN AND STRATFORD

*Sunday, Oct. 21.*

GOOD-MORNING, Wiskett, how are you to-day? How did you sleep? how did you like your breakfast? . . .

Oh, never mind about me, it does n't matter how I feel, I 'm taking this trip for you. I shall come back next year and take it over again for myself and then I 'll see the things I want to see. I have n't seen any of them this time, Culloden, Dryburgh, Durham—all passed by! And I never would call it visiting any city to walk round the outside of it on a wall like we did in York. I tell you what it is, I 'll never get on another wall as long as I live; you can bet your last dollar on that.

Now, Wiskett, we 're going to see Lincoln this morning and take the train for Stratford

after lunch. And I want to tell you one thing right now: *no* discussions as to whether he wrote them or not! If there 's one thing I hate it 's discussions as to who wrote them. How people can find any pleasure in wrangling over whether he did or did n't I fail to see. Now don't begin to talk, Dilly, because I won't take sides, I simply refuse to take sides. There is n't but one side to take anyway and you don't agree with me as to that so we 'd better not mention the matter.

. . . . . .

WELL, and so this is Lincoln. There don't seem to be very much to see. Streets, houses,— I 've always heard about the cathedral here being very fine but I don't see any cathedral anywhere. I read something about extensive Roman remains too, but I don't see any Roman remains. The difficulty with Roman remains is they 're always either underground or else in museums and I hate museums. What 's that? High Bridge, eh? I would n't call it a bridge at all. I would n't call that a river under it either, I 'd call it a canal. Who 's the monument to? you don't know!

And you call yourself a well-read man, too. Do you know, Dilly, if I were you I would n't think of calling myself a well-read man; I would n't indeed. You did n't know who Leeman was in York, and you never have been able to find out about why Hannah threw her stool at Jenny in the church at Carlisle. Was it Edinburgh? I thought that it was Carlisle. Not that it matters any, only I will just say one thing, Wiskett, and that is that when I invited you for this trip I thought that its main object would be the pleasure of having you know things. I looked forward to going around for once without having to be tangled up in these red and green Baedeker strings all the time. But I 've been disappointed—very disappointed. However we 'll say no more about it.

What do you want to go down back there for? To look at the backs of the houses? what do you want to look at their backs for? I tell you, looking at the fronts of houses is all right but looking at the backs I 'd call impertinent if I lived in the houses; however if you want to go down, we 'll go down. I never go

in behind houses when I 'm traveling alone by myself but if you want to go we 'll go. Anything to keep you happy and keep you from referring to your trunk. Well, does Mr. Baedeker call *that* a "quaint Dutch-like view"? It does n't look at all Dutch to me. Never mind whether I was ever in the Dutch land or not; I know what Dutch houses look like. . . . Come on, now, I want to see the cathedral—if there is one to be seen. . . .

Have we got to walk up this hill? not the whole way?—is n't there a car? Or a cab?

Well, come on, Dilly, we may as well stick it through—up, I mean; although I never walk up hills when I 'm traveling alone. . . . Oh, Great Scott, have we got to get up *that* hill, too! Dilly, we never can walk up that hill. I don't mind for myself but suppose it brings on your rheumatism again! Is n't it just like Europe anyway to bend the hill so as to delude Americans into climbing it?

Oh, well, if you feel like that of course I can make it, if *you* can. I can make it if you *can't*. . . .

Jews' House, eh? Did n't he have money enough to live on the level somewhere! . . .

Well, I never took such a climb as *this* before!

So that 's the cathedral! Curious-looking place! Did they ever have statues in all those niches, do you suppose? The cathedral is all niches, as far as I can see. It 's niched from top to bottom. I wonder now whether I like that cathedral! I don't suppose it 's in it with the one at Durham, but I must say that it gives one a good general idea of what can be done with niches. Let 's go in!

Oh, bother, they 're having church. No, I don't want to go to church, I can't stand church: it always reminds me of my wife. Can't we walk around if we walk quietly? Well, what do you think of that! We travel six thousand miles to see a church and then can't walk around it! I should think losing our trunks was enough without getting to Lincoln during church!

We 'll have to walk back down the hill again. . . . I don't see any use in walking around the church. The front is always the



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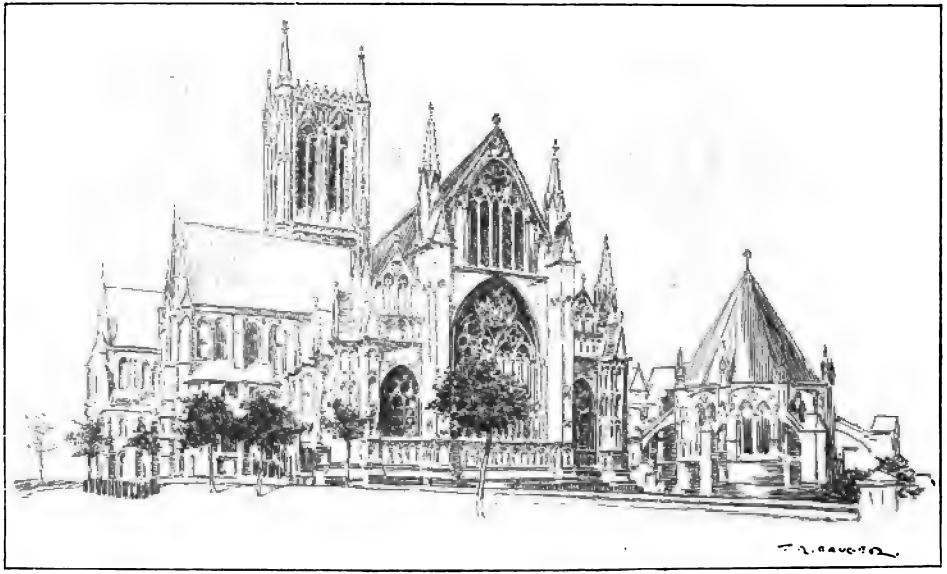


**Lincoln Cathedral**
**(Rear view)**

main part, if it was n't it would n't be the part that is on the postals. I 've noticed that little game about postals, they 're always sharp enough to pick out the best foot to put foremost. If there 's anything innately dishonest it 's a postal-card, although I 'm not prepared to say that Baedeker does n't go in for the same thing more or less. Between Baedeker's descriptions and those blamed stars of his you really have no peace anywhere for fear you 've missed something. I never *shall* cease to regret Durham but I don't mention it because I know it 's a sore object. I must say though that I suppose those Nine Altars at Durham are the finest sight in England,—I really suppose that they are.

Well, I guess you 've looked at the back of this church long enough, I know that I have. I suppose the castle 's locked up, too. I wonder what Europe expects travelers to do on Sunday anyhow. I must say I don't think that it ought to be lawful to lock up things Sunday. If they 'd been as careful about locking up our trunks as they are of their old castles we 'd have them yet. I wish you 'd

quit talking about those trunks, Dilly. . . . If you think you could have looked out for your own trunk best why did n't you look out for it?

So that 's the castle! Yes, I thought that it would be locked; I fully expected it. The only amusement left open to the traveling public in Lincoln on Sunday is that hill. Ugh, we 've got to go back down it now. There 's that Jew's House again; nothing aggravates me like having to look at the same thing twice in Europe, it seems like such a waste of eye-sight. . . . There are your Dutch houses again, Dilly; I suppose you 'd like to go and take another look at their backs.

Bad-tempered? Why should I be bad-tempered, pray? I never was better-tempered in my life. Only I 'm sorry I came to Lincoln because there 's nothing to see in Lincoln after you get here.

*Stratford, Oct. 22.*

Now, Wiskett, we have just time and no more than time to see everything in Stratford-

on-Avon before getting the London train. I have special reasons for wanting to be in London to-night,—you may have noticed me sending telegrams and getting a little anxious this last day or two but there 's no need of telling you what 's up until it 's settled and I 'll know about that to-morrow in London. . . .

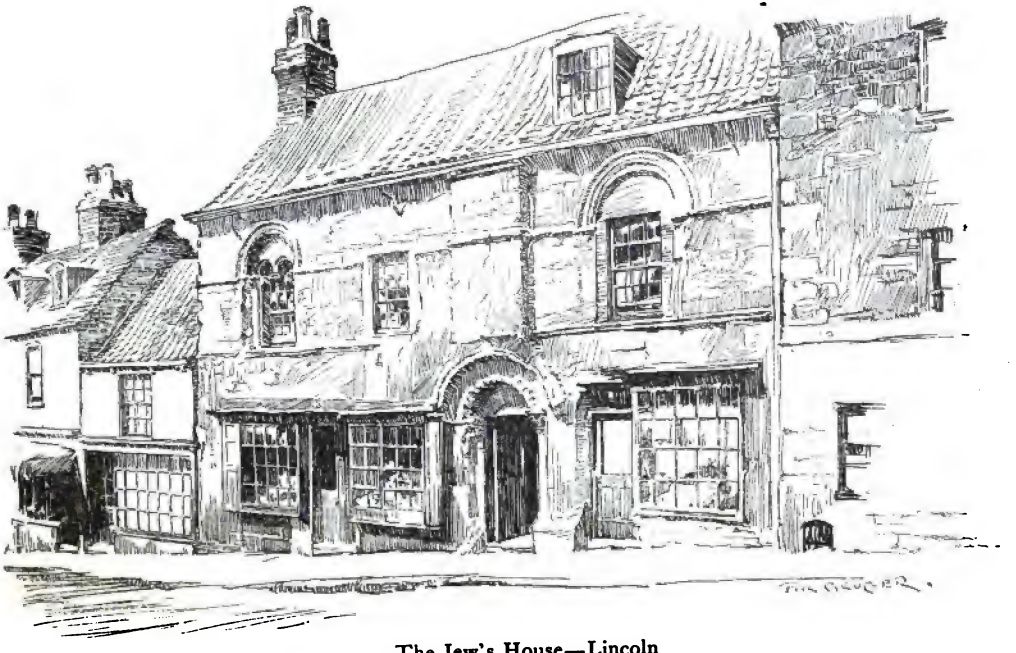
And by the way, Dilly, I want you to appreciate coming here to Stratford because it 's a place where I 'd never come alone by myself. You know why and you know how strong my feelings are on the subject so we won't discuss it, only I want you to appreciate how hard I 'm trying to show you everything when I even bring you here—*here,* of all places. But we won't discuss the subject.

I 'll tell you what *I 'd* like to see in Stratford, myself, and that 's Marie Corelli, but she 's not to be seen. Being genuine, *she* keeps out of the way.—Come now, let 's go first and see where he was born; there, that 's the house! They used to think *maybe* it was the house but now they 're sure. In good re-

pair, is n't it? If you 'll tell me, Dilly, how any man could live in Stratford for eighteen years and then suddenly write "Hamlet"—but we won't talk about it, I want you to enjoy yourself. . . . Oh, I think it likely enough that Shakespeare was born here, he died here anyhow—suing his neighbors for shillings he 'd lent them, but we won't talk about it—it makes me so awful mad.

There, that 's where Judith Shakespeare lived, or where she may have lived, or where she 's supposed to have lived. As I 've told you before, Dilly, it 's all "may" and "suppose" with your great poet.—And that 's Harvard House, so called because the mother of John Harvard lived there before her name was Harvard. Oh, yes, I reckon she was genuine enough, although they do scratch around pretty lively to attach the interest of tourists here. You see they have n't really anything to—but I won't go into that.

There, that 's the Guild-hall where he *may* have seen plays acted, and that 's the Grammar School where he *surely* went to school for the simple reason that he must have gone



The Jew's House—Lincoln

to school or he could n't have written the plays.

Now we go down here to New Place to look at a house that was pulled down in 1750 and a mulberry-tree that was cut down in 1756. Oh, Dilly, quick!—look to your right; I 'll bet that 's Marie Corelli. Don't you think it could be? Oh, well, maybe not, then . . . but they say she 's a sight. There, that 's New Place. Shakespeare sat under the cut-down tree before he died in the pulled-down house and so I suppose you 'll like to lean over the fence here indefinitely. And mind you, Dilly, not one word about books in his will; all the details of his feather-beds, but not a word about a book—well, I vow, I can't see but one side of the matter—can't see but one side.

There, that red brick building is the Memorial to—we won't say who. . . . Want to go in?—come on, then, only I won't climb the tower. . . . Did you ever see so many pictures and statues! Fine idea to produce proof of his poaching by hanging a modern stuffed deer over the mantel-piece. I don't

think this is very interesting. If I stay here much longer I shall have to begin to discuss the subject—and I don't want to.

We 'll walk down to the church and then we 'll be through. Great Scott, Wiskett, I never took a trip like this before in my life and I register my oath never to again. I don't suppose there were ever two men born with such different views on every subject as you and me. We don't want to see or do the same things at all. I remember now that we never got along together when we were boys at school. I don't suppose that two boys ever got along together worse than we did. There was Bob Porter now—Bob and I were always friends. Did I tell you about my meeting Bob in France a year or so ago. Fine man, Bob. Exactly my kind. No interest at all in museums. . . . But I want you to remember one thing, Wiskett, I 've done all I could to make this trip a pleasant one for you. I 've gone to museums, I 've come to Stratford—oh, look there, do you think that *could* be Marie Corelli? Well, I did n't know, I 've always read that she was very eccentric.

"Do you think that *could* be Marie Corelli?"

So this is the church! Pretty church; I like it better than the one at Lincoln myself. Oh, no, of course it is n't so big. I did n't say it was big—I said I liked it. Picturesque, very picturesque. Pretty walk. Oh, yes, of course whether he wrote them or whether he did n't, he was carried along here in his coffin. If *that 's* any joy to you I 'm certainly willing to admit *that.*

Do we sign our names? Separate book for Americans, eh? I suppose that 's so as to save time the next time they want to make out lists for more windows. There, that 's my name. Well, I vow if there was n't ink on the handle. Look at my hand! I hate to be all inked up signing my name in Stratford-on-Avon of all places.

Come on, if you 're done. His tomb is up in front. There, that 's it. Do you think a man with a face like that could have written "Othello"? he looks to me as if he 'd swallowed the pillow while he was thinking about it. And this poem about his bones; now, Dilly, I ask you could any reasonable person write a poem and make "forbear" rhyme with

"here"? Would any man who was a poet write such a poem as that anyway? I declare, if we don't get out of this town soon I shall *have* to discuss the subject; I can't keep still much longer. The idea of a Stratford man knowing all the laws and streets of Florence! The idea of a man learning Latin, Greek and French in that little plaster and slat building we saw just now! Preposterous! Pre-*post*-erous!

No, we 're *not* going to walk to Anne Hathaway's cottage; no one ever heard of Anne Hathaway's having a cottage until she 'd been dead a hundred and fifty years. I don't care if they do show the bench that Shakespeare and Anne sat on together and a bed that he mentioned in his will. If you want to go and look at the bench and the bed you can, and I 'll take the train for London. I want to get to the Tower and see real relics like that brass plate where Rizzio was murdered; things like those walls of York, and proving Shakespeare was a good shot with a bow in 1630 by stuffing a deer killed with a gun in the same forest in 1890 don't go down with me. They irritate me. I feel irritated, I

feel *very* irritated. I don't know what 's the matter, Dilly, but I *think* my patience with this trip is giving out. Coming to Stratford was entirely out of our way and I never like to go out of my way. And then knowing that he did n't write them and feeling strongly on the subject as I do (for I do feel strongly on the subject, Dilly, more strongly than you 'd think from the calmness of my manner) I say, feeling strongly as I do, Stratford naturally makes me mad. All these statues and post-cards and china jugs irritate me—they irritate me very—

Oh, look there, that *must* be Marie Corelli! Don't you think so? Why, I 've always read she was very original. It looks just as I should think she might look.

Come on, let 's go to the train, if I can't even see Marie Corelli I 'm sorry I came at all.

I 'll tell you one thing, Wiskett, and it 's a thing I 've told you once or twice before and that is that the romance of this trip is fast wearing off for me. If it was n't for the Tower I would n't even go to London. No, I would n't, I vow.

## XXI

### YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

*Kenilworth, Monday, Oct. 22.*

DEAR MAMA: The end of our lovely little journey begins to look very near now for we see that we shall be at home by Thursday morning. One always seems to travel faster just at the last.

To-night is idyllic. We are tucked up in a little bit of a hotel at Kenilworth and are sitting in the very room where Scott "worked up" his plot. He spent several months here and we have been enjoying his fire-place and skimming the pages of "Kenilworth" and "The Last of the Barons" with an almost oppressive sense of realization that we seem to be just between the two.

Lincoln was delightful! The railway has pulled a good bit of the population into the

valley but we drove up the hill and saw the Roman Arch, the castle where Stephen was imprisoned, and the cathedral which is certainly altogether unlike any other that *I* ever saw. But the most remarkable thing that we came across was Mrs. Tresham and her family and we now recognize the fact that we have returned within the tourist-belt, "for sure."

We ran across Mrs. Tresham and the children sitting on the steps of the cathedral and of course we sat down with them and let her bring the family history up to date. She told us mainly of their calamities but that 's the way of the world and by no means an original sin with Mrs. Tresham. It seems that Petty fell off of the car coming down from the Rigi, that Daughter will be forced to go to school in Territet this winter because all the dear convents where Lovey used to go are being closed by those awful Frenchmen; Son will go to Lausanne, Robert came near being squeezed over the rail of an omnibus in London the other day, Buster wants to go back to America—the little boy was almost killed by a rock falling on his head in Fountains Abbey but no damages are recoverable because

all climbing is forbidden, and to cap all else Elizabeth has had ptomaine poisoning from some canned corn which somebody brought them from home last spring just so that they could see how corn would taste in Europe. All the time that she was talking the two children sat looking at her in a mixture of wonder and adoration, but no one to hear her, would *ever* suppose that there were only two of them. They are very sweet children, beautifully behaved; even if Mrs. Tresham is silly in some ways she does bring up her children well. She says that no one ever takes them for American children, partly because they are so well-mannered, and partly because neither of them can speak one word of English.

They had come from Stratford and were going to York. They won't return to the Continent until middle November. Just as we were going it developed that she had never heard of my marriage. I do wish that American girls were not so peculiarly brought up that a Mrs. Tresham is n't even startled at finding a me traveling with a Lee alone in England. She said that she "had n't even given it a thought," but

she made me feel like a Bessie. However Lee says that I am very silly to feel like anything on account of anything because in his opinion it is perfectly splendid that no matter where or under what circumstances an American girl is found everyone always is positive that she 's all right. I don't agree with him a bit but he says that he 's right and I 'm wrong so I shan't mention the subject again.

Lincoln was chiefly interesting to me because it was there that Robert Grosstête was bishop and there that all the five sons of Simon de Montfort came to be educated under the supervision of their father's friend. I read about Grosstête in Oxford and about his protection of the Franciscan friars and his interest in the struggle of that time. Coming direct from Lincoln to Kenilworth we must have flown over the very same ground that he and the earl traversed so often when they were fighting together for England's salvation. The bishop fought with his friars for the rights of the poor and lowly and de Montfort fought on the field for the right of every Englishman to England. But suppose the good old bishop could have looked into the

future and beheld what fate had in store for his five promising pupils: one dead at Evesham, two the murderers of their cousin, the fourth an exile, the fifth a prisoner in Sherborne Castle!

We got into Warwick too late to do anything but drive here because I wanted to sleep as close to Kenilworth as I could get. It was a pretty drive with one vivid thrill. We passed Blacklow Hill where the barons beheaded Piers Gaveston in 1312. It 's not a very high hill and I can't see why they troubled to make him go up it or to go up it themselves, when they could just as easily have killed him on the level below. But perhaps there was some special reason for getting away from the road. It was an unfortunate hill for me as well as for poor Gaveston for now I have another riddle beside the one of *why* Jenny Geddes threw her stool at Dean Hanna. Riddle No. II is, *Who* put up the monument to Gaveston which stands on the top of the hill? We could n't go up to the monument because it is n't allowed any more, but I can't imagine anyone ever paying for the raising of a monument to Piers Gaveston.

When we came to Guy's Cliffe the driver

stopped to water his horses (?) and an old man with whiskers and postals came out and besought us to snatch at the good chance to visit the Saxon Mill, so we got down and went and visited.

The mill was picturesque and nothing else, but the old man led the way around it on a sort of dog-trot and he looked so like a character out of Dickens whether viewed from behind, before, or either left or right that he made us quite pleased to have come. He had whiskers and a white and red vest, a yellow coat and a black hat with many creases. He said,

"This here mill now was here—on this very spot—right where you see it now, in the days of the Saxons and it gets its name from that—yes, it does—it gets its name from them same Saxons."

Lee said, "Whose house is that over the water?"

The Old Man of the Mill said, "This mill was here when King Edward was here; I expect you 've both heard of King Edward?"

Lee said, "Is that the place that they call Guy's Cliffe?"

The Old Man of the Mill said, "It was here

"'And it was here when the Saxons was here'"

before King Edward, too. It was here before King John, too."

Lee said, "Can we see the caves at Guy's Cliffe?"

The Old Man said, "Now I 'll tell you the story of King John, no, it was King Henry, I believe; you see he was no friend to the Lord of Montfort—or was it Warwick?"

By this time we were trying to get back to the carriage and he was very much in our way. I said,

"I think that we know the story."

You should have seen him smile; he said, "There, lady, I *said* you 'd know the story; I see it in your face all along. It 's a fine story, ain't it? And you 'll surely be wanting some pictures of the old Saxon mill now that ye know the story—"

He had them all spread out on a bench under a tree held down by stones (the pictures—not the tree or the bench) and we laughed in spite of ourselves and bought ever so many—also in spite of ourselves.

Then we managed to get back to the carriage without having learned one thing except that the Saxons preceded John, Henry, and Edward.

The way was not so long but the days are short-lived at this time of the year and the nights seem terribly chill and damp to us. The English people make nothing of it and I envy them. But I can't emulate their example.

They tell me that Walter Scott lived in this little room for nine months while he was drafting "Kenilworth"; so thorough was he in his attention to small details. I stood in the window after dinner trying to imagine the quiet road without all full of the confusion that he describes in the getting ready for Elizabeth's coming. I certainly hope that Uncle will not miss Kenilworth; Falaise is a small thing beside it in history and he did so enjoy Falaise. The whole of English history has flowed back and forth through here, you know, for this is the way from Warwick to Kenilworth, and although the town is comparatively recent the road is old as old. I keep stealing back to the window and peeping out again and again in a kind of awe. I wish that I were Mrs. Joyce even if she only imagines remembering other lives, and if she *really* remembers other lives and I could remember a real other life of my own lived somewhere about here

I believe that I would n't sleep a wink to-night. I 'd go to the ruins and sit and "remember" until the dawn made me have to come back to the Twentieth Century. My mind is a chaos of all the story-people once flesh and blood. I think of the wretched king Edward II who was brought here a prisoner and gave up his crown and state in the great hall at Kenilworth; and of John of Gaunt, and of Leicester. But my heart goes out the most to one that does n't figure in any of the guide-books, to the girl-widow who was married secretly to de Montfort in January, 1238, and, when the legality of her marriage was questioned, came here to live while her husband journeyed to Rome to secure the Pope's dispensation. She was Eleanor, daughter of King John and sister of Henry III. On the 28th of November, 1238, her first child was born in Kenilworth Castle. She was barely nineteen years of age; her brother, the king, stood sponsor for his little nephew and namesake at the baptism, and twenty-seven years later the young Henry fell fighting against his cousin, Edward, Prince of Wales, at Evesham. It 's rather curious that until that cousin who was to be Edward I was born, many men had

thought of Eleanor's boy as the possible future king of England. It 's curious, too, that Simon de Montfort was young Edward's god-father. But it 's most curious of all that the same Church that would not allow god-parents and god-children to intermarry in *any* direction, did n't seem to mind their killing one another in battle at all. It appears that there were some inconsistencies even in the good old Thirteenth Century.

Do you know, I can hardly wait until to-morrow; I am absolutely sort of crazy over the idea of really being so near to seeing Kenilworth Castle. I don't believe that I am quite sane when it comes to actually visiting what I 've been reading about all my life.

I 'll go and look out the window once more, and then I 'll go to bed and try to sleep.

Love to all,

YVONNE.

P. S. Can you guess why my heart goes out to that little countess-mother of five hundred years ago to-night? I fancy that you can, Mama dear, so I won't write and tell you.

Warwick Castle (Cæsar's Tower)

# PART VII

## XXII

### UNCLE JOHN ARRIVES IN LONDON

YES, this is London!

Yes, Wiskett, I heard you, and I told you that this *is* London.

Yes, that 's London, too. All that over there is London, too, yes, and all on the other side, too.

Oh, it does n't make any difference *what* it says on the stations; it 's all London, anyhow. . . . Yes, that was London; I tell you, when you come to London it 's *all* London when you begin to get there.

We go into Paddington Station. . . . Yes, I am sure. . . . Yes, of course I asked. I asked when we got into the train and I 've asked repeatedly since. . . . Not a person

has come near me since we left Stratford that I have n't asked what station we came into. . . . No, they don't have any Grand Union here, that would n't be the English idea—that would be too simple for strangers. The English like to come and go from a lot of different stations. It makes things lively. Buy tickets from Charing Cross and find your train goes from Cannon Street and then while you 're paying the cabman double to race you to Cannon Street you find the train starts from Cannon Street and then stops at Charing Cross so you miss it twice over. . . . Yes, I 've been here before. Only once—once was too many for me. I stayed in London the night of the Jubilee, could n't get a room for love or money, got lost eight times in two hours and went on in the morning. I did n't know a Jubilee was anything to call out a crowd like that; if I 'd known what a Jubilee was I would n't have come. That was when I *did n't* see the Tower; this time I 'll see the Tower. To-morrow morning we 'll go first to Brown, Shipley & Co. and *then* straight to the Tower. It says in the book that the grave-

yard in the Tower is the saddest spot on earth and we don't want to miss anything like that, you know. I want to see the Traitor's Gate, too. Think how it must have felt to go in that gate! I tell you things like that teach you more in a minute than you could learn in the Yellowstone Park in a year. I never thought much of the Yellowstone Park myself; I 've never been there just for that very reason. Same way with Niagara. I started to go to Niagara once, I got into a hack to drive there, asked the hackman how much, he said five dollars and I got out, never had any desire to go again. The difficulty is we 've got no historical associations with us—no beheadings, no dead kings, nothing but libraries and capitols and presidents. Yes, this is still London, Dilly. No, we are n't going through it while I 'm not noticing. The line ends at Paddington. . . . No, I don't know why they call it Paddington. . . . I vow, I should think your mother would have been in the insane asylum before she got you to the school-age if you asked questions then anything like you do now.

Yes, this is the station. Can't you get the door open? Jerk it a little. My Lord, Dilly! That *was* a narrow escape. You must n't jerk a door like that; I nearly fell out the window on the other side. Hey, there 's a porter! Hi! Hi, there! He sees us! Now, we want a cab for the Cecil. Of course it 's a good hotel, Wiskett, what makes you ask such fool questions? . . . Well, it 's different in London from Newcastle. . . . Yes, there 's steam-heat. . . . Yes, there *are* bathrooms. . . . I don't know whether there are telephones or not. . . . Now where 's that man gone? oh, there he is! . . . What does he want to ask? No, we have n't got any boxes —they were stolen. (Looked surprised, did n't he?)

Come on, Wiskett, we follow him. Look at the cabs, will you? Did you ever dream of so many cabs? They say there are ten thousand cabs in London—or fifty thousand, I forget which; not that it matters, I don't believe it either way. Climb in. Sit on the near side. Don't you know you should *always*

take the inside seat when you get in a cab, Wiskett?—Well, you learn it right now, then, and don't ever forget it again.

Yes, this is really London. . . . Yes, the houses do all look alike—very much alike. Dilly, I 'll tell you one thing that we must n't forget to do to-morrow, we must look up why that girl threw that stool. I 've forgotten her name but I can't get her throwing that stool out of my mind. We must go to some place and look up that girl; now don't let me forget that. Great Scott, where 's my umbrella? Well, I vow! It must have been laying lengthways in the rack. Well—well—well, we won't discuss it. The trouble with traveling this way is you don't have time to look after anything properly. We were too much hurried in Edinburgh. There could have been another day put in to great advantage there, there were numbers of things there that I should have enjoyed seeing. It 's never wise to hurry, we lost our trunks through hurrying and now I 've lost my umbrella too. I wish I had n't lost that umbrella; I hate to lose

things, it 's such an embittering sort of business; I feel very embittered. However we won't talk of it.

I don't know what park that is. What difference does it make? Parks never have any historical associations. Phoenix Park? Oh, if you think it 's Phoenix Park I 'll ask him. Give me your umbrella to punch up his lid. . . . (Keep still now.) . . . Oh, I say, is this Phoenix Park where they shot John Burns or John Bunyan or whoever it was? . . . Well, did you hear that? He says that park is in Dublin! Now, Wiskett, that 's the *second* time you 've let me in for making myself ridiculous by not telling me things. . . . Culloden was bad enough but this is worse. . . . You did, Wiskett, you *said* Phoenix Park. . . . Well, if you meant that parks could have historical associations you ought to have said so. And anyway he says that this is Hyde Park. Probably it was what the Saxons called a "hide of land" or some such rubbish. Pretty trees, nice high iron fence; wonder who lives opposite. All the carriages in the park have n't trunks on top and all the

cabs outside have trunks on top. The most of London seem to be taking their luggage out for an airing this fine afternoon. Here we go round the corner. Handsome arch. Evidently not intended for driving purposes, look at the chain across it. More park. What squeezed-up houses those are on the other side. I 'd give a quarter to know whether that 's their fronts or backs. . . . What did he say? Dorchester House. What does he mean by hollering "Dorchester House" down on the tops of our heads like that? Oh, is it? Then he must know that we 're Americans. Well, if he was going to tell us where Reid lived I wish he 'd told us sooner so that we could have had a square look at it.

If here is n't another park! I never saw so many parks in my life or so many cabs with bags on top. English bags always look so well worn, too. Curious; maybe they entail them along with the estates. I notice the English always have their luggage right with them, bicycle and all. Well, I don't wonder at that. That umbrella of mine had an ivory handle, do you know it? Scott, what a long

park! London seems to be all parks and cabs. I wonder if this is the most direct route to the Cecil. . . . Oh, look! Here, give me your umbrella again to poke up the lid! I want to ask him what that is. Did you hear? He says that 's Buckingham Palace; Buckingham Palace! Well, I vow! That 's where the king lives, you know. Well, I declare I should think they 'd sod the space in front. Curious—very curious! I never saw the place a king lived in before. Look at the soldiers with muffs on their heads; must be handy to pull down over their ears cold days in winter. Wonder how they see out afterwards! Here come a lot of soldiers riding; look at them shake. Is n't that a sight for you. Jolt, jolt, jolt—I should think they 'd come apart in the joints; but I tell you there 's one thing I like about Europe and that 's the soldiers. You get some pleasure out of soldiers here; they 're a sort of perpetual free circus procession; always riding around and wearing good-looking uniforms. We don't make enough of our army at home; we treat 'em just like anybody else. You can't keep up

a proper patriotic spirit that way; they do it better over here, they understand the principle to a T. If we had a regiment that wore muffs on their heads and were carelessly walking up and down Broadway when they were n't drilling in Union Square, you 'd soon find us going to the Peace Conference with a chip on each shoulder the same as any other country. It is n't that we 're lacking in spirit; it 's just that we are n't brought up with any real admiration for wearing muffs on our heads.

I say, Dilly, it does n't seem to me that this can be the most direct route, we must be swinging around a circle; however I don't mind anything so long as it is n't another park. That 's a peculiarity of mine, Dilly, I get very tired of the same thing if it keeps up too long. Well, this is a nice street—wonder what it is. Windsor Hotel, eh? Probably somewhere near Windsor Castle. However I won't trouble to ask—I—

Oh, look there! I 'll bet that 's something we 've seen a postal of; it looks so—give me the umbrella. . . . Yes, I thought so, that 's

Westminster Abbey! There it is, Wiskett, there you have it right before you! Now you 'll always be able to say you saw it. I suppose that big building behind is Westminster Hall! Well! well! I always had an idea that the church was the bigger of the two!

Here we go around another curve. There, that must be the Thames. Well, it is n't the Hudson but still it does very well for Europe—very well indeed. Seems to be mostly coal barges; I don't see a ferry-boat! I don't suppose they know what a ferry-boat is over here. Probably go back and forth over the bridges and are quite content. Will you look at that ahead for a city, Dilly. Not one solitary sky-scraper and they call London the metropolis of the world! I tell you if the Americans ever get the upper hand of their city stock we 'll see a few changes here. Less parks and more sky-scrapers would open English eyes, I reckon.

Here we come to a statue. Wonder who it is on top? Looks like Napoleon's hat but they 'd never have a statue of Napoleon set up as high as that in England, I should think.

Very good lions around the bottom, but do you know I 'm getting pretty tired of this ride. It 's getting cold, too. Will you look at the omnibuses. I thank heaven we don't have to ride on one of those. I wonder if they ever *do* tip over.

HERE we are at last! Now, Wiskett, this is your room. That 's your steam-cock. In here is your bathroom. And *there* 's your mail.

Now I 'm going to my room and my steam-cock and my bathroom and my mail. If you want anything ring for it, but don't come to me, for I tell you I 'm just about at the end of my rope. I 've got you to London and it 's all but broken my back.

## XXIII

### YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

*Kenilworth, Tuesday, Oct. 23.*

DEAREST MAMA: Evening, and we are again sweetly comfortable by Sir Walter's fire. We 've finished Kenilworth as well as "Kenilworth" and we are both of the same opinion, which is that this day has been close upon the most interesting of all so far. It 's been so entirely new and has seemed to carry us into another part of England—a part with which the rest of our trip is in no way linked. I did not suppose that there was a spot so entirely detached from the rest of what has absorbed us as this is. Except for the good old bishop of Lincoln who used to come a-riding to visit Earl Simon, and Cromwell who wrecked the whole of

the grandeur partly for policy and partly for loot,—there is n't one name, which has become a living personality to us elsewhere, that has made itself at home here. There 's no legend of King Arthur at Kenilworth, no David I or Margaret of Anjou, the Red and White Roses fought north, south, east and west, but not here; and Mary, Queen of Scots never seems to have come near the spot. All the stories in all the other places were chained together with so many interwoven links that this has struck me greatly. As I said before, it is as if we had entered another country and the only thing that bound it in with the rest was that the love of it had been bred in us by the same Magic that waved its wand first in the castle at Carlisle and has never ceased to accompany us daily—hourly, since. I can't help feeling that "he" is glad that we sit by his fire to-night (even if we have finished "Kenilworth" and begun on "Guy of Warwick") just because we have loved "him" so.

We set out quite promptly this morning and walked the mile to the castle. The tendency of Time to fill moats and turn walls into grassy ridges made us hardly know just when we did

pass the outer works, but there was a rise in the ground and then a fall in the road and a brook and a gate where you pay; next there was a short walk, and then right up before us rose the rock-red ruins of Kenilworth, the place where Queen Elizabeth came, and as we walked in the first walls that we saw were the very same that she must also have looked upon as she rode from the other entrance. The dew was on the grass and the wind was flicking the long ivy strands back and forth over the rich, dark red masonry; there was a large flock of sheep nibbling and bleating around the broken, fallen stones that were scattered about here and there; there was a peaceful stillness over all that seemed close upon reverential and affected me very deeply; it was as if the spirits that made the history of a place returned to it when they saw all quiet and waiting, and as if they were hovering all about at that instant. The sensations given when one first encounters a scene so full of the past as Kenilworth, are indescribable. They choke. They bring tears. They teach your soul new things. We stood in silence for several minutes and looked up at the great square Keep upon the right and the long

Kenilworth

building where Queen Elizabeth was lodged upon the left; the wall between the two, where the main entrance once was, has fallen; the grass covers the débris, it makes quite a little hill; after the first long look we walked over that and entered the court, still in silence.

Oh, what a ruin it is! You can say that in any sense you like, and still say it truthfully. Here was one of the strongest fortresses in the country, one so large that thirteen hundred men could be garrisoned within. And later on here was a treasure-house splendid beyond compare; and now look at what is left! One thinks of the Bible, of the moth and the rust, and the "all is vanity."

We went into the Keep first. The walls are fifteen feet thick but you can't realize that because the doorway seems like a short dark hall. The Keep is the oldest part; it was the beginning of all, it has seen and known everything except the Saxon Kenulph who had his "worth" here and whose lands were given to the Norman and whose name stayed with his stronghold.

Perhaps the builder of the Keep, de Clinton, went wrong or perhaps the Keep of Kenilworth

was desirable; in any case it became a royal castle and stayed royal until the days of Henry III. Each king gave it something, like a fairy god-mother; one built this and another that; King John contributed Lunn's Tower on the line of outer defenses, the tower nearest the entrance-road to the left of the Gate-House. Henry III and his queen stopped here often, never realizing of what it was later to become the center nor dreaming that their grandson Edward II would one day lie in the dungeons beneath where they feasted. Henry III had a sister, Eleanor, who was married to the Earl of Pembroke at the age of nine and became his widow nine years after. Then she entered a convent fully intending to become a nun until she met the handsome, penniless, Gascon noble, Simon de Montfort, and the next event was her marriage to him, privately, January 7, 1238. This beginning of trouble was in line with all the trouble to come for Henry had promised the barons to do nothing important without consulting them first, and as he had no children himself and only one brother, Eleanor's marriage was looked upon by them as a very important thing indeed. Was n't it curious that

the king broke his word to the barons by marrying his sister to the man who was to become their leader to the death? Men said that the marriage was no marriage at all and to settle the question for all time Simon de Montfort departed for Rome to get the pope's dispensation. To Kenilworth came the little princess not yet nineteen and not positive whether she was Countess of Pembroke, Countess of Leicester, or a nun. At that period there was a priory close by the castle with a magnificent church where she probably went often to pray and confess her; all the country-side about was covered with a thick forest so dense and dark that an edict was issued to cut down the trees, six acres in width, along the highway for safety's sake. The great open space to the south of the castle was then a lake; there were two moats without the walls, and guarded gates. They are all gone, priory, church, forest, lake, moats, and guarded gates, but the Keep which was here then is here just the same now. I think the Normans must have learned some masonic secrets from the Romans who were as long before them as they were before us.

The Keep is a very large building and there is

another strong building behind it with walls almost equally thick. Lee says that a modern field-gun could be trained on such walls and batter them to bits in a few hours but it does n't seem possible to me. I find it astonishing that men can pry them to pieces when they want the stone to build something else; that 's what Leicester did to the church when he wanted to repair the castle, and what Cromwell's officers did with Kenilworth itself. Yes, indeed.

We came out of the Keep presently and stood in the open space where the kitchens used to be —one fire-place is all that is left of John of Gaunt's kitchens—and looked about us again. In the days of Eleanor the inner court was completely surrounded by buildings. When her child was born the November after she came here I suppose that she would have been lodged in one of those to the south; they were the sunnier and pleasanter with their outlook over the lake and the forest beyond, and besides they were much the safest from attack. Long afterward Leicester had his rooms over on that corner; I fancy it was always the "family part." Simon de Montfort returned the next year and

the next summer the prince who was to be Edward I was born. Then came trouble between the king and the earl and the latter and his countess fled away over the sea leaving their baby here in Kenilworth, and from then on the castle was the point around which English history revolved for three and thirty years. In 1248 during a period of calm King Henry gave it to his sister for life and probably all her other children, Simon, Guy, Richard, Amaury, and the one little girl Eleanor, were born in it like their eldest brother. Think of what it must have been in the middle of the Thirteenth Century when the great earl was entertaining Adam de Marisco and Bishop Grosstête here. I wonder if Friar Bacon sometimes came, too; he was a sort of protégé of the good Grosstête, and if he ever visited the bishop at Lincoln he must have passed through Kenilworth on his way to and from Oxford. Perhaps he performed some of his wonders of magic in the Great Hall, perhaps he told Earl Simon about the gunpowder the composition of which he was the first Englishman to understand. Perhaps some of the "strange new devices" with which Kenilworth

was the first castle in the country to be fortified were the indirect result of the evenings together of Lincoln's great bishop, the barons' great leader, and Oxford's great scholar.

Those were noteworthy days in any case, and must have been the happiest in the castle's existence. Think of the great earl, walking upon the battlements in the warm sunlight, watching the wind flutter his banners and ruffle his waters, looking far and wide over the lands that he held in fief from his king-brother-in-law, and, as he walked, planning for the future of his five boys, plotting for the welfare of his adopted country, despising the weakness of that same kingly relative and glorying in the absolute pride and security of his own position.

Llewellyn, the last prince of Wales, was one of the visitors at Kenilworth during the time that later events proved to have been merely the strange hush that precedes a mighty storm. The earl, who was strengthening his name and fame in all directions, brought about a betrothal between his only daughter and the young Welsh prince. There was a real romance and a real love affair in the castle then, and it out-lasted

all the tragedies of the ten years that followed when that which had woven the woof within the walls came to a clash and crash beneath them. The Barons' War broke out and was waged desperately; in an evil hour the earl's second son Simon, being encamped just beyond the castle in that old town of Kenilworth whose every vestige is now faded from sight, was surprised by his cousin, Prince Edward, and defeated. The young Simon escaped across the lake into the castle but his banners were taken by Edward, who used them to deceive his father at Evesham the day after. The earl of Leicester and his son Henry were both slain and what followed after is told in the legends of Evesham where their bodies were carried for burial. The handsome penniless Gascon nobleman had become the most popular Englishman in England; his death glorified him into a martyr. The monks wrote down that when his mutilated remains were carried toward the altar the severed hands raised themselves in an attitude of prayer. Lee says that he does n't believe that, not because the hands were cut off and dead, too, but because he thinks that if Simon de Montfort was conscious after Eves-

ham it was n't like praying that he would have felt. Lee 's very practical.

The castle was besieged on and off during the following year, and then steadily for six months, at the end of which time it was taken by famine December 21, 1266. All of the Montfort family left England forever except Amaury the youngest son who could n't do so very well because he was in Sherborne Castle, near Bath, where he had been carried when taken prisoner on his way to Wales with his sister. Llewellyn had a terrible time recovering his bride and then she died soon after. Their only child became a nun and with her died the last of the blood of Simon de Montfort.

Kenilworth now became royal property again and was next bestowed on Edmund the second son of Henry III, who was made Earl of Lancaster. Thomas, the son of Edmund, was one of the four earls who beheaded Piers Gaveston on Blacklow Hill. When he was beheaded himself some years later his brother Henry succeeded him as earl and revenged him by bringing their king-cousin here prisoner in December, 1326. It comes to me so vividly what a bloody

thing the royal family quarrels were; I never quite realized before how the kings and their nobles were "cousins" in fact as well as in name. From where we stood in the court we could see before us, to our right, the walls of the Great Hall of the castle. We went and looked in, and the pillars that stand in the cellar—the floor is gone—are the same that supported that Great Hall into which the wretched Edward II was half-carried and half-dragged by his captors to hear his dreadful sentence. He abdicated there in favor of his son; later they took him from Kenilworth, off to Berkeley Castle where he was murdered. I did wonder if they kept him in the Keep, or where, while he was here; the court is all surrounded with choked-up passages, and arches that open into passages leading to nowhere, and I had a feeling like a child who wants to be told a scary ghost-story. It all seemed so blood-curdling and awful to think of his really having been so treated here! And yet one longs to know more and *where* they put him; all that history says is that "he lay in the dungeons."

Henry, earl of Lancaster, son of the last

Henry, had two daughters who were his heiresses. One died without any children and the other, Blanche married John of Gaunt Kenilworth going to him with her dowry. John of Gaunt was born in 1340 and died in 1398 so we know about when most of the present walls must have been built. The Keep is all that is left of any older portion.

The other Norman buildings were getting very old and dilapidated at that time. The youth of stone work, its prime, and its old age seem to be each about one hundred years. You can reckon that out by the histories of the cathedrals. All that de Clinton had built in the beginning of the Twelfth Century would be pretty shaky by the second half of the Fourteenth. John of Gaunt began and rebuilt everything around to the part where later Elizabeth was lodged. Probably that was a more recent addition then, like the towers of the outworks, many of which were built by Henry III and later.

We climbed the Strong Tower first, the very one where Amy Robsart was taken. It 's perfectly ridiculous though to have imagined that at a time such as Scott describes a room like the

room in this tower would have been free for any Tressilian. It 's a *very* nice room with a nice staircase leading up to it, a nice dressing-closet attached and a perfectly charming view from the windows. She could see the whole of the fancy garden and *all* the western part of the Great Lake. I said, "Oh, Lee, let 's read about her right here and now,—you have the book, have n't you?" And he had the book and we opened it and read the description of the room as it was then, and then went out and looked where the men fought on the stairs. Amy's tower is really only one of the turrets of the Strong Tower and the rest is a patch of staircases, broken walls and in-and-outs. We climbed about a good bit before we reached the Great Hall, or rather the cellar under it, for the floor is gone, as I said before. The cellar is as large as the room above and must have been very gloomy as there are only holes in the outer wall for light and very few of those. Perhaps it was just used to keep wine in; I hope to goodness that it was n't here that they kept Edward II. The windows of the Great Hall must have been magnificent, they are so large and so beautifully

divided with stone scrolls at the top; the recesses below are real little rooms and the ivy hangs just like curtains on either side. This was the Banqueting Hall and here was where all the feasting and song went on. Although John of Gaunt built it and the whole south-western part of the castle, we began to forget all about him and think only of Elizabeth and *her* Leicester. It seems John of Gaunt's fate to be easily skipped, anyhow—the crown passed from his father to his son, and Kenilworth's history goes with equal ease from his great-great-grand-uncle de Montfort to his great-great-grand-daughter Elizabeth. You see the castle turned naturally crown property again when John of Gaunt's son became Henry IV, and it stayed crown property until Elizabeth gave it to Leicester in 1565. It was Leicester who pulled down the old Norman buildings to the south-east and built the new ones in which Elizabeth's apartments were situated; he tore out the floors of the Keep also and cut the windows over into another shape and remodeled the place generally. The "new" buildings that he built are all tumbling down—

they 're not as good as John of Gaunt's; and John of Gaunt's are not as good as Geoffrey de Clinton's.

We went up and down and in and out through every bit of the place *thoroughly*, and then we walked around the base of the walls where the moat used to flow. The castle seems much bigger viewed thus and the ancient buttresses sink into the soft turf in a curiously suggestive way —as if they were an allegory of the End of All. When we had finished the circuit we went down to the ruins of Mortimer's Tower and looked at what was once the Tilt Yard. It is all such a ruin—such a grass-grown outline of long gone shapes.

We walked along the wall by the stables to the tower that King John built, and we climbed that, too,—one staircase. We always think of towers at home as so high! And here they just mean the big square places made strong to provide lodgings for soldiers and room for war-engines. It 's impossible to deny that at first we all are sadly startled at how low everything is in Europe; the first castle that I saw disappointed

me horribly. I expected castles to be at least twelve stories high, and I imagined that the entrance to one belonging to a king would be as imposing as Fifth Avenue looking toward Central Park.

From King John's Tower (Lunn's Tower is its name) we came back to the hotel and had luncheon. After luncheon we thought some of going to Warwick, but Warwick and Stratford will just fill to-morrow pleasantly, and I wanted terribly to come back to Kenilworth Castle.

So we came!

We had the most idyllic afternoon. We bought all the guide-books that we could buy, and our copy of "Kenilworth," and made a little place for ourselves in Amy Robsart's room, and read and matched reality to the story, and reveled in the delight of being on the very spot that everything was telling about. Lee read aloud the part where the queen arrives and when it came to her actual reception we went down to the desolate, broken Mortimer's Tower and tried to picture to ourselves just how it might have been. A great bank of earth stretched (and still stretches) here. It was the dam to the

"Read and matched reality to the story"

Then we went around to what was once the Pleasance, and which is now a vegetable garden, the place where Leicester made love, where Amy appealed to the queen, and where Tressilian fought with his noble host in the moonlight. Then we came back into the court where Tressilian learned of the mystery that had suddenly dampened the company's spirits, and then we went into the oriel off of the withdrawing-room where Leicester knelt under arrest, and there we finished the book.

After the last word I sat still for a long time and thought it all over. I suppose that Scott stayed here until he absolutely absorbed the atmosphere of the place. To him the whole must have truly lived with all its splendid pageant. And then he took pen and ink and sitting in this very room where I am sitting now, made it real to the rest of us forever. I would have given anything to have had Uncle see it, too. Poor, dear Uncle, where is he and what is he looking at to-night! When I think of how supremely happy he was at Falaise, it breaks my heart that he was n't with us to-day. How he

did envy Robert the Devil! I know Uncle thinks that he was cut out for the Middle Ages. Oh dear, oh dear, where can he be, and when shall we see him?

Well, we shall soon know, now.

Dear love,

YVONNE.

# XXIV

## UNCLE JOHN AND THE TOWER

NERVOUS!—nonsense, I never was nervous in my life! I won't say but what I 'm agitated, for it would naturally agitate any man who cares as much for anything as I care for that little niece of mine to find out that she cared enough for me to leave that baby she 's got—the only child they have got, mind you, Wiskett—and go to Liverpool to meet me and then to not only go to Liverpool but to go—well, we won't discuss it; only I will say this, Wiskett, and that is that if I had supposed for one minute they *could* leave that baby—I look upon it as my only grand-child, I do indeed!—I should certainly never have brought you over here. I thought that that youngster could n't be left under any circumstances, and then to think that they did leave it for *me!* I suppose I

ought to have had my mail forwarded, but I declare I 've had my hands too full with you to think of everything. And here I might have been traveling with them! Dear, dear!

Well, we won't discuss the matter, only I will say just one thing and that is that traveling with people who like Europe is something *like* traveling. *You* can't form any idea of it because you 've *never* had the experience. Yvonne and I have just the same tastes, just the same tastes precisely. I know because I 've traveled with her. Think of their being in Edinburgh, almost with us. Think of our coming on the same train with them to York! If they got to York at 4 P.M. on Saturday they *must* have come on our train. Great Scott! I vow! . . . Well, well. I should n't have lost my trunk if I 'd had Lee with me. I should n't have lost it if I 'd been traveling with anybody who had any brains,—I would n't have lost the Baedeker either,—or that umbrella.

And, speaking of trunks, Dilly, I can't get over your getting hold of yours in this very mysterious manner. I won't call it under-

handed in you to write to the American Express like that without consulting me but I will say that I would n't be human if I did n't feel a little hurt over your hunting up your trunk and not getting them to hunt up mine, too. Not but what it 's the rarest thing in the world losing a trunk in England and if one trunk a year has to go astray I 'm very glad it was mine that went instead of yours. Still, mine was the better trunk of the two and the more valuable—I suppose you 'll admit that—and there 's something very irritating to me about the way you 've done in the matter.

No, I 'm not out of temper—I *never* lose my temper. I may be a little nervous—I mean, agitated, but I have a good deal on my mind to-day and it 's only natural that I should act somewhat strangely. . . . What have I got on my mind? Well, never *you* mind; you 'll know soon enough. I wonder if Yvonne went into that church in Edinburgh and got told what that girl threw that stool for,—I must certainly ask her that as soon as I get to Oxford. . . .

When are we going to Oxford? Well, really, Dilly, that 's almost too leading a question. You would n't like Oxford anyway, take my word for it. But to think of Yvonne's being in Melrose—I wonder if she saw the old woman's pig! To think that we might have seen it together! I tell you, this just about is the last straw of this trip. I never spent so much money for so little fun before and to travel in Europe with an American who wants to be in America and feels the cold besides, is about the toughest experience that a man who 's pleased with everything, as I am, can know; and then after all I 've suffered to find—but we won't discuss the subject.

Come on now, there 's London yet to do and we 've got to be getting about it. I took this trip just on your account and I want you to have a good time even if I never did suffer so in my life. Those walls at York! To think that I might have been sitting with Yvonne at that very time! I never shall get over this—never! It 's ten days of my life that will haunt me till I die. Why, I don't

feel as if I 'd seen anything—I feel as if it had been all travel and no sights. My view of this trip is that whenever there was anything to see we were hunting for our trunks or else we deliberately skipped it. I can't get over your writing to the American Express Co. to look up your trunk and not bothering about mine. I won't say what I think of that action of yours, Wiskett; perhaps I 'll write you some day when you ain't my guest. I know one thing: I don't ever want to travel with a guest again. It might embitter me if I carried another man all over Great Britain and then he hunted up his own trunk and did n't even—but we won't discuss it!

Come on, come on! We 're going to the Tower. . . . Oh, yes, we 'll take a cab, I 'm going to do the thing up brown, clear through to the end. Besides cabs don't cost anything in London anyhow, you 're acting like a king if you pay thirty-six cents for four miles. That 's the truth, Dilly, twenty-four cents is legal in London for what costs two dollars in New York, and twelve cents at the end is a royal tip. Hurry up, what 's the good of

fussing so just because you 've got your trunk. Lock your door on the outside. Now, come on. . . . Yes, it 's a big hotel but what I thank heaven for chiefly is that I could buy a bathroom for you in it. It beats all how people who don't have positively every luxury at home sit right down in Europe and demand them. If I 'd known the fuss you were going to make over hot and cold water, I tell you to your face I 'd never have brought you. It would have been one more reason for not bringing you. You have n't heard me wailing around about bathrooms—no, sir! I don't wail. The one who 's paying the bills never wails; he gets enough wailing listening to the people he 's paying bills for. If he loses his trunk he keeps still about it—if his friend hunts up his own trunk and does n't do the one kindly thing he might have done during the trip to show his gratitude—he keeps still about that, too.

Yes, porter, a cab. Get a good lively horse, we 're going to the Tower. . . . The Tower of London, of course. Where else should two Americans be going! Hold on, Dilly! Never

mind, I thought he wanted to put that straw apparatus around the wheel first, but he changed his mind, noticing on second thoughts that we were men and had no skirts I suppose.

This is the Strand. . . . No, I don't know why they call it the Strand. Probably because it used to be the strand. . . . That 's a church, of course. No, I don't know why it 's out in the middle of the street. Saves keeping a policeman there to divide the traffic maybe; although I must say economy in policemen is the last thing they seem to think of in London. God bless my soul, there 's another church stranded out in the middle of the street! Maybe *that 's* why they call it the Strand. Maybe they were moving them uptown and the city got out an injunction. Maybe— That can't be *another* church there—can it? What is that anyhow? Wait till I poke up the lid. The man says it 's the Temple. . . . I don't know what the Temple is, do you? . . . Well, if the Templars lived there and you knew it what did you ask about it for? Now don't explain things: I know

who the Templars are, they 're always parading around in white plumes at home burying someone. . . . Nice building they 've got here. . . . I don't see B. P. O. E. anywhere on it, though; they always have that posted up at home. . . . Never mind, Dilly, never mind, I don't care if there is a difference; don't explain things. If you could n't bother to send for my trunk along with yours I won't trouble you to tell me anything about the Templars. . . . I know enough about them.

Fleet Street! . . . Here 's where Dickens did something or wrote something or had a prison or something, did n't he? Yes, I remember reading about it; astonishing how things you read about stick by you. See Fleet Street and you think of Dickens right off; you don't know why but you think of him. I always look upon memory as the most marvelously exact of all our senses.

And this is Ludgate!—What a comfort it would be if they marked the streets at home the way they do here. You can find your way all over abroad just by the names of the streets and the idea of finding your way about

by that means does n't seem to have ever entered the head of anyone at home. Oh, look! that must be St. Paul's—yes, that 's certainly St. Paul's! Well, I don't think so much of it, I must say; perhaps it 's prettier inside. . . . Oh, no, we have n't time. Why, if we began to go *inside* in London you could stay here a year and still have places left to go to inside. I tell you, Wiskett, this way you 've got of wanting to go *inside* everywhere is about as trying as any of your trying habits that I 've learned yet.

I don't think much of this drive, I must say; crowded street and nothing to see except policemen waving their arms like wind-mills. For majestic gestures give me a London policeman, they can block a street for half an hour by holding up one finger and most of the time they seem to be at it. I get nervous too for fear an omnibus will fall over on us. Top-heavy old concerns, are n't they? Do you suppose they ever *do* fall over? . . .

Well, Dilly, I reckon this is the Tower! . . . That 's it, there,—right ahead of you. See! . . . The cab will wait. Come on.

Have you got your Baedeker? You don't mean to say you left it! Oh, yes, I left mine; counted on using yours. Never mind, it 's just another last straw. . . . Never mind. . . . Never mind. . . . Only now we 'll have to ask questions and it irritates me to ask questions. . . . I 'll buy the tickets first, wait a minute. . . . Now come on, come through here. So *this* is the Tower of London! I 'd call it the "Towers" myself—it seems to be all towers. . . . Let 's go through here. Oh, we 've got to have a man to tell us about this—one of those red and gold ones. How d' ye do, could you go around with us? We want to see everything and we have n't got any time to spare. Why, yes, we are American—how did you know so quick? Well, now what 's this? The only working portcullis, eh? You want to look at that, Dilly; that 's a working portcullis; comes down out of the top, you see, same principle as a stage-curtain. Gives the same feeling, too, I daresay. What 's that gate down there? Traitors' Gate? You don't mean it? Look behind you, Dilly, that 's the

Traitors' Gate; that 's where they all came through. They never liked to bring them through the city for fear they 'd be rescued and so they used to bring them down the river and in that gate! Great Scott, and here I am looking at it, too! That makes it still more interesting. I suppose Jane Grey and Henry VIII's wives and all the rest of those poor wretches came through under there, eh? Well, well, such is life; we 're here to-day and going to the Tower to-morrow! Who can tell!

We go under here, do we? Nice, clean, cheerful, modern building. Not very picturesque though. What was that tower we came under just now? Bloody Tower? Why do they call it Bloody Tower—did Bloody Mary live there? . . . Oh, is that so? Did you hear that, Dilly? The little princes were murdered here; he 's going to show us where they found their bones. I declare, this *is* interesting. I always knew I 'd enjoy the Tower of London. You know how I 've kept saying so all along?

Is that Wakefield Tower—there to the

right? There, Dilly, that 's Wakefield Tower; the prisoners from the battle of Wakefield were imprisoned in the bottom and Henry VI was murdered in the top. You want to take a good look at that—that 's very interesting, too. When was the battle of Wakefield—1460? When was Henry murdered—May 22, 1465? I declare, that *was* a busy time in that tower—was n't it? What did you say its name was anyhow? Oh, gets its name from the battle, does n't it? I did n't connect the two before. Well, where do we go now?

What 's that? The gun-carriage they carried Queen Victoria on? Seems rather strange to leave it out here, don't you think?

Well, and so that 's *the* Tower, built by the Conqueror? Rather unobtrusive staircase for a conqueror's castle, I should say. Neat little vestibule; what 's that? Under those stairs? Behind that wooden door? Look, Dilly, there 's where they found the bones of the little princes; did you ever! Where we keep rubbers and the dust-pan at home! Well, well! What did you say? Was it a chapel then? Whose chapel? How

could anyone have a chapel under those stairs? I don't believe that; it would be just like Richard III to have them stuck in under the stairs, and not a bit like him to have them buried in a chapel. You have to use your common sense even in traveling in Europe. Are they under the stairs yet? Where are they, then? In Westminster Abbey? Oh, then they 're all taken care of. Come on, Dilly, we go upstairs now.

What 's this—a chapel? whose is this chapel—St. John's? well, we have n't got any time to spare for chapels; what else is there to see? Oh, yes, I notice the barrel-vaulting; I don't know the difference between barrel-vaulting and any other kind of vaulting, but I notice them all; no, I 'm not surprised over finding a Norman chapel in William the Conqueror's tower. What other kind would you have him build? . . . No, I 'm not irritated, Dilly, but he says such foolish things,—he—

Great Scott, look at the bouquet of flowers made out of swords and pistols! Did you ever see the beat of that? Look at the wheat

made out of gun-handles; look at the rising sun made out of bayonets! Well, did I ever! I seem to have got into a museum without knowing it this time. Look at Queen Elizabeth done in wax! I don't blame Leicester for marrying three other women if she looked like that. Look at the horse's lip; he 's got a double chin on the wrong side of his mouth. Oh, here 's a block that they beheaded a man on top of! Say, Dilly, this is a museum worth seeing—I 'm enjoying this. Here 's a beheading axe, too. Now tell us, please, how long it took to chop off a head ordinarily—three or four hacks, or more? . . . Great Scott, did you hear that, Dilly? Well, why don't you stay near and listen? He says a good swordsman would cut you in two with one slash to the right, then me in two with a slash to the left, and cut a sheep in two on the down-stroke. Think of that! No wonder Lady Jane Grey got through quick—or rather, no wonder they got through her quick.

More stairs, eh? . . .

More armor, too. This tower seems to be all armor. . . . Do you have a good many

visitors here? A million a year? You don't mean it! What are they, mostly tourists—or people in London? Come from all over, eh? How long has the place been open to the public? Always? You don't mean people have always been able to go in and out of the Tower? Well, I never understood that before. I supposed it was always kept locked. Well, well, think of that! Twenty to forty a day in 1400, twenty-five thousand a year in 1800 and now a million; you won't be able to take care of the crowd after a while, will you?

Well, I guess we 've seen about enough armor now, don't you think so, Dilly? Fine spread James II's back view gives? Come on now, I 've had enough of this tower, let 's go and look at something else. Keep straight on down the stairs, don't we? I don't suppose anyone really can be sure they were the little princes, can they? There, where do we go next—over there? What tower is that—Beecham, eh? They don't spell it that way on the post-cards, but I must say you 're not any better at spelling English here in England than they are at spelling French in France.

I don't think I ever saw such poor spellers as the Europeans anyway.

Do we go in here? What is there to see in here? I don't want to see any more bayonet sun-flowers or suits of armor presented to Henry VIII; I know that. Was it a prison? Who was imprisoned here? If it is n't someone really worth while I don't want to go up the stairs. Do you hear that, Dilly, the Duke of Northumberland was imprisoned here; I don't know whether it 's worth while to climb those stairs for that, or not. What do you say? Was he beheaded afterwards? Oh, well, if he was beheaded afterwards of course I want to go. When was he beheaded—1553? Come on, Dilly, we 'll go up. I 'm not much interested in anyone who was beheaded after 1600 but up to then I think it 's a pity to miss them—as long as we 're here anyhow. Who was king in 1553—Bloody Mary? What did she behead the duke for? He was Lady Jane Grey's father-in-law? Oh, I would n't have missed him then for anything. And he went up these very stairs, did he? Dear, dear! Lady Jane Grey im-

prisoned here too? No? That 's too bad; I 'd like to have seen where she was imprisoned. What kind of food did they get now? Pretty good or only fair to middling? Had to buy it themselves? Did they, indeed? . . .

And so this is the room; curious room for a prison. What was the use of all these little alcoves. Nice places to butt your head against at night, I should think; sort of like hunting one's berth in a Pullman,—I don't suppose they had any candles allowed them, poor wretches!

Do you hear that, Dilly, the prisoners had to pay board in the Tower. If they were in for long sometimes their board-bill ate up all their property. Well, I call that rubbing it in to a degree that I never dreamed of before! They had to pay the guards who guarded them, too? Well, I vow, I never heard of such a thing! Was Guildford Dudley here, too? Who was he? Oh, Lady Jane Grey's husband. Queer they did n't put her in too. Plenty of little alcoves for the whole family, I should say. No; I don't want to read the inscriptions, I guess we 'll go now. Come on,

Dilly; you ought to stay near and listen to this man; he 's just full of interesting stories. Says the Prince-Consort came near coming here once. He went to a council and forgot to burn his blotting-paper and that 's a Tower offense. They got his rooms all ready, the man says, but the Queen concluded to overlook it just for once; . . . I did n't care much for that tower, did you? I thought it was disappointing, and I always did think all that business about Jane Grey was foolish. What was the use of her learning Greek and Hebrew anyway? I never believe in girls going in for that kind of thing.

Well, what 's this chained off place? The scaffold! Did it stand *here?* Were they all beheaded *here?* Oh, were n't they? Well, who *was* beheaded here? Only Anne Boleyn, Catharine Howard, Jane Grey, Essex, and the Countess of Salisbury? Who was the Countess of Salisbury? Clarence's granddaughter, eh? Was n't he killed somewhere in the Tower? Yes, I thought so. I tell you, nothing ever slips my memory. How was he killed? They drowned him in sauterne,

did n't they? Where? Can't we see the place? Was n't the Countess of Salisbury the one who ran around and around and said if they wanted to behead her they 'd have to catch her first—to make a rarebit first catch the hair so to speak. That 's really a very good joke—don't let me forget it before I get back to the hotel. . . . This man says she did n't mind being beheaded, she only minded the axe. A very sensible lady; beheading would n't hurt anybody if it was n't for the way they use the axe. . . . Oh, she wanted it done with the sword, did she? Said the axe was for traitors, did she? Poor thing, I suppose it was anything for an argument and a little delay.

Is that the church that Baedeker says is the saddest spot on earth? Come on, Dilly, we want to go in there. What makes it so sad? oh, I see. Because they all died in the Tower; that would depress anyone I should think. Who 's buried here? . . . Where are they buried? . . . Up around the altar, eh? . . . All buried here, are they? Anne Boleyn and all the rest. How does anyone know they 're

buried here? Dug them up—did they?—What was the use of digging them up? . . . oh, to be sure they were there? . . . Curious people you English are!

Well, I think it 's rather a cheerful little church myself, I should n't call it the saddest spot on earth by any means. Can we see the place they drowned Clarence? I don't suppose you 've got any relics of William Wallace, have you? . . . I was always interested in William Wallace and here I 've just been all over Scotland without even thinking of him once. . . . I thought maybe I could see something of him here. No? Well, that 's too bad.

If this is all you show I reckon we 'd better be running along now; come on, Dilly, we want to go out and look at where the regular place for beheading was, before we go back to the hotel. Come on. . . . Come on, I say. . . .

Why, of course I feed him. . . . I always fee them all. Good heavens, Wiskett, I 'm forgetting the hour completely and it 's—Christopher Columbus, look at the time it is!

We can't go to Tower Hill; we 'll have to scurry back to the hotel as quick as ever we can. . . . Why? Well, between you and me, you 've—well, you 've got to *pack!* . . . I 'll tell you, Dilly, you 've been so wretched and I 'm so sick of trying to make you have a good time, that I just got your passage changed to a week earlier and you go down to Southampton on the steamer-train this afternoon and sail for New York to-night—*without me!*

I can't help it—it 's all settled now. . . .

It 's a matter of the utmost indifference to me what you say or do,—I 've got entirely over having feelings. . . .

I 'm very sorry—very sorry indeed. . . .

Travel with me again! I should say you would *not* ever travel with me again. Humph, I should say not, I should say *not.*

Never mind, Mr. Wiskett, we won't discuss the matter any more. Anyone who takes another person abroad and pays their expenses deserves just what I 've got. I don't know what there is about Europe but it seems to affect all invited people the same way it af-

fects you. There 's something about having one's bills paid that seems to drive company in Europe mad. I always noticed it traveling with my wife and you bet I 've noticed it with you.

Hotel Cecil—and hurry, cabby!

We won't discuss it any more, Wiskett. . . .

## XXV

### YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

*Stratford, Wednesday, two o'clock.*

DEAREST MAMA: Something so dreadful has happened! We met her quite by accident and now Lee has taken her to walk to Shottery in the hopes of talking some sense into her. Poor Bessie! Poor, poor Bessie! She is such a dear little thing and I never would have believed it—but you know how surprising things sometimes are in this sad world. Why, Mama, she wanted to tear up the license! Yes, she did, truly.

Let me see where to begin with my tale. I wrote last from Kenilworth, did n't I? Lee and I labeled our luggage through home this morning and then took a carriage and drove over by

way of Warwick. We saw the castle but it was n't very interesting except that a man on the bridge told us that they sent the laundry back and forth to Paris each week—express both ways. But St. Mary's Church with the Beauchamp Chapel was very interesting and we saw Leicester's tomb and those of the old Warwick earls. We reached here about noon, had luncheon, and then set out to walk through the town.

We were just on our way down from the Shakespeare Fountain to where he was born when we met Bessie walking up from Judith Shakespeare's house. We saw right off that she was alone and in terrible distress, and we showed our sympathy all we could without asking questions till she told us in a wild burst of woe that she and Mr. Jackson had separated *forever*. She says that she shall take her maiden Letter of Credit again and shall never look at another man, no matter if she lives to be a hundred. It seems that they quarreled this very morning and Bessie says the tragedy of it! For it 's exactly three weeks and three days to-day since she married him. When we met her her heart had been broken almost two hours and she was on the

verge of suicide. She says no woman ever loved a man as she loved Mr. Jackson and then to think of his treating her in this way. Lee asked her where he was now and she said she did n't know and should never care to hear. She has taken off her wedding-ring. She never means to say that she was ever married, because, being educated in a convent, of course she could never be divorced and she says if she should meet another man that she cared for it would be such a mess. Of course that 's very true. (About the mess, I mean.)

We walked down by the Guild Hall and the Grammar School but her grief was so awful that neither Lee nor I would have dreamed of mentioning Shakespeare to her. We just went silently along on either side and listened for she seemed to find some slight consolation in talking steadily of Mr. Jackson. I can't see how they could have quarreled so seriously and permanently when she thinks so much of him still. She says, though, that she never permits her feelings to blind her perceptions. She fell over the curb just there and I was *so* afraid Lee was going to laugh. If he had laughed at Bessie just

then I should almost have felt like leaving *him*. A man has no right to see anything funny when a woman is as wretched as Bessie is.

When we reached the very end of the street she looked about in a dazed kind of way and asked if we had passed The Falcon because she was stopping there. We had passed it ever so long before and Lee suggested that she walk to Shottery with him—we were near the Shottery road—and let me go back to The Falcon and wait there for them. I saw that he thought that one of us could do more with her than both at once, so I came here and they went on. Bessie gave me the key to her room and told me to make myself at home, so I 'm doing so. I do hope that Lee will be able to persuade her not to tear up the license because it seems to me that she must still be Mrs. Jackson even if she does so; the license can't be the whole of a trial marriage.

My heart is surely heavy enough for her. I think we are getting almost too advanced for any peace of mind nowadays and I don't believe that this idea of trial marriages will ever do anybody any good. Such a contrast to the

way Lee and I were married; we had the civil and religious ceremonies and papers from the American consul at Paris, too. It was all so *thoroughly* done and Uncle went to the Mairie and went to the church and had breakfast at the hotel, besides. We . . .

*Three o'clock.*

WHY, Mama, what *do* you think has happened *now!*

I had the door locked. (I locked the door so that I could put my feet up on a chair to write,) and someone tapped. I cried "Who is it?" and the next thing I knew the door was burst open, and Mr. Jackson rushed in and grabbed me, upsetting the ink-bottle all over us both!

You can imagine the scene!

Poor man! Oh, how he has apologized! The man who owns The Falcon came tearing up too, when he heard the crash, and we were almost arrested because of the door, and my not being Bessie, and Mr. Jackson's not being Lee. It took ever so long to straighten everything out in everybody's mind and now I 'm in another room, dressed in some of Bessie's clothes (on account

"You can imagine the scene!"

of the ink) and just as soon as Mr. Jackson is dressed in some more of his own clothes (on account of the ink), we are going to walk to Shottery and meet them. It will be all right then, for Mr. Jackson says it was all his fault (not about the ink but about Bessie) and a man who feels that way can always make everything all right with his wife.

Dear me, how happy Bessie will be!

For she *does* love Mr. Jackson.

*Three-thirty.*

Oh, Mama, this day will kill me with shocks! I *know*. You see we telegraphed about the baby as usual to-day and Dr. Tripkin has just answered that Uncle has *arrived* and to "*come at once.*" I feel *sure* that something awful has happened. Perhaps it is just as I feared, just as we dreaded, just what I went to Liverpool to prevent—Uncle is changing our baby's ways; or perhaps discharging that splendid nurse. And here I am in Bessie's clothes, with Mr. Jackson half-covered with ink so that I can't take him or leave him, and Lee and Bessie off looking at Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery. I declare

I wish Shakespeare had never been born. Such a day as I 've just put in on his account! The next train for Oxford leaves in an hour and I want to take it. I don't see what Lee wanted to soothe Bessie for anyway, for she really is very silly. I have n't written you about it before because it did n't seem kindly but you know she really is *very* silly.

YVONNE.

# PART VIII

## XXVI

### YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

*Oxford, Thursday, Oct. 25.*

DEAREST MAMA: I guess I won't write much. I 'm rather tired. I had to come home alone last night. It came on to rain and Lee was stuck under a tree halfway between Shottery and Stratford with Bessie. He did n't get home himself till the eleven o'clock train. Bessie and Mr. Jackson are reconciled. I don't know what the trouble was but Bessie said that it was all her fault and Mr. Jackson said that it was all his. The landlord of The Falcon charged two pounds for the door Mr. Jackson burst off its hinges because it was made out of a tree that grew on the road that Shakespeare must have passed over on his way to London.

Uncle was here when I arrived of course. Things are as bad as bad can be. His trunk was here, too; came before he did. Goodness knows how, for Mrs. Riggs paid the charges and burnt the labels; she says the trunk was covered with labels. But I 'm so glad she did that because now Uncle will never know that we took it to Durham. My gracious, if he should find that out!

Poor Uncle, he is in an awful state. He does n't enjoy our baby at all. He can't talk about anything except a dreadful man with whom he has been traveling. It 's all rather mysterious, because I can't see why he stayed with him so long, but Uncle is in no state to explain anything to anybody and all we could see to do was to send for the motor, and I hope that Oxford will soothe him. He seems sort of rabid about being told things and he has taken the most terrible dislike to sight-seeing and history. He says he thinks that the baby looks like Aunt Jane. I told him last night about Alfred the Great's having a mint here and he said Alfred the Great was too busy running before and after the Danes for him to believe any minting stories

about him. I tried to tell him about how Harold Harefoot died here and he said he did n't believe that either. I *was* so glad when Lee came in.

It is very exasperating how Uncle and we chased one another over England. It seems to make Uncle quite raging to think about it. He says it just shows how little enterprise the English have, although I can't see how the English have any connection with our not being able to connect ourselves. I love Uncle dearly but I must say I think that he is always too ready to blame people over here for being natives. He asked me right off why the girl threw the stool in St. Giles' at Edinburgh and when I had to say that I did n't know he said that *that* was his sole object for visiting us. I don't think that 's quite fair either, for we did n't ask him—he wrote that he was coming. And oh, Mama, he goes in and gets the baby at all hours, and he calls Pootsey, "Hannah." Suppose she leaves!

I don't want you to think that I have anything to trouble me so I won't write any more.

Lovingly,

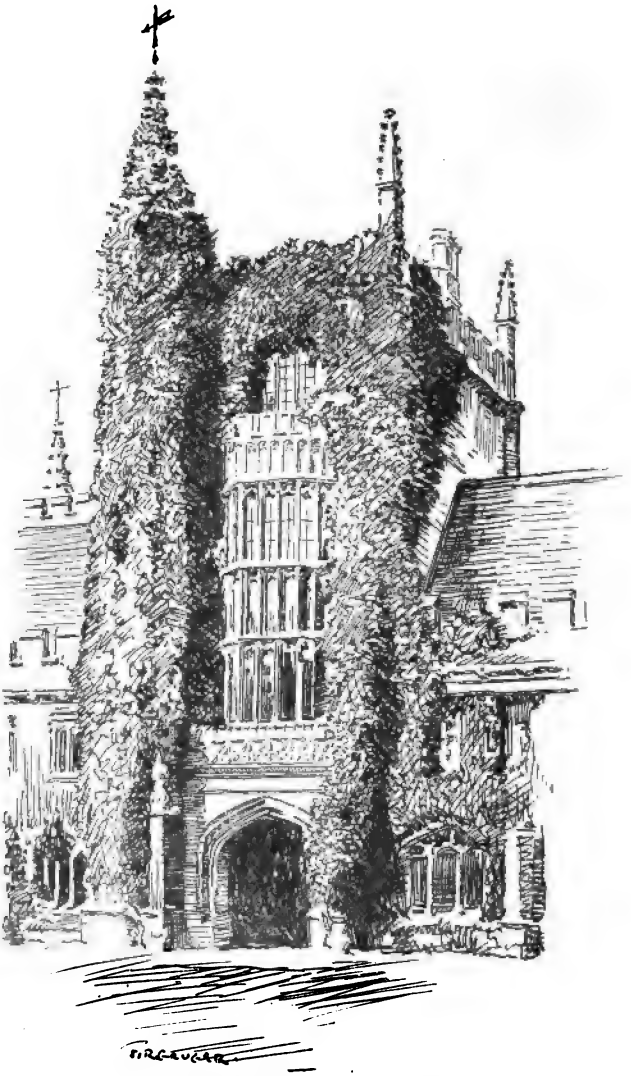
YVONNE.

P. S. If Uncle continues feeling like this I don't know what we 'll do, for Oxford is the most interesting place in England and one can't hate history and appreciate Oxford; it 's impossible. Besides the colleges there are such a lot of other kinds of things to see and I have so looked forward to taking Uncle about. Edward the Confessor was born at the old hunting-lodge of the Saxon kings at Islip, and we go through there when we drive to Woodstock. I should think that anyone would like to know that but Uncle just sniffed. At Woodstock was the magnificent royal palace where Elizabeth was imprisoned and where Henrietta Maria lived, but Uncle says he does n't believe it. It 's true that not one trace of it remains, but the Black Prince was born there, and the park is the park of Blenheim. Then right here in Oxford there was another huge royal palace covering all that part in front of Worcester College and called Beau Monte. Uncle says he does n't believe that either although the street is named from it. Every inch of Oxford and all the country around is alive with stories. They begin away back in 634 with King Cynegils of Dorchester, and

Frideswide, and Didan; and they come down to Charles I and Henrietta Maria. One can't doubt Charles I and Henrietta Maria, surely, for they lived here several months before parting forever at Abingdon in April, 1644.

Lee and I have lived in this place and loved it for almost a year. We have learned it as a book, a romance, and a picture. Then fancy having Uncle come here sick of sight-seeing and history! It 's wicked to do as he has done, to travel so fast that he can't enjoy anything. It 's a crime against oneself and the beautiful world. It is worse than useless to do that way. Such going about only makes people ridiculous, like the lady who named her house on the hill "Bellehithe" because she thought it sounded pretty and did n't know that "hithe" meant "quai." I used to think when we were in the Tyrol that the Tyrol was too good for tourists just on the same principle that the opera is too good for most of the people who sit in the boxes. And now I know that Oxford is certainly too wonderful for the people like Uncle who come here for a day on

their way to or from Stratford. How can such people learn even its skyline in that short time? All the quaint history of the old monastic houses is lost for them, Carfax is n't the tower of the old, old, old St. Martin's—it 's just a tower; they cannot know why, for centuries, no king dared go to the shrine of St. Frideswide to pray; or why Magdalen is called the daughter of New College and the mother of Christ Church. Uncle has n't seen a thing this trip, and yet he says he does n't want to be told any more history. I don't know what we can do with him. I 'm tremendously fond of him but I feel despairing. He just harangues about that tiresome man he 's been with and he does n't seem to notice how much like that man he is himself. He says that the man has completely crushed his individuality out of him, and it seems to me that he 's more rampantly individual than he ever was before in his life. He says that this time he wanted to travel slowly only the man would n't do it so they ended by rushing the same as ever. Lee says next time Uncle comes abroad we 'll chain him to Pootsey and the



Magdalen College (Oxford)

baby and see if we can't cure him of the hurry habit.

But that does n't help matters now.

Dear me, if I write another word you may get the feeling that I 'm not happy over Uncle's being here. And I am.

Love,

YVONNE.

## XXVII

### UNCLE JOHN TO LEE

IT is n't going to do me any good to go out to walk. I don't know what ails me; if I was at all inclined to be easily alarmed over myself I might fear that I was going to have brain-fever, but I never am the kind of man to worry over myself. I have a number of the symptoms, I always keep up with the symptoms of things in the Sunday papers, but I—What 's that—a wall or a building? St. John's College, oh, is that so? I don't think much of it. Well, as I was saying, I have the symptoms all but the fever itself. It 'll be very inconvenient for me if I die over here. You know a ticket back would cost just as much for me to go back to be buried as it would to go this way. It would be very troublesome for you, too, and troublesome for

Yvonne. Poor child, she does n't look well at all, looks tired to me. I hope you make her happy. I have n't felt that she looked happy and I don't mind telling you so. A man assumes a great responsibility when he marries; did you ever stop to consider that?—I did n't before I married and I should have been wiser if I had. Getting married is the same sort of affair as inviting anyone to travel abroad with—He—he—hum! What 's this, a fountain? Memorial! Whose memorial—Walter Scott's? Cranmer and Ridley's? What did they have to do with Oxford? Burned here? No? Well, I vow! Seems to me I 'm always running on to burned people in Europe. Someone told me the other day that the reason they burned 'em was because the Bible forbids shedding blood. There 's a nice way to look at religion. Where were they burned anyhow? Right where the monument stands —not right where it stands? Well, what are we standing here for, then? Curious people, foreigners; always putting monuments up where the things did n't happen and then expecting travelers to take an interest in looking

at the monuments. What 's that up at the end of that street, the city jail? Worcester College?—I did n't know there was more than one college in Oxford and I thought that we 'd just seen that. No, I don't want to go and look at Worcester, I want to walk. What was I saying anyhow? Oh, about marriage; it 's a very easy thing to make a mistake in marrying; I suppose that I had as good a wife as the average, and yet I don't think that she ever woke me up in the morning during our entire married life without my feeling that I had made a great mistake in marrying. The feeling always wore off later in the day, but —What 's that church? St. Mary Magdalen, eh? I would n't nick-name her that way if I was you, Lee, the poor woman reformed, you know, and I 'd give her the full benefit of her full name. What 's this next?—Baliol College, eh? I never knew there were so many colleges here before; this makes three, does n't it? No, don't tell me who founded it or why. I 'm not irritable but I 'm nervous. I 've been traveling with a man who thought he knew everything and did n't know any-

thing and it 's prejudiced me against explanations somewhat. What are we stopping for—what? Were they burned *here?* This was the city ditch, was it? Well, well! . . . And they found the end of the stake in the ground, did they? Well, well! Lee, this Baliol College is a very fine building, do you know it? Handsome gateway. Oh, does n't it belong to them? Who does it belong to, Trinity College? I vow, another?

Well, I don't know, after all, but what Europe is as bad as America: in traveling, there seems to be a terrible tendency to sameness in humanity. Of course at home we 're all scrub oaks when you travel and Trusts when you don't but that 's our misfortune—not our fault. But over here they deliberately go to work to be monotonous. There was that wall at York—very pleasant and pretty way to finish a city about the outside, but they 've overdone it—overdone it; and they 've done the same thing with Shakespeare in Stratford. The way they have overdone Shakespeare in Stratford must rankle even with those who believe in him, *I* should think; and then when



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it comes to beheading people in the Tower of London, well, actually it seems to me as if everyone you hear about in that Tower was beheaded. You get so used to it that you feel as if they are n't quite up to expectations if they came out alive. What was I talking about? I hope that forgetting what one was saying is n't another symptom of brain-fever. Oh, yes, overdoing things; I tell you, Lee, in just the little way we 've come I begin to see very great signs of the same tendency as regards colleges here in Oxford. (I wish you would n't start to interrupt me in that way, it is n't that it irritates me but I have a feeling that when I 'm talking I 'd rather you 'd keep still.) Now you 've completely driven out of my head what I was about to say again. Great Scott, *what* are those stone heads and whose and why? Well, I never saw any statutes in the act of shedding their skin before. Now I 've forgotten what I was saying again; I 'm sure I hope that is n't a symptom of brain-fever! Is n't there some nice quiet place where we can walk without running on to a college or a man in a black kimono every

other second? Curious habit, dressing all these young men this way; they only do it occasionally at home, you know, just for special occasions. I never saw them all over the streets like this before; maybe it 's a sort of fad on account of the Japanese war. Wonderful people the Japs, Lee, and to think they do it all with rice too. Wonderful, very wonderful. I must say they seem to do everything in Oxford with colleges and antique shops; I have n't seen a place where they sold food, yet. Oh, no, not at all. What made you think that I was? Although I will say one thing and that is that I have n't had one square meal this trip. You can't enjoy eating while a man sits opposite eternally finding fault with the food all the while. He could n't eat white-bait till he cut the heads off—said nobody but cats ever ate the heads of fish. That 's the sort of life I 've been leading. Traveling through England with a man who cut the heads off white-bait, and did n't know who Leeman was in York. I 've gotten over it now but there was a while that everything was spoiled for me by not knowing who

Leeman was in York. He thought Culloden was just outside of Edinburgh and that Phoenix Park was in London. I—what 's this, another college? No, I don't want to go in; I 'm in no mood for going in and I 'm tired of colleges, I 've seen five—or is it six to-day, and that 's enough for me. Oh, well, if there 's a quiet walk in there!

New College! It looks new. . . . This is the new part, eh? Never mind; don't for pity's sake explain anything to me. I am in a mental state that does n't want to have anything explained to it. That man I 've been traveling with had to have everything explained to him. Wanted to know when things were built, you know, and by whom—the kind of person that drives you wild. No peace traveling with that kind; wanted to visit museums, you know. What *is* this place? It does n't look like a college; it looks like a castle. I guess you 've made a mistake and come down the wrong street and got into the castle. There was a castle here once, you know; Matilda got out of it at night and went skipping 'cross country in her nightgown. No

one noticed her because her gown was white and there 'd just been a snow-storm; I must say that that story sounds very fishy to me—sounds very fishy—how far would even a queen feel like running in her nightgown over snow?

Why, Lee, this is a very handsome old place, do you know it? What is this? the Front Quad? What is a quad? I never heard the word except in the motto "Quid pro quo". and I don't see how that would apply to a college. . . . Oh, I see, short for quadrangle —well, that 's very reasonable because it *is* a quadrangle, anyone sees that. This is quite interesting; why, this is worth coming to see. You *may* tell me who built this. William of Wykeham, eh? Built Windsor Castle and Winchester Cathedral too, did he? Well, I guess that 's all I can stand for now, but that much was really of interest. Odd, how different any place looks inside from out. I should n't wonder if Americans went inside places more if they 'd get an entirely different idea of Europe. Take me myself, for example; look how pleased I am right now. I

shall go inside of all the other five as a consequence; there are n't but five, are there? . . . What did you say—Twenty! Great Scott, Lee, you don't mean to say that there are *twenty* colleges in Oxford? Why, we have n't got that many in all America, have we? What did Oxford do, offer bonuses or corner the college market while they were little and easily transplanted? I don't know as I blame the tourists for kind of skimming through, then. No one could go into twenty colleges in a day and visit Stratford, too, you know, and that 's what they all count on doing. I suppose Oxford proved a good college town so they just piled on the colleges. I don't see how they keep prices up with so many though, and if they ever get to rate-cutting among themselves it must be bedlam here. . . .

There, I *said* the castle was somewhere here all the time—look there, that 's a castle, you can't deny it. Look at all those walls and steps. City wall, eh? Well, I vow. Looks like a castle to me. I had hoped it was a castle; I 've gone very short on castles

this trip. I don't know that I 've seen one, unless you call the Tower of London a castle. And I can't say I took much pleasure in the Tower of London. I don't know what I expected to find there but I know what I did n't expect and that was sun-flowers made out of pistols and Queen Elizabeth with her horse's mouth upside down. I have n't had any pleasure lately, Lee, not a bit and you know how fond of travel I am. But I never took such a trip as this before. Why, if that man looked at a fire it went out directly; and the things he lost! Tickets, umbrellas, Baedekers, not to speak of trunks. And after he 'd lost his trunk the way he talked! No use telling him that it was bound to turn up; I explained until I was black in the face that you can't lose a trunk in England; it is n't possible,—look how mine came down here! No sir, he would n't believe it. From sunny dawn to dawning night I had to listen to that trunk and its being lost. I tell you, Lee, if I have brain-fever it 'll be no wonder. I don't know what there is about me but I don't seem able to stand being annoyed; it seems to pro-

duce a peculiar effect all through me. I would n't give way to my feelings while I was with him because if I had given way I might have expressed my opinion too freely and to express your opinion freely is one of the commonest faults of the American abroad and one which I *never* yield to. I observe, but I *never* express an opinion. You 've traveled with me and you 'll remember that peculiarity of mine, or if you don't you ask Yvonne and she 'll tell you it 's so. But I tell you, my boy, when you travel day after day with a man who does not like England and who says so every blessed second, the effect of continually not expressing your opinion is very bad for you in the end—very bad. If it is n't brain-fever I 'm afraid it 's appendicitis. I 'd feel sure that it was nervous prostration only that I am never nervous.

This is a beautiful spot, Lee, gorgeous colors in the ivy over there. Beautiful green to this grass. About how long ago was this place built? Fourteenth Century? It 's worn very well—worn very well. Did he build the wall, too? Part of the old city wall, eh?

Well, well. I expect I shall learn to take some pleasure in life again sometime but I 've certainly come through a tough experience lately. He did n't like the way they make tea here and he was sort of insane on the subject of griddle-cakes and corn. Now when I come abroad I never complain, I make up my mind to be cold and hungry and cheated and I let it go at that. I see what I can, go where I please, enjoy life, but I never find fault. If people go and drop bags on my head—well, no one ever did that, but *he* got a bag on his head and I heard about it for a week.

Tea? Why, yes, I think we might. I feel rather like it, too. Astonishing how quick you take up with tea at four o'clock in England. There comes a feeling about four o'clock that nothing but tea will satisfy. I suppose it 's the damp and cold. I don't wonder the poor all take to gin here, it must be a great comfort to feel even one hot streak running through you.

Do we go out this way? We did n't go in this way. I must say, Lee, this is a very im-

posing college; makes Harvard and Yale look new and pasty, does n't it. Five hundred years? My, my! What 's through there? The cloisters, well, I don't mind. As long as we 're here we may as well I suppose, although I must say I think they 've overdone the cloister idea a little, too.

Who built that tower? Did, did he? Pretty big tower for a bishop to build for a bell, I should consider. Pretty cloisters! Seems to me I 've said more than a thousand things were pretty in the last fortnight. I 'm awfully tired looking at things. I don't care whether things are worth looking at or not. Let 's go back to Yvonne. Do you think that doctor you 've got for the baby is going to be equal to a case of brain-fever with complications? If I have it at all I 'm going to have complications. I know that. And if it 's appendicitis that I 've got I 'm going to be one of those cases where the operation 's a success but the patient dies.

Gloomy little lane; fine place to be slugged on your way to college, I should think. Are all these walls colleges, are they indeed? As

far as I can see Oxford seems to be nothing but colleges and the colleges are nothing but walls. Must be very perplexing to parents, I should think, plain country people who have a boy at Oxford, you know, and come to see him. Now with us, if a boy 's at Harvard he 's at Harvard and if he 's at Yale he 's at Yale, but in England if a boy 's at Oxford you don't know where he is. How did they ever come to do it, anyhow? Curious idea, I wonder they did n't crowd all their cathedrals into one town, too. I wish to goodness they had—then I could have skipped that town.

Pretty tower over there! There I go, calling another thing pretty. What tower is it? Magdalen, eh? Curious idea to pronounce it that way: Maudlin. As I said before it sounds sacrilegious to me. If you apply it to a church it 's hard on a woman and if you apply it to a college it 's slandering the men. What 's this street—High Street?—well, I declare. "The stream-like windings of that glorious street." It would n't take a thousand years to straighten this with us. Lee,

do you notice how strongly the way that man found fault has affected me. I 'm beginning to find fault myself. Here I am running down a poor old crooked street that I never saw in my life before, and objecting to the English ramming all their colleges into one town, if they like them better so. What have I got against anybody over here? Nothing whatever. If they like their ways I 'm the last man in the world to object to their having them. Not many Americans feel that way about things over here but I never have been like most Americans. I reckon I 'm proving that by staying a week in one place as I 'm going to stay here. If I 'm taken ill I may—

Oh, look at the cabs. Let 's take a cab! . . .

Do you know there is almost nothing that so entirely alters one's view of life as quickly as getting into a cab. It sort of grabs you out of yourself. You get wherever you want to go so quick in a cab, too. . . . St. Mary's, eh? Where Cranmer was tried. . . . No window in the back of a cab, is there? I 'll

walk by there again during the week. What 's the church—is n't it a church? Gracious, I thought he was going to run down that Kimono.

Here we come to a regular London policeman, waving his arms so everyone will stay on the wrong side of the road. Curious country, England. The right of way lies on the wrong side of the road.

Here 's the monument to Cromwell and the other two again. Fine college. Handsome street. I don't know but what I *do* feel better for the walk. It 's been very hard for a nature like mine to go through the last ten days. You see, Lee, I am a man who takes things in at a glance that other people study over indefinitely. It 's an American trait and one which Europe will never acquire. They don't glance here; they stare. That 's the difference.

## XXVIII

### YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

*Friday, Oct. 26.*

DEAR MAMA: We don't know what to do. Uncle seems to get worse. Nothing suits him and he does n't at all see that all he suffered from the man he traveled with he keeps passing right on to us. Poor Aunt Jane, how glad she must be to be dead! As to the traveling man I begin to wonder how he stood it, for it does n't seem possible that Uncle could be as lamblike as he says that he was.

Lee is a perfect saint. I never knew that any man could be so different from most men. He is just as patient with Uncle as can be and no matter what he says or does Uncle contradicts him and says he does n't believe it.

The car came down from London last night and we went to Woodstock and Blenheim this morning. Uncle would n't believe "for one York second" that Chaucer ever lived in Chaucer's house there, and as for the Black Prince being born in the manor he said that "did n't go down with him and we need n't try." We drove up by the back-gate where they let the tourists go in at Blenheim and Uncle said he did n't want to see Blenheim,. never had visited through back-gates anyhow, and had no more respect for the Blenheim dukes than the Blenheim poodles, so we came away.

I don't know what we 're going to do. There is so much to see here and Uncle declares he 's seen it all. He says thank heaven he 's not a typical American, and he does n't realize that he 's a more typical American than any I 've met yet. He went to Merton Library with Lee and when Lee showed him the holes where the books used to be chained to the shelves he said they were knot-holes, and stuck to it. He says he thinks Oxford looks smokier than Chicago. He says he can't see how they can race on the river here and you need n't tell him that twenty

boats can start at once because it 's a physical impossibility for twenty shells to start at once in a piece of water twenty feet wide. Lee wanted to explain to him how they race here with the boats, one behind the other, and Uncle said he was pretty well along in years to have the principles of boat-races expounded to him and that he 'd take it as a personal favor if Lee would n't insult his intelligence by attempting to do so now.

You can imagine what I am undergoing. I don't know I 'm sure how we 're going to stand it till November first, when he sails. It 's so awful how unhappy he 's making himself, too. You know how I love Uncle and I can't bear to see him miserable. It 's terrible in this sweet beautiful world to set every chord in everything jarring from morning till night. Lee and I are so happy and our baby is so cunning and we so want Uncle to have a good time, and all in the world that he needs to do is just to *have it*. And instead of that he is driving us quite out of our senses. I cried last night and Lee said if I could think of any way to better matters he 'd be only too glad to do it, but I can't think of any way. Uncle says you need n't tell him that there was

ever a great church and monastery where the station stands or that Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley were burnt at the other end of the stake that they 've got one end of in the Ashmolean, or that Alfred the Great ever owned that jewel. He does n't believe *anything.* He says that he has been imposed on through the goodness of his heart and that it 's once too often, and this time he 's learned the lesson for all time, and so we can set that down for a fact.

Oh, dear!

I am expecting Bessie and Mr. Jackson, too; they 've written that they will be here Sunday and that complicates things dreadfully for me. And Mrs. Bagley has written from London that she shall be here for luncheon some day this week as she is not going back to New York without seeing me, and Mrs. James has written they may stop any day as they are not going back to New York without seeing Oxford. I feel almost desperate with so much piling up and it does n't seem possible that only three short days ago Lee and I were wandering along so happily and peacefully.

Lee has taken Uncle to Nuneham and Iffley

this afternoon; it 's a bright clear autumnal day and he thought that possibly Iffley might interest Uncle and Nuneham might calm him. Uncle did n't want to go out, but he did n't want to stay in either, so that helped some. He was made so mad this morning because he suddenly decided that he would climb the tower of Magdalen and then found that he would have to go up ladders to reach the top. We had asked for cards for chapel at Magdalen and they are for to-night and now he won't go just because there are ladders in the tower. He says he does n't believe Addison ever walked on Addison's Walk. I feel so badly because they say the Magdalen choir is the finest in England. I feel so badly over everything.

Oh heavens, here is Mrs. Bagley in a cab!

MAMA, I don't know whether it has done me good or not to see Mrs. Bagley. Mr. Bagley wanted to spend an hour in the Bodleian Library so she stayed an hour. Of course she is awfully good, almost a saint in fact, (they have just done Palestine and the Dead Sea on camels,) but she did n't seem just what I needed

to-day; perhaps it is very wicked of me but truly she depressed me more than anything.

She does n't think that I am looking well and I had the baby brought in and she does n't think that the baby looks well either. She said she believed that it was the drains which she had always understood were generally poor in England but perhaps it was the malaria which she said everybody knew was prevalent at all seasons of the year in Oxford. She says she cannot understand our settling here of all places in Europe. She frightened me so that I rather lost control of myself and let her find out a little of our distress over Uncle without really meaning to do so. Goodness, you ought to have heard her *then!* She said Uncle was a judgment on us for being so happy in a foreign land neglecting our duties as children and citizens and that the ways of the Lord were so wondrous that while Uncle wreaked vengeance on us he was also miserable himself as a direct visitation for the way he treated Aunt Jane. She told me that Aunt Jane did n't dare call her soul her own which was certainly news to me as everybody always says she managed Uncle the whole of her

life without his once finding out that she did so. Mrs. Bagley told me that all I could do was to resign myself, pray, and take quinine for the malaria. Perhaps she is right but—

Oh, gracious, here comes Mrs. James in a cab!

DEAR, sweet Mrs. James!—oh, Mama, she has done me a world of good even if she has n't helped me out of my difficulties.

I went down and received her in the dining-room as she said she was too worn out with gallery staircases to climb anywhere that she did n't have to. Danby brought her the one rocking-chair we own and she sat and rocked by the fire and we had tea. I have n't been so happy in three days; she was such a relief after Mrs. Bagley. She says I am looking so well and I had the baby brought down and she said that without flattery she could truly say that it was the prettiest baby that she ever had seen. I think that that is the biggest compliment the baby has ever had yet from anyone but Lee and me. And Mrs. James has so many grand-children, too; that makes it mean all the more. She thinks its head is shaped like papa's but its forehead and eyes

are like yours and mine; and she thought the whole general likeness suggested Lee. I always loved dear Mrs. James. She says she has been real well herself except for the rumbling of the French and German in her ears, she says it 's going to take time to get over that, she can see, but her head has been better since they landed in England. I asked her if traveling so much had tired her and she said the traveling never tired her a bit; what used her up was the getting down. She said she would have been glad to have traveled more, she 's so used to going to California winters, you know, but they stopped nineteen times between Milan and Paris and she said just think what it would mean for a woman her age to change cars nineteen times between Chicago and Buffalo! I never had thought of it in just that way before. Like everyone who is nice she felt terribly over the kind of Americans they met everywhere; she says that she thinks that something ought to be done about letting such people run loose and act as they do, talking so loud and waving flags in theaters and throwing money about; she said she actually blushed over and over again. I told her about Uncle's

dreadful experience with the man that he met and she said well, as to that, she had n't supposed that even the craziest American could ever overawe Uncle. I told her how terribly the man had affected him and she was very sympathetic. She said to try and get him to take some calomel.

She stayed with me nearly an hour while the girls did Oxford. She said they always left her somewhere now while they did a town because it saved her strength as well as their time; they can jump in and out without any bother and she has always made it a rule to have the man get down and stand at the horses' heads before she leaves a carriage. When the girls drove up I wanted them to come in for some tea but they were in a rush as they had stopped to buy books to read about it all on the steamer going back. Dear Mrs. James kissed me and hugged me and I stood at the gate and waved my handkerchief until they were out of sight.

A friend like that is a real friend and I have sent Danby for the calomel. If Uncle will only take it, I—

Oh, Mama, here 's Mrs. Joyce in a cab. . . .

MAMA, she stayed an hour and she has straightened out *everything* for me. She is the most wonderful woman that I ever met. I could n't quite understand just what she meant when she said that my vibrations were lowered by fatigue and that Uncle's atoms had been demagnetized by continual contact with an unresponsive nature, but when she took my hands in hers and turned her clear, lovely, loving, helpful gaze upon me, I felt suddenly how foolish and childish all my little worries were and my intuition bounded ahead of her words and showed me just how full of kindness and commonsense was the advice that she offered.

I am going to take it all, and when she went I thanked her with all my heart. She asked me if I thought her insane or out of her mind for saying what she did at Craigmillar and York. I told her frankly that I did not know what to think. She laughed and said ignorance was the path from intolerance toward understanding and that she was glad not to be mocked at. For a minute her eyes looked so pathetic that I felt my heart rise in pity but then she bent quickly, kissed me again, said that I need have no care,

for the morrow would be one of the happiest days of my life, and then she left me.

I will write you what is to be to-morrow when it is all over.

Affectionately,

YVONNE.

# PART IX

## XXIX

### YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

*Oxford, Saturday, Midnight.*

DEAREST MAMA: I am really so happy to-night that I can hardly keep my eyes dry, and yet, you know, that it is impossible for me to be made so happy by anything that I could sleep without writing you your letter first. You will be like me, though, and almost doubt the truth of what I write as you read it, for everything has come out so beautifully that I am just forced to believe that Mrs. Joyce must be a fairy—my good fairy—or else Uncle's—for she seems responsible for it all. And she *is* responsible, too, for it was the sweet strong way in which she spoke to me last

night and so threaded my nerves with her assurance that all would be well, that gave me the courage to go on and make it well. For I was awfully discouraged and depressed when she came in. Even if I knew Uncle only needed calomel, suggesting it to him would be the best way in the world to keep it from curing him. You know *that.*

Well, and now to my tale of the wonders wrought, and it *is* a wonder, too:

In the first place Uncle was very quiet last evening after he and Lee returned and did n't contradict either of us or mention the man who has become our *bête-noir*, once. That worried me a little and I began to be afraid that it was because he was n't well but then I reproached myself for being so silly, and read him all the American news that I could find in the paper. It was n't much; just that a girl had swallowed a dollar, and Mrs. Astor had given a dinner. We don't get much home news over here. Uncle continued quiet and meditative and finally went to bed. After he was gone, I sat for a little while, watching Lee smoke and trying awfully hard not to tell him about Mrs. Joyce (she told

"Pootsey"

me not to tell a soul,) and then I stole into the nursery and whispered to Pootsey to come to my room. She is my baby's nurse and there is no reason for my being so dreadfully afraid of her, so I had decided to take that bull by the horns first of all and tell her that Uncle would only be here for a few days and she must not mind his interfering with the baby because the baby was almost like his grand-child, and that as for his calling her "Hannah" she must n't mind that either. She followed me into my room and I assure you that I was scared half to death. I fairly trembled inwardly as I spoke for it just swam before me what we should do with our baby if she took offense and left. But what *do* you think she answered? She said she was glad to have Uncle take so much notice of the baby because she 'd make bold to say that in all her twenty years of nursing she never had seen young people take so little to their first baby as Lee and I, and as for being called "Hannah" her dear dead husband called her "Hannah" and if I 'd excuse the liberty he was that like Uncle "in his face and generality that it was like a angel's voice to hear."

I was so absolutely dumbfounded that I just sat and stared at first. To think she thought that we did n't love our baby! But then after the first I was so glad and relieved that I did n't *mind* what she thought. I took more courage then and went on and told her about to-day and about to-morrow and she was *so* pleased that we grew real friendly and I do believe that I am going to like her after all. When we parted she kissed my hand and said heaven bless me; so that part was all off my mind.

Then I returned to the sitting-room and Lee and I talked until we burned up the whole hod of coal and then we went to bed. It is always so hard for us to make up our minds to leave the warm room and go into the cold one but we know it 's healthy and Lee says we are going to learn to be healthy even if we die of pneumonia during the process.

This morning I hunted up the dress I wore when Uncle and I started for Chartres a year and a half ago and put it on for breakfast. Mama, he remembered it, and he smiled for the first time since he came Wednesday! While we were at breakfast the motor came to the door

and I said with just all the persuasion that I 've got in me, "Uncle, you know I don't care for sight-seeing any more than you do but Lee has some things to attend to this morning and I 've had a luncheon put up and I thought perhaps you 'd go off with me for a ride and a picnic, just because we 've always been so happy together—you and I!"

It was almost word for word what I said to him in Paris but I could n't think of any new way to say exactly the same thing. It was an awful minute and in spite of my faith in Mrs. Joyce my heart did jump up and down but Lee came to the rescue by saying—in memory of old days —"I told Yvonne that I thought it was too cold for the car to-day," whereupon Uncle gave one cough and said that he would go. I knew that everything would be all right directly he said that, for when Uncle is only contrary he 's perfectly manageable; it 's only when he 's too unmanageable even to want to be contrary that no one can do anything with him.

We set out right after breakfast and I tucked myself as confidingly, confidentially, comfortably, close as was possible and held his hand,

too. Lee whispered to me in the hall "not to miss a note" and I certainly did n't mean to. Poor Uncle, he 'd suffered enough, goodness knows, and whether it was his liver or his demagnetized atoms or whatever it was, I wanted to straighten it out if my love would do it. While we were getting under way Pootsey brought the baby to the sitting-room window and waved its hand at us and Uncle actually smiled again; then Lee called to be sure not to be later than four o'clock, and we were off.

We went down St. Giles and Beaumont Street and out over the bridge. Uncle did n't ask where we were going and I did n't say. I told him about the two great abbeys of Rewley and Oseney that used to be there and he looked thoughtfully to the left and right but he did n't say that he did n't believe it. I really would n't blame anyone for not believing it for there is n't a trace of a building left; but abbeys faded fast in England after the Sixteenth Century. Lee says the discovery of the advantages of paving-stones was death to their ruins.

We went to Cumnor by way of Botley and Uncle was very quiet. I was quiet, too, as we

rushed over the country-side out that way. It is n't the same road over which they carried Amy Robsart's body to burial, but is a new one, straighter and more direct. I told Uncle how the old road ran a long ways around and then I made that an opening to tell him how much we enjoyed Kenilworth and how strangely delightful it was to read the story right on the spot. He came out of his reverie then and said that the dream of his life had been to see Kenilworth ever since he recited Longfellow's "The Merry Birds of Kenilworth" once at school when he was a boy. He meant the "Merry Birds of Chillingworth" but of course I did n't correct him, I only asked him how he liked Longfellow. He said he did n't like him at all, the only thing he ever wrote that was worth anything was "Thanatopsis" and Bryant wrote that. I saw that he was beginning to be a little like himself again and so I persevered about Amy Robsart until he began to get quite interested. I told him how Anthony Foster did n't buy Cumnor Hall until after she was dead and he said that Shakespeare ought to be hung for making such blunders. I made no answer to that but when we reached

the church he said of his own accord, "Let 's get out and go in!" And we did.

I always love to visit Cumnor Church because it was just about as old when Amy Robsart came to live at Cumnor Place as her story is now. It was built between 1220 and 1350 and was the parish church of Cumnor. Cumnor is on a hill and the church is on raised ground above, with a stoning supporting its ancient burial-ground. The village is very quaint and picturesque but the church and churchyard are far more so. They seem to be fairly saturated with Scott's story, with sadness and a wind-sighing desolate sort of mystery, and then too, there is something in the lonely situation of the hilltop that makes them both seem afar and apart from the cosy homely little village. There are some groups of trees that have the most sorrowfully rustling leaves that anybody ever heard, and the whole atmosphere—real and imaginary—affects the visitor the instant he climbs the old stone steps and starts up the walk toward the little stone porch. It 's a short walk and the only cheerful thing about it is that you are sure of finding the church open; a beautiful feature of English religion is

that the churches are always open; one may enter at any time. There is no charge or fee, only a box by the door, we always drop sixpence unless the church is very interesting—then we give a shilling. Ever so many never give anything; that 's mean I think for a penny apiece from every tourist would make a nice contribution, and the little country churches are often more genuinely old and interesting than the splendid city cathedrals. I don't know of a church anywhere so full of indefinable awe as the wee one at Cumnor. Cumnor was given to the great monastery of Abingdon in 685, as long before the Conqueror's time as Henry VIII was before us. And this little parish church stretches over the greater part of the latter half of all the time between. It is quite simple within and there 's a statue of Queen Elizabeth, with a painfully new profile, which used to decorate the garden of Cumnor Hall. Uncle wanted to see Cumnor Hall but there is nothing left of it. It lay beyond the tower-end of the church and was pulled down a century ago. However he was beginning to feel so like his old self by this time that he remarked real pleasantly that

that was just what he might have expected, and then he went back and looked at Queen Elizabeth's statue again and said he remembered hoop-skirts himself. I told him about our seeing Leicester's tomb at Warwick and he said that that was another dream of his life that he had missed. I saw that the horizon was continually clearing now and told him that we could *easily* go to Warwick Monday if he liked. He said "Hum" and "he 'd see," and then we put a shilling in the box by the door, went back to the car, and set off over the lovely ups and downs of the road to Witney. Uncle seemed to be feeling better all the time and we talked about you all and my baby, and he says the baby is really a very remarkable child. I cannot but think that that must be true for Lee and I have thought so all along but feared that perhaps we were prejudiced; and now Mrs. James says the same thing and so does Uncle. He asked me if we intended to live in Oxford permanently and I said oh, dear no. He said if we were, there was no reason why we should n't have a house of our own, and just then we came to Witney and that changed the subject. Minster Lovell is just be-

yond Witney and it was to Minster Lovell that we were going because Uncle so loves horrors and there is such a splendid horror there. I told Lee last night that I believed Minster Lovell would set him right if anything could. Only some of the outside walls are standing of the manor built by one of the Lovells early in the Fifteenth Century, and this is the story they tell of the ruin: after the battle of Stoke Lord Lovell, the friend and supporter of Richard III, was reported killed but those who knew him well declared that he escaped to this house and hid himself in a secret room the location of which was known only to one of his servants. The servant was accidentally killed and, as a consequence, his master starved to death. In 1708 they did actually find a secret room in Minster Lovell with the skeleton of a man within. If it truly was Lord Lovell, think of the first twelve hours of solitude after the servant failed of his usual coming! I told the story before we reached the spot and Uncle was quite feverish over the ruins and said he would n't have missed seeing them for *anything*. He dived about through the underbrush and over the stones for a quarter

of an hour trying to pick out a likely looking secret room for the scene of the tragedy. I clambered after him telling him, between thistles, how this Lovell was Lovell the dog in the famous rhyme of "The Cat, the Rat and Lovell the Dog," and he called back that they passed through one town where Richard III slept once. Uncle's connection of ideas are as singular as ever but I did n't care what he connected if he 'd only turn reasonably good-tempered again, and so I went on telling him things we 've read and picking burrs off of my skirt, until all of a sudden he stopped short in his mad career of investigation and asked me if I had ever heard him speak the name of Deloraine Wiskett. I said no, why? He said oh, nothing, only Minster Lovell reminded him of Melrose Abbey—not that it was of any consequence. I thought that rather funny but we had pretty well over-run the historic manor by that time so I suggested going on, and we returned to the motor and came back through Witney to where another road passes Eynsham —where there was a monastery as far back as the Saxon days—and so on to Blenheim Park. There is a story about this road too; Charles I

went over it on his famous march of escape out of Oxford on the night of June 4, 1644. The Roundheads were stationed at Eynsham and Islip when the king with several thousand men passed directly between them and as the Eynsham division moved on toward Oxford, came back in a loop over their very route and so got away to Worcester via Burford. Uncle had Charles I and Charles II hopelessly mixed in his head and said he sympathized with Guy Fawkes himself so I did n't go into too many enthusiastic details over the king whose best and bravest side shone forth at Oxford, but just left the country air and the ever-growing charm of English country scenery to have its own effect. And after a while he said he really had n't anything against either king, gave a long thoughtful "Hum-m" and said it was odd that I had never heard him mention the name of Deloraine Wiskett—was I positive that I had n't? I said yes, that I was positive and he did n't say anything else while we zig-zagged slowly through lanes and little hedged by-ways until we entered the wood that crosses the common by Wood Eaton. I suppose it is a common because there are gates and cows

but perhaps it is n't; Lee says we must never call anything a fact too fast in a foreign land. Uncle insisted on getting down and opening the first gate and as I knew that he had n't an idea how many more were coming I got out with him and we walked together until we were through the last one. I was beginning to perceive that he had something on his mind and thought that he would tell me whatever it was while we were walking, but he did n't. We got into the car again on the other side and went slowly through the wooded way and so to the darling little picture-village, which is quite the sweetest little human nest in Britain. I 'm crazy over Wood Eaton always and we stopped there and ate luncheon. I had an awfully good luncheon with Uncle's kind of coffee to heat and cold corned beef and splendid things. You know Uncle is different from other men; what he has to eat affects his disposition, I notice. After luncheon he and I walked on foot through the wood and the double effect of food and solitude finally loosened his tongue and he confided his awful secret to me.

Mama, do you know he brought that man who

has been making him so miserable, to Europe *himself*—brought him just because he was old and not rich and had never seen anything and never expected to see anything. It seems that Uncle went to school with him and the man knew so much and Uncle thought that they would never need to look in a Baedeker, and so he invited him for the trip, and paid all his bills and the man was never the least bit grateful or even ordinarily pleasant; and Uncle had everything to do and everything to see to and had to keep looking in the Baedeker besides! He said that at first he had not intended to tell anyone but that he had changed his mind and would tell me if I would n't tell a soul. Of course I promised him but of course too, I never meant not to tell you and Lee. Dear, kind, unselfish Uncle, I always knew he was the most generous and big-hearted of men but I never dreamed of his going out of his way to do a thing so regularly splendid as bringing a poor man abroad. I stopped and kissed him in the wood and told him that he was a saint. He said no, he was n't a saint for he must admit that the man tried his patience pretty sorely at times, but yes, he

"He said no, he was n't a saint"

thought maybe he was a saint after all. I hugged him hard and told him that I was sure of it. We had just a lovely walk; he told me the whole story. He told me that when he found out what a trial Mr. Wiskett was he would n't inflict him on Lee and me, so he never let us know his route purposely. He said he gave himself up wholly to his friend, he said he found that their tastes were so entirely different that it was impossible to please both so he just did what Mr. Wiskett pleased. He said Mr. Wiskett's difficulty was that he would not take any advice, which made parts of their trip very difficult. Another thing was his tendency to lose things. But Uncle says the worst was his talking—why, Uncle said sometimes for a whole hour he would n't be able to so much as get a syllable in edgewise. Poor Uncle, you can think how hard that would be for him.

When the car came up and we got in Uncle and I were happier together than we ever were before. He said he thought he would come over in the spring and spend the summer with us. He said he was going to bring me Aunt Jane's solitaire ear-rings and I could have them reset

into studs for the baby's back. I thanked him and he told me about Mr. Wiskett's not being willing to stop at Durham. Uncle said that to see Durham had been the dream of his life. I told him that I 'd go to Durham with him next summer and we were just planning about it when we came to Elsfield. Elsfield is one of the few English villages all owned by one man, a real story-book "squire" who lives in a manor-house in the center of the village with a church and a school and new cottages with tiles and older cottages with warm, thick thatches, all around him. Just as we came through the high-road, which the village is n't imposing enough to change into a street for even a little way, one of the tires burst!

Of course we had to stop and you know what a burst tire means! I saw all my nicely-laid plans jogged crooked for I could n't possibly fancy Uncle continuing calm with a burst tire in Elsfield. Elsfield is so calm itself that it 's the last place in the world where you 'd choose to burst a tire. For a minute I was in despair and then I remembered that we were only a mile or so from Marston where Lee was waiting

with the punt and that Mrs. Phillips would surely lend us her pony if I asked for it. So I left Uncle with the man and the machine and I ran and asked her for it. She was just home and the pony was still harnessed, so I took it at once and drove back for Uncle. You ought to have seen his face when he saw me with the pony but maybe you can imagine it—no, you can't though for you never saw an English country pony and pony-cart. I never did either until I came to live in England but nothing will ever obliterate them from my memory henceforth, and I expect I did look awfully droll with my motor-hood and cloak and the pony hopping up and down before the cart. You see, Mama, the ponies in the country in England are very small and reasonably fat and they don't move ahead—they move up and down; the more you whip them the faster they move up and down until some go so fast that their feet fairly seem to twinkle and when their feet twinkle the cart gets ahead although no one can see how or why for the pony just seems to bounce about on one spot. The miracle of the cart's moving is that the most popular carts are about eight times

the size of the pony and are called dog-carts, a piece of humor which I never understood before. But Mrs. Phillips's cart is no dog-cart, it 's a "governess-car" with two seats facing nothing but each other and a door three inches by six that every one opens and shuts with great dignity when entering or quitting the vehicle. Perhaps you don't wonder now that Uncle stared. He did even more than stare; he said "Great Scott!" And I said with a smile "Come, get in," for I did n't intend to let my grasp on the handle of events go if I could retain it with a smile and Mrs. Phillips's pony.

Uncle hesitated for a minute and then he smiled too and started to get in. The instant he put his foot on the step the pony went up in the air, and I had to scream to the chauffeur to hold it down while Uncle got in and got safely seated. Then we did n't dare look at one another because I knew that Mrs. Phillips was looking at us. The pony began to go up and down directly I spoke to him and Uncle said, "Well, I vow! Looks like a woolly pumpkin —don't he?" and then he was lost in wonder over how fast we got over the ground without

seeming to move ahead one bit, until we were at Marston in less than ten minutes from the time we reached the foot of the hill. I left the pony at the inn there for Mrs. Phillips's boy to get, and Uncle and I walked to the ferry. I showed him the house where Oxford surrendered—what there is left of it—and he said he was beginning to see "that there was a good deal of good in Charles after all." We found Lee walking in the fields and smoking while he waited and Uncle shook hands with him as if he were a returned prodigal. We went into the little inn at the ferry for tea and Uncle entirely forgot the pledge of secrecy which he had exacted from me and told Lee himself all about his martyrdom by Mr. Wiskett. I was so disappointed for I wanted to tell Lee myself. I was almost sure that Uncle would tell some of it a little different the second time and not do himself justice, and he did too; and he did n't, either. But Lee was so attentive and sympathetic that any one would pile on the agony just to have him so sorry over it. Lee is such a dear.

When Uncle was done and the tea too, we went to the punt. Uncle and I cuddled down

together in the bottom and Lee poled. He does it almost as well as an Englishman now—he very rarely has to row back for the pole—and we had the most ideal time beneath the overhanging trees. Uncle said he had never seen anything like it before, and I don't doubt that because there is n't anything like it. We reached the rollers long before five, left the boat there (it 's so lovely in England; you just go along through the country leaving your belongings anywhere and some kind genii follow in your tracks and take them back to where they belong), and walked through the South Park Road and so home.

The minute we opened the front door we smelt the ducks cooking—they *do* have the *best* ducks in Oxford—and when we went up to the sitting-room the fire was burning, all the lights were lighted and there was a stack of mail, with home stamps, neatly arranged on the desk. I left Uncle and Lee by the fire to read and I slipped quietly away to the nursery. Pootsey was dressing the baby and the baby was cooing in the dearest little voice imaginable. I kissed it once and then I hurried into my own room,

pulled out my prettiest frock and dressed myself as fast as I could. I don't know whether it was the motoring, or relief over Uncle, or excitement, or just clear happiness, but my face turned the same pink that it did the day I was married; and it stayed so, just as it did the day that I was married, too. Lee came in to dress presently and he was as happy as I was over Uncle, he said that he always knew he would be all right in a day or two, but he thought with Mrs. James that it would take calomel.

We went down to dinner, all laughing together. Uncle was just as joyous over being jolly again as we were. We had soup and then we had the ducks. He ate nearly a whole one. You know how awfully fond he is of ducks. I did n't have fish on purpose, so that he would have the whole of his appetite just for the ducks. When the table was cleared the door opened and Pootsey appeared resplendent in ribbons and with my precious baby in her arms. The baby's eyes were as big and round and blue as—as anything. And its hair was all twisted up in the beginnings of curls, and it had on one of the dresses Edna sent me.

I took it from the nurse and she went out, shutting the door softly after her. Then I went around by Uncle and he pushed back his chair and turned sideways just as he used to when I was a little girl and used to go to sit on his lap and eat some of his pie, at the table. Lee left his seat and came and stood beside me as I half-way knelt by Uncle with the baby in my arms. Then I swallowed two or three times, and then I knew that I *must* say it so I swallowed once more and said (my voice did sound so queer), "You have n't ever asked us what we mean to call our baby, Uncle." Uncle looked at me rather blankly and said "No, I have n't." Then I put the little creature right into his arms, saying quickly, "He is to be christened to-morrow and we 're going to name him after you!" And then I turned and put myself into Lee's arms; for it *had* been a hard day and I was tired, of course.

Uncle sat perfectly still for a minute and then he said, "Well, I vow!" And then he took out his handkerchief, and wiped his eyes.

Then he said "Well!" and then he said "Well!" and then he said "Well!" once more.

Then I put my arms around his neck and hugged and kissed him hard, and he wiped his eyes again. Lee picked up the baby and shoved me into Uncle's lap in its place, and went and opened the door and nurse came in and took our dear little boy away to bed. Then I sat up—on Uncle's lap—and he said it was the happiest hour of his life and he did n't know who my baby ought to be named for if not for him, only he had supposed that perhaps —

Lee interrupted him right there and said, Oh, dear no, that we never thought of anything else for a minute. And then you ought to have seen Uncle beam! We had coffee up in the sitting-room and made plans for next summer and for the baby and for all of us and for everything, and Uncle said if it was n't that he had to get home we certainly would all go to Egypt together this winter. He said there was nothing like moving about to broaden one's views of life. And just there he stopped all of a sudden and looked so sober that I knew that he must be thinking of how near to completely spoiled his trip had been by a man who would n't broaden. We talked of France then, and of Falaise and

planned to go to Kenilworth on our way to Liverpool—for of course we 're going to go to Liverpool to see him off Thursday.

When it came bed-time Uncle said that he could n't express his feelings at all but that of course everybody knew I was like an own child to him, while as for the baby—and there he choked.

And we let it go at that.

But when we all had our candles he sort of hesitated for a minute and coughed once or twice and then he said, "Yvonne, don't forget that you 're not to tell your mother anything I said about Dilly Wiskett?" I kissed him again and told him of course not again and he said, "Perhaps I might have been more patient than I was —perhaps," and *almost* sighed.

We all went to bed then, but Lee was so irreverent that I wish Uncle had n't told him a word about his generosity. Do you know what Lee did as soon as he was in our room and the door shut?—He sat down and laughed that way he does when it seems as if he never would be able to stop again. He has n't laughed like that since he laughed so over Bessie. I do wish he

would n't laugh like that over people I love. He says that he 'd give anything to have really laid eyes on Mr. Deloraine Wiskett. I know he does n't do Uncle justice. But never mind, I am so happy that it can't depress me even to have Lee laugh at dear Uncle.

Lovingly and rejoicefully yours,

YVONNE.

## XXX

### UNCLE JOHN IN BROAD WALK

YVONNE, my dear child, do you know I don't think that I 've ever had anything do me as much good in all my life as this trip. I can speak frankly to you and express my real feelings on the matter because you always understand so perfectly. That is the foundation of my affection for you—and I 'm very fond of you, child—you always understand me. Your mother does n't understand me. Lee thinks he does, but he don't; while as for your Aunt Jane! Well, she was the other side of never from ever getting the faintest inkling of what I really was. She had an idea that she had me all sized up, and on account of that idea, and on account of the way she stuck to its being right, we never could come to an agreement on any subject.

It 's a terrible thing to be around with people who don't understand you. Dilly did n't understand me either, but I begin to see that even his not understanding was n't a bad thing for my trip as a whole. It taught me a great deal; never to complain, and to hang onto one's umbrella and all that sort of Travelers' Guide business, you know. And then if he had understood I should naturally have brought him with me to Oxford and that would have spoiled all our pleasure because no one could enjoy himself with that man. I don't wish to be unjust to the poor old fellow but actually, Yvonne, when I think of him and the way he 'd sit all bunched up in a train and shiver, I get so darned mad, I vow, I do. But don't let 's talk about it; let 's talk about anything else. As I was saying, I don't believe that I ever was sorry to leave a place before in my life but I actually feel very badly—very badly indeed—over going away from Oxford. It 's such a quiet, restful sort of a town and there 's no use denying I had a very strenuous time before I got here. You see—to try

and do the man simple justice—Dilly was n't a traveler, he never had traveled in his life before. If I 'd had my wits about me, when I saw him arrive in New York to tour Europe with his clothes packed in pasteboard laundry-boxes, I 'd have bought him a good trunk and sent him right home again. You see, my child, the difficulty about being kind to people in this world is we always are kind to them from our own standpoint instead of from theirs. Dilly's notions of Europe were all booky and mine were all practical. When Baedeker says "pack your things in small, flat boxes" he means steamer-trunks to me and he meant laundry-boxes to Dilly. Then, too, I knew about state-rooms on steamers and he did n't. I expected a coffin and he expected a center table and rocking-chair. But, as I said before, I 've been thinking I have n't had such a bad trip after all. I 've seen a good deal—I reckon as much as any man can see in less than a fortnight—and I certainly have given a great deal of pleasure. I brought Dilly over to enjoy himself and I 'm not sorry that he did enjoy himself even if

it was at my expense in every sense of the word. It 's my nature to like to sacrifice myself for others—you 've been with me enough to know that,—and I don't regret that it is my nature. Was n't it Julius Caesar that they said to know him was an education—well, I 'm like that. To travel with me was an education for Dilly. I may have occasionally expressed my opinion a little freely but it does vex any man to lose a trunk and —but we won't refer to that. You see, Yvonne, the difficulty was that he could n't adapt himself; you have got to adapt yourself to travel in Europe, you have got to remember as soon as they begin to throw the loops off of those piles in the New York slips that life is going to be a different thing; the port-hole leads to washing out of a brass pot, and nobody in Europe cares much about comfort as we understand it anyhow. They don't live for having a bath full of hot water any second of the day or night, they live for entirely another set of ideas. Here in England the main thing seems to be clothes that the rain can't hurt and having tea prompt at

four. I like the English though, in spite of everything. And you can trust them with a trunk—I 've proved that. Of course the best way is the way they do themselves—just pile up on top of the trunks at every station and bear off your own in triumph from the mêlée but if you forget to do that you can go round the world and find your trunk waiting all safe when you return. I told Dilly that fifty times but he would n't believe me. Went and wrote to the American Express and had them look up his trunk—as if you could n't trust the English! I blushed for him, I did indeed, and then to think that when he wrote he never said a word to them about looking up mine at the same time. There 's gratitude for you! But we won't go into that view of things. It is n't kindly and since that baby was named for me I 've decided to be kindly. Why, I 'm even going to send Dilly a handsome cheque for Christmas,—I am indeed. What do you think of that for doing unto others as you would be done by?

My dear, do you know this is the finest old walk I ever saw? Handsome trees.

Beautiful view of Merton across the fields. Wonderful the effect of this place on the nerves; I feel like a new man. I 'd like to stay here a year, I don't blame you for settling on this to live in. I don't wonder that after they found out what good college soil it was here they planted them as thick as they could. Wonderful people, the English anyhow, pronounce their A's a little broadly and wear awful loose coats but we all must have some faults and those are trifles at the best. I don't see myself but what the English churches and castles are as good as the French and I find the people just as obliging. They talk about Continental politeness but I find it just as thick here. It 's only with us that they glare at you if you take the liberty of saying "Good-morning" when you go into a store. Not that I ever get glared at, I 've had Good-morning said to me myself too often when I was busy.

Let 's go home through Christ Church; curious name for a college but I don't know why Christ Church is n't more reverent than one or two others they 've got. I always

like this back-door-and-alley kind of way into town, if you can call such a network of magnificence by that name. Well, well, poor old Wolsey! Think of being responsible for Magdalen Tower and this place, and then having no one know where your own grave is. But such is life.

Yvonne, I tell you what I 've done this trip, I 've learned all over again that this hurrying is really not only a very serious fault of ours but an actual curse upon us. Just see what a contrast there is between my appreciation of Oxford, where I 've stayed four days, and Durham, where I never stopped at all. I 'm going to let this be a lesson to me, and the next time I come over we 'll settle ourselves comfortably somewhere and not rush any more. Some place like Rotterdam-off-der-Tiber, or that kind, you know. A place where Hannah and the baby can stay and we make little trips to and from. This part of the world is too good to skim, I see plainly that I miss a great deal by being in a hurry and I 'm not going to hurry any more. If I go up the Rhine I 'm going in a punt.

And I 'm not going to have even the punt hurried—Lee can take his time.

Beautiful old court, grand old tower, wonderful buildings! Yes, I saw the kitchens the other day. Lee told me about King Charles being lodged here and Henrietta Maria at Merton; I saw the hole she peeked through at church. That reminds me that I 've traveled all over England without seeing a "squint" and they say every old cathedral has got one. How a cathedral can have a squint beats me, but it 's too late now to rectify the omission. Well, and so King Edward went to college here, too? But he did n't live here; he had a house in the town, Lee says; curious—very curious! Was n't the college good enough for him, or was it too good, I wonder?

Handsome post-office! Fine practical idea that, posting when the next mail-steamer goes. We never know anything about mail-steamers outside of New York at home. Great idea the book-post and the parcels-post, too. And I must say the way they don't have railroad accidents is very much

to their credit over here, too. Although it 's the least of our troubles at home how many get killed yearly.

I like England, I like England very much indeed. I believe *we* get more pleasure out of coming here than *they* could get out of going to America, I really do, for a fact. They seem to agree with me there, for compare the numbers going each way. How long do you suppose it would take the English visitors to put up a window in an American church? Why, I don't believe they 'd get a door-mat for Mount Vernon paid for in a hundred years. We have n't any attractions for the English; we don't have any cloth with us that the rain don't soak through, and we don't have any sort of understanding of tea. And then I don't see how anybody can go about in America with our way of not marking streets. The English don't number any better than we do, but they *do* mark their streets.

And there are a lot of other things I like here. I like the feeling of honesty that 's around; you don't have to look over every

hotel bill to be sure you are n't charged with things you have n't got, and that 's a Continental trick I hate worse all the time. I think the names are outlandish, "Toot Baldon" and "Shap"—did you ever? But there are such a lot of stories about places and so many kings killed everywhere, that it 's all interesting.

Yvonne, I 'm very glad that I came. In some ways I regret bringing Dilly, but he taught me a good deal, and he certainly learned a great deal himself. I never shall bring anyone else, and I *never* shall travel fast again. I shall settle down next time, learn the language and do as the Romans do—do as the Romans do. You don't believe it but you 'll see. Just wait.

We 'll take a cab here, we can get home to the baby quicker then. I tell you, child, it 's utterly impossible to convey to you any faint conception of the feeling which I have for that boy since you named him for me. Every time I think of him I feel more glad that I came. And I can go home to your mother now and relieve her mind as to how Lee treats you.

Hi, there! hi! He sees me! Come on—get in. . . .

Now then, home and be quick about it. There 's that dear old monument again,—I tell you, Yvonne, there 's one comfortable sensation that you have in Europe that we never have at home, and that is the looking at monuments to martyrs and being glad you never can be a martyr—not any more of a martyr than I was, that is—and I don't know, my dear, whether—really—I was—

But we won't discuss the subject.

## XXXI

### YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

*Oxford, October 30th.*

DEAREST MAMA: Uncle starts to-morrow. We are going with him to Liverpool. We are all just so happy. Uncle says now that he never enjoyed anything as much as this glimpse of Scotland and England. He sits and talks about Melrose Abbey and the Cathedral of Lincoln by the hour. He has bought the baby a rocking-horse and a set of Walter Scott's works and he asked me what college I had entered him for. He thought Oxford was like Groton and that you made the application when the babies were born boys. He wants our baby to go to Magdalen. That is so nice because I want him to go to Magdalen, too; the view of the college from below the bridge is so beautiful, and I suppose we could live somewhere out

toward Iffley where I could always see the tower when I felt lonesome for the baby.

We have been back to Cumnor Church and Minster Lovell twice. Uncle says he is going to never be in a hurry any more because it is so nice to have time enough and that when he really has all the time that a man *can* have, will I please tell him why in heaven's name he should hurry so?

Bessie and Mr. Jackson are here at the hotel. They are very happy too, but I 'll tell you a secret: Bessie has given me the license to keep. She says that she still believes as firmly as ever in trial marriages only that when it gets to be too much of a trial she thinks it is wise for an outsider to be keeping the license. I told Lee her theory and he said it was purely symbolic because it 's the outsiders who keep *all* the marriage licenses. I never thought of that before.

Oh, and Mama, Mr. Jackson has told us why that Jenny Geddes threw her stool at that Dean Hanna in St. Giles' at Edinburgh. It was before they had seats in the churches and she brought her stool to sit on, and it was when they were trying to force ritualism on the Scotch peo-

ple and Dean Hanna was reading the Collect. Jenny screamed and threw her stool at him and a riot broke out in the church and the people nearly killed the dean. That 's all; and it has tormented Uncle as much as it has us.

We can't find out from anyone or anywhere who erected a monument to Piers Gaveston on Blacklow Hill, but the place where he called the Earl of Warwick "the wild boar of Arden" was at a tournament at Wallingford right near here.

It 's lovely to see Uncle so happy and to be so happy with him. It 's been a lively fortnight, but it 's all come out most beautifully. I do hope that poor Mr. Wiskett is having a pleasant voyage home and that time will soften his recollections of Europe somewhat. I expect that he did n't quite understand Uncle and took him too much in earnest. If one is traveling with Uncle he or she must not take him too much in earnest. Mrs. Joyce says that we must not judge anyone by anything except their very best words and deeds, because what 's best in us is our truest selves and the rest is only struggling evolution and not worthy of a second—or a second's—thought. The difficulty of travel with

Uncle is that almost all of him seems to be struggling and evoluting every minute. Lee says he does n't suppose that Mr. Wiskett dared call his soul his own. I don't know what I think.

Uncle is calling that he 's going to take the baby out in the car for the first time and for me to "come on."

It sounds so natural!

Heartfuls of love,

YVONNE.

THE END

# Appendix

## Companions-in-Arms and Clans Commemorated in the Window over the Montrose Monument in St. Giles' Cathedral of Edinburgh

1. Royal Arms of Scotland.
2. Lord Seton — Eldest son of the Earl of Winton.
3. Lord Kilpont — Eldest son of the Earl of Airth and Monteith. Killed at Collace, 1644, by Stewart of Ardvoirlich. (Legend of Montrose.)
4. Col. Wm. Sibbald — Executed with Montrose at Edinburgh.
5. Gordon of Ardlogie — Beheaded at St. Andrews.
6. Clan Chattan.
7. Atholl men.
8. Clan Gregor.

   These clans came out with Montrose.

9. Graham of Fintry.

10. Sir Philip Nisbet — Executed at Glasgow.
11. George Wysheart — Chaplain to Montrose in exile, became Bishop of Edinburgh, 3rd Bishop of St. Giles'.
12. Sir Wm. Hay of Dalgety — Executed with Montrose, and buried at his side in St. Giles'.
13. Graeme of Inchbrakie.
14. Earl of Southesk — Father-in-law of Montrose.
15. Cameron of Lochiel.
16. Robertson of Strowan.
17. Earl of Airlie. President of Court of Session.
18. Spotswood of Spotswood — Executed at St. Andrews.
19. Graham of Gorthie.
20. Earl of Kinnoull — Was with Montrose at Invercarnan and perished thereafter in the wilderness.
21. Graeme of Orchill.
22. MacDonnell of Antrim. (Colkitto.)
23. Lord Madertie — Brother-in-law of Montrose.
24. Ogilvy of Innerquaritz — Executed at Glasgow (being under 18 years of age).
25. MacLean of Duart — His clan was with Montrose.
26. Lord Napier — Brother-in-law of Montrose.

27. Grahame of Claverhouse — Father of "Bonnie Dundee." (vide Index.)
28. MacDonald of Clanranald — Brought 800 men to the Standard.
29. Sir Wm. Rollo — Executed at Glasgow.
30. Macdonald of Glengarry — The clan with Montrose.
31. Grahame of Morphie.
32. Lord Gordon — Killed at the Battle of Alford.
33. Graham of Balgowan.
34. Guthrie of Guthrie — Son of the Bishop of Moray — Executed at St. Andrews.
35. Hon. Wm. Murray of Tullibardine — Younger son of the Earl of Tullibardine — Executed at St. Andrews, 19 years of age.

Jacobi Graham
Marchionis De Montrose
Dissipatas olim Reliquias
Pia Suorum Opera Collectas
Haec Porticus Excepit.
A. D. V. ID. MAI. A. S. MDCLXI.

# Appendix

*Lines on Tablet of Sarcophagus.*

James Graham

Marquis of Montrose

Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air.
Lord since Thou knowest where all these atoms are
I 'm hopeful Thou 'lt recover once my dust,
And confident Thou 'lt raise me with the Just.

Said to have been composed by Montrose after hearing his sentence to be hanged, beheaded and quartered.

May, 1661, date of the translation of the remains to St. Giles.

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containing the facts which might have been imparted by Dilly to Uncle John evenings had that gentleman had more time. The same being gathered as closely together as possible so that — like the suggestion for cathedrals on page 407 — they may be easily skipped.


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**Chicago**, 411, 417

**Christ Church College,** Oxford. Founded by Cardinal Wolsey and re-founded by Henry VIII in 1532, 391, 453, 455

**Clarence,** George Plantagenet, duke of (born 1449, died mysteriously in the Tower 1478). He married Isabelle, co-heiress of his cousin, the earl of Warwick, and thus his son came to bear that title. The unfortunate countess of Salisbury was his daughter, 373, 375

**Claverhouse,** John Grahame of, Viscount Dundee. Son of that Grahame of Claverhouse who fought with Montrose. He fell at Killiecrankie June, 1689, and they show the room in Edinburgh Castle (Argyle Tower), where his ghost appeared in the same hour to Lord Balcarres, 152, 465

**Clinton,** Geoffrey de, father and son. The authors of the Norman edition of Kenilworth Castle (about 1130), 337, 346, 349

**Coeur de Lion,** Richard I of England, 287

**Coldstream,** 127

**Coldstream Guards,** 128

**Comyn,** 223

**Cook,** the Tourist's Friend, 158

**Corelli,** Marie, 301, 304

**Covenanters,** When it was attempted by royal edict Feb., 1638, to force the religious forms of the English Church upon the Scottish congregations, a formal protest was made and a great body of men signed the "Covenant," binding themselves to resist the invasion of their rights. The next year they took the field under Lesley. The civil war which ensued gained added fury through the fact that the old hereditary feud of the Grahames and the Campbells ranged Montrose and Argyle with all their following, in the two opposing camps. On the windows above their tombs in St. Giles are displayed the arms of the chief leaders on both sides, while only a few hundred feet away outside stands the Cross where so many of the number suffered a barbarous and unjust death, 94, 116, 152, 185

**Craigmillar Castle,** Chapter XII, pp. 162, 173 *et al.*, 228, 230

**Cranmer,** Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury. Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford. Married while still a priest in 1530. Tried for treason first and then for heresy, the last time in St. Mary's, Oxford. Burned, like Ridley and Latimer in "the city ditch" (now Broad St.) just around the corner from where the monument stands, March 21, 1556, 395, 408, 413

**Crichton Castle,** 125

**Cromwell,** Oliver, Protector of England (born 1599, died 1658), 71, 90, 147, 153, 157, 234, 333, 340

**Culloden,** the last battle of the Stuarts. Fought April 16, 1746, 17, 71, 86, 119, 136, 400

**Cumberland,** William Augustus, duke of, 1721–65. Third son of George II, 71

**Cumnor,** near Oxford, 427

**Cuthbert,** Saint (died about 686). Don't confuse St. Cuthbert with Cuthbert of Canterbury, who died 760. The Venerable Bede wrote about St. Cuthbert, and the other Cuthbert wrote about Bede, 200, 204, 217, 220, 224, 226, 231, 283

**Cynegils,** a Saxon prince of Dorchester who was baptized by Birnus 634, 389

**Danes,** the, 67, 113, 221, 248, 273, 280, 283, 287, 387

**Darnley,** Henry Stuart Lord (born 1545. Mysteriously murdered 1567). Son of the Earl of Lennox and Margaret Douglas, niece of Henry VIII. He was half-first cousin to Mary, Queen of Scots whom he married in 1565. One of the rarest bits of Edinburgh (to me) is a small ale-house near Holyrood with this modest sign suspended at one door, "Lord Darnley's waist-coat to be seen inside," 97, 118, 158, 162, 179

**David I,** of Scotland (died in Carlisle 1153). The son of Malcolm III, 68, 129, 151, 155, 171, 204, 250, 334

**David II,** of Scotland. Son of the Bruce. Married Joan, daughter of Edward II when she was five and he was seven, 1328. Imprisoned in the Tower from 1346 to 1357, 152, 173, 227, 228, 250

**Day of Truce** (on the Border), 74

**Dean Hanna,** 197, 460, 461

**Debatable Land.** At the peace made by Bruce the border was not clearly defined and as a consequence the dwellers of a certain area yielded allegiance to no king. Anyone could pasture anything there by day, and anyone could seize anything found pasturing there by night, 106

**Dickens,** 315, 363

**Didan,** a Saxon king living about 727. The father of St. Frideswide, 390

**Dorchester House,** the present London residence of the American ambassador, 328

**Douglas,** Archibald, fourth earl of, duke of Touraine. Surnamed "the Grim." The father-in-law of the unhappy duke of Rothsay. His arms take equal place with Albany's in the penitential aisle at St. Giles, 145, 168

**Douglas,** the "good Lord James." Commanded at Bannockburn 1314. Killed in Palestine 1330, 130

**Douglas,** James, grandnephew of the latter. Killed at Chevy Chase 1388. "Then quoth the doughty Douglas, 'I will let that hunting if I may,'" 17

**Douglas,** Marjory, duchess of Rothsay, 145, 168

**Dryburgh,** 127, 135

**Duddingston,** 161, 164, 183

**Dudley, Guildford,** 372

**Duncan,** king of Scotland. Father of Malcolm III. Murdered by Macbeth 1040, 283

**Dunfermline,** 16 miles from Edinburgh. The site of an old Abbey-Palace and the burial place of Bruce, 124, 171

**Duns**, a station on the way from Melrose to Newcastle where some trains do stop forty minutes and others don't. Going this route one has to change cars at St. Boswell's, Reston, Berwick and Alnwick, 136, 138, 140
**Dumbarton Castle**, 17
**Durham**, Chapters XV, XVII, pp. 152, 200, 240, 288
**Durham Castle**, 221, 246
**Durham Cathedral**, 223, 242, 246
**Durham Divinity School**, 247

**Ealdhun** (or Aldhun), bishop of Durham from 990 till 1018. Emphatically a "prince-bishop of the North" for when his daughter married Uchtred her dowry was made up of church lands, 221, 233, 283
**Eboracum**, the Romans pronounced B as we do V, so that their name for York simply shows the eternal southern struggle with the northern W, 277, 280, 282
**Edgar Atheling**, a Saxon prince and the last male descendant of the great Alfred. He was son of Edward (died 1057), the son of Edmund Ironside. His sisters were Margaret, queen of Malcolm III, and Christine, a nun. He died 1120, 151
**Edinburgh**, Chapters VIII, IX, XI, XII
**Edinburgh Castle**, 92, 112, 139, 149, 196
**Edmund**, king of England. Brother of Athelstane whom he succeeded Oct., 940. Granted Cumbria including Carlisle to Malcolm I, 945, 67, 217
**Edward the Confessor**, the last Saxon king (born at Islip 1004, died 1066). Married Editha, the sister of Harold and Tostig, 389
**Edward I**, of England (born 1239, died 1307). Son of Henry III and godson of Simon de Montfort whom he defeated and killed at Evesham 1265. Conquered Wales and slew Llewellyn, the last prince, 1282. Conquered Scotland and hanged Wallace 1305, 69, 151, 153, 341, 343
**Edward II** (son of the above) born at Caernavon 1284. Mysteriously murdered in Berkeley Castle 1327). Brought to Kenilworth Castle Dec. 1326, deposed Jan. 21, 1327. Taken away April 5, 151, 153, 319, 338, 344, 345, 347
**Edward III** (son of the above), born 1312, died 1377, married Philippa of Hainault in the cathedral of York. Succeeded by his grandson Richard II, 153, 228, 231, 285, 319
**Edward IV**, king of England (born 1441, died 1483), son of Richard, duke of York and Cicely Neville, descended from Edward III through the latter's third son Lionel. Victorious over the Lancastrians in the Wars of the Roses and proclaimed king 1461, 249, 276
**Edward V** (born 1470. Murdered in the Tower June, 1483). Son of the latter. He was the elder of "the little

princes in the Tower," 249, 366, 367
**Edward VI** (born 1537, died 1553). Son of Henry VIII. It was to enforce the treaty as to the marriage of this prince with Mary, Queen of Scots, that his uncle, Edward Seymour, earl of Hertford, invaded Scotland 1547,
**Edward VII**, of England and I of Scotland. Visited Abingdon upon the day mentioned, 109, 329, 455
**Edwin**, earl of Northumberland, brother of Morcar, 273
**Edwin**, king of Northumbria. Son of Ella whom he succeeded 617. Defeated and slain by Penda of Mercia 633. His head was interred at York, 92, 107, 283
**Eildon Hills**. Split into three in one night by the Devil, then working under the direction of Michael Scott, 139
**Elizabeth**, queen of England (born 1533, died 1603). Imprisoned in the Tower 1554 and later at Woodstock. Her famous visit to Kenilworth began July 9, 1575, and lasted nineteen days, 70, 74, 90, 335, 348, 352, 369, 389, 430
**Elsfield**, 439
**Essex**, Robert Devereux, earl of (born 1567, beheaded in the Tower 1601). Stepson to Leicester, 373
**Ethelred the Unready**, king of England (died 1016). Father of Edmund Ironside, 221
**Ethelwine**, the last Saxon bishop of Durham, 223
**Evesham**, fought Aug. 4, 1265, 314, 319, 343
**Exeter**, Henry Holland, duke of, 275
**Eyemouth**, 136
**Eynsham**, near Oxford, 433, 434

**"Fair Maid of Kent,"** Joan Plantagenet, daughter of Edmund, earl of Kent, 286
**"Fair Maid of Perth,"** a novel of Walter Scott's which tells the story of the unhappy duke of Rothsay, his father, Robert III, his father-in-law, the Douglas, and his uncle, the duke of Albany, 168, 172
**Fair Rosamond**, the love of Henry II, 284
**Falkirk**, a battlefield twenty-five miles east of Edinburgh. Edward I routed Wallace here in 1298 and Charles Stuart did the same by the English 1745, 124
**Falkland**, 168
**Farne**, 200
**Fast Castle**, a ruin situate upon the sea-coast about midway between the railway-stations of Eyemouth and Cocksburnpath. What the English call a "jolly long walk," 17, 135, 137, 140
**Fawkes**, Guy, 434
**Fergus MacIvor**, 66
**Field of the Cloth of Gold**, 99
**Flambard**, Ralph (died 1128), bishop of Durham and lord-chancellor under William Rufus, 226
**Fleet Street**, 363
**Flodden**, a battlefield lying a few miles southeast of Melrose. Here the earl of Surrey destroyed the Scottish army and

killed the king, James IV, Sept. 9, 1513, 96, 101, 128, 228, 230
**Forth,** that great inlet of the North Sea which once formed the northern boundary of the kingdom of Strath Clyde, later of the Norman Conquest, later yet of Northumbria, and is now the waterway of Edinburgh, 92, 112, 161
**Foster,** Anthony (of Cumnor), 428
**Framwellgate Bridge,** of Durham, 219
**Franciscan Friars,** Coming of the, 313
**Freeman,** Mr., 225, 246
**Friars Minor,** York, 275, 288
**Frideswide,** St., a Saxon princess who to escape the importunities of her suitor Alfgar, became a nun. To make assurance doubly sure heaven also struck Alfgar blind. The lesson was such that no king until the time of Henry VIII even dared approach her shrine, 390, 391

**Galashiels,** 126
**Galilee,** the (Durham Cathedral), 224, 229, 233
**Gaveston,** Piers (beheaded 1312). A favorite of Edward II, 314, 344, 461
**Geoffrey,** younger son of Henry II and Fair Rosamond. His half-brother, Richard I, made him archbishop of York in obedience to their father's dying wish (it is said), 284
**Girth Cross,** Edinburgh, 155
**Gladstone,** William Ewart. The great English prime-minister was member for Midlothian, 148
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**Grosstête,** Robert, made bishop of Lincoln 1235, 313, 333, 341
**Guy's Cliffe,** 314
**"Guy of Warwick."** The old legend, 334

**Hanna,** Dean, 197, 314, 460, 461
**"Harold the Dauntless,"** a poem of Walter Scott's having its scene laid partly in Durham during the era of the Danish invasions, 218, 247
**Harold Hardrada,** 275
**Harold Harefoot,** a Danish king of England who died at Oxford March, 1040, 388
**Harold,** king of England. Son of Godwin, earl of Kent. Married the sister of Edwin, earl of Mercia. Fell at Senlac Oct. 14, 1066. His death ended the struggle of the Saxons against the Northmen in defeat, 274, 275
**Harvard House,** Stratford-on-Avon, 302
**Harvard,** John, 302
**Harvard College** (U. S. A.), 406, 407
**Hathaway,** Anne. The wife of William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon, 308, 384
**"Heart of Midlothian,"** a novel of Walter Scott's dealing with the Porteous Riots in old Edinburgh, 116, 144, 148, 233

**Henrietta Maria,** queen of Charles I (born 1609, died 1669). Lived in Oxford through the autumn and winter of 1643-4, 389, 390, 455
**Henry I,** king of England (born 1068, died 1135). Son of the Conquerer, 226
**Henry II** (born 1133, died 1189). Grandson of the above. In his day London was a fortress and much of the court life centered in Oxford and Woodstock, 69
**Henry III** (born 1206, died 1272). Grandson of the above. Son of King John, brother-in-law of Simon de Montfort, and father of Edward I, 225, 285, 319, 338, 344, 346
**Henry IV** (born at Bolingbroke 1366, died 1413). Grandson of Edward III. Deposed and succeeded his cousin Richard II, 153, 156, 348
**Henry V,** 231
**Henry VI** (born 1421, died mysteriously in the Tower 1471), 117, 275, 367
**Henry VII,** earl of Richmond. Acclaimed king on Bosworth Field, Aug. 21, 1425
**Henry VIII,** 64, 69, 96, 366, 371, 430
**Heriot,** George (born 1563, died 1624), of Edinburgh, 119, 149
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"**Hie Gait,**" the (Edinburgh), 143
**High Street,** same as above, 89, 93, 143, 153, 155
**High Street,** Oxford, 407, 408
**Hildesheim,** Germany, 154
**Holland,** John. Earl of Huntingdon and later duke of Exeter. Son of Sir Thomas Holland and half-brother of Richard II. Married Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of John of Gaunt, 286
**Holland,** John (born 1395, died 1447), duke of Exeter. Son of the latter and father of Henry, the Exeter who rode to York to warn the king and queen after Towton, 275
**Holland,** Thomas. Earl of Kent. The second son of Sir Thomas Holland (died 1361) and Joan Plantagenet, heiress of Kent
**Holyrood,** an ancient abbey of Edinburgh; later a royal palace, 92, 96, 115, 151, 154, 162
**Horse Wynd,** Edinburgh, 154
**Hotspur,** the name by which Sir Henry Percy was popularly known. He was the son of Henry, the first Percy earl of Northumberland. Killed at Shrewsbury 1403. The second earl was his son, 285
**Hugh de Puiset,** bishop of Durham (1153–95), 223, 224
**Hyde Park,** London, 327

**Iffley,** near Oxford, 413
**Isabelle,** queen of Edward II. It was while residing in the Tower of London that she made the acquaintance of Roger Mortimer, then a prisoner there, 151
**Islip,** near Oxford, 389, 434
**Isurium** (Aldborough), 277

**James I,** of Scotland (born 1394, assassinated 1437). The younger son of Robert III and brother of the unfortunate

Rothsay. Captive in the Tower from 1405 to 1424, where he met Joanna Beaufort, granddaughter of John of Gaunt, whom he married. (One solitary pleasant happening in the Tower), 101, 117
**James II,** son of the latter (born 1430, killed at Roxburgh, Aug., 1460), 101
**James III,** son of the latter (born 1453, murdered after Sauchieburn, June, 1488). The king who imprisoned his brother Albany in Edinburgh Castle, and his brother Mar at Craigmillar, 101, 177
**James IV,** son of the latter (killed at Flodden Sept. 9, 1513), 96, 101, 157, 180, 228, 230
**James V,** son of the latter (born 1512, died 1542). Called "the Commons' King." Died of a broken heart after the defeat of Solway Moss, 101
**James VI** (of Scotland and I of England). Grandson of the latter (born in Edinburgh Castle June, 1566, died 1625), 70, 90, 118, 119, 152, 158
**James VII,** and II (born 1633, died 1701). The last Stuart king, 96, 157, 370
**Jane Grey,** Lady (born 1537, died 1554). Daughter of Henry Grey, marquis of Dorset and Frances Brandon, granddaughter of Henry VII. Beheaded in the Tower Feb., 1554, 366, 369, 371, 373
**Jarrow,** 221, 225
**Jedburgh,** 128, 135, 206
**Jenny Geddes,** 90, 102, 149, 208, 265, 295, 460, 461
**Jenny Geddes'** Stool is what we would call a camp stool and was popular with churchgoers in the days before there were pews. The stool was thrown July 23, 1637, 146, 197, 200, 265, 326, 358, 388
**Joan,** queen of Alexander II of Scotland, 284
**John,** king of England (born at Beau Monte Palace in Oxford, 1166, died 1216), 284, 319, 338, 349
**John of Gaunt,** fourth son of Edward III (born in Ghent 1340, died 1399). Feudal lord of one third of England, and ancestor of every monarch that that country or Scotland has had since, 156, 319, 340, 346, 349

**Kelso,** 206
**Kenilworth,** Chapters XXI, XXIII
**"Kenilworth,"** 310, 347, 428
**Kent,** Edmund Plantagenet, earl of (born 1301, beheaded 1330). Son of Edward I
**Kent,** Joan, called "the Fair Maid of" (born 1326, died July, 1385), daughter of the above. Betrothed to that earl of Salisbury who gave the name to Salisbury Crags near Edinburgh. Married first Sir Thomas Holland, and second the Black Prince Oct., 1361, 286
**Kenulph,** the Saxon thane who gave its name to Kenilworth Castle, 337
**Kidsty Pike,** 39
**Killiecrankie,** a battle fought

June, 1689, between the army of William III and the Jacobites. Here fell Claverhouse victorious, 152

**Kinmont Willie**, 74, 75

**Kirk o' Field**, was in 1567 the ruined and roofless church of St. Mary's-in-the-Fields, situated at the north-west corner of where the college stands now. The town wall ran at the foot of the slope and to the south-east of the church was an abandoned quadrangular building which had belonged to the Dominican Monks. The explosion wrecked one side of the building only. The bodies of Darnley and his page were found outside the town wall, 99, 179

**Knox**, John (born 1505, died 1572). Chaplain to Edward VI, 1551. Friend of Cranmer. Tried for and acquitted of treason in Scotland 1563, 94, 97, 101, 126, 145, 154, 197

**Lammermoor or Lammermuir**, a range of hills in Midlothian, 162, 206

"**Lammermoor**, The Bride of." A novel by Walter Scott taking its name from the locality where the author located the fictitious estate of Sir William Ashton, the heroine's father, 17

"**Lady of the Lake**," a poem by Walter Scott, 17, 100, 103

**Lancaster**, 37, 63

**Lancaster**, the House of,

Edmund, the first earl was a son of Henry III (died 1296), 344

Thomas (his son), the second earl, beheaded for treason 1322, 344

Henry (his brother), third earl. Brought Edward II to Kenilworth, his own castle, 344

Henry (his son), duke of Lancaster. Had one surviving daughter Blanche, who was heiress of Lancaster, Derby, Lincoln and Leicester. She married John of Gaunt, son of Edward III and Henry IV was their son, 345, 346

**Lancaster**, "John of Gaunt, time honoured" fourth son of Edward III. By his third wife Catharine Swynford he had that history-making family, the Beauforts, 156, 319, 340, 346, 349

John Beaufort, duke of Somerset, married Margaret Holland, niece of Richard II and had a son whose daughter was mother of Henry VII. John Beaufort also had a daughter Joan who married James I of Scotland

Henry, became Cardinal Beaufort

Thomas

Joan, married Ralph, Lord Neville and became grandmother to Edward IV and Richard III

**Lanercost Priory**, 78

**Langley**, Thomas de, bishop of Durham from 1406 to 1437. Later cardinal, 233

"**Last of the Barons**," Bulwer-

Lytton's historical romance of the Wars of the Roses, 310
**Latimer,** Hugh, bishop of Worcester (born 1472. Burned at Oxford 1555). Chaplain to Anne Boleyn. Imprisoned in the Tower from 1539 to 1547, 413
**Leeman,** 258, 295, 399
**"Legend of Montrose,"** a romance of Scott's dealing with that period at which Montrose and Argyle were leading the opposing factions on the battlefield in Scotland, 463
**Leicester,** Robert Dudley, earl of (born 1532, died 1588). Son of John Dudley, duke of Northumberland, and husband of Amy Robsart, 340, 348, 354, 369, 431
**Leith,** 114
**Lesley,** David (created Lord Newark at the Restoration). A Scottish general. Served under Gustavus Adolphus. Against Charles I (with Cromwell) at Marston Moor 1644. Besieged and took Carlisle and York. Defeated Montrose at Philiphaugh 1650. Defeated by Cromwell at Dunbar. Made prisoner at Worcester 1551 and confined in the Tower of London until 1660. He died in 1682, 64, 70, 116
**Lincoln,** Chapters XX, XXI
It was at Lincoln that John of Gaunt and Catharine Swynford were married January, 1396. Their son Henry was bishop of Lincoln before he became a cardinal
**Lincoln Cathedral,** 297
**Lindisfarne,** 200, 281
**Little Princes in the Tower,** Edward V and his brother Richard, 366, 367, 370
**Liverpool,** Chapters IV, V
**Llewellyn,** prince of Wales. Killed 1280, 342, 344
**Lochleven,** 180
**London,** Chapters XXII, XXIV, 18, 20, 36, 40, 50, 78, 156, 322 *et al.*, 356
**Lovell,** Francis, lord, governor of Wallingford Castle 1483, 432
**Luckenbooths,** the "locked" booths, at Edinburgh, 148
**"Luck of Eden Hall,"** a well-known poem by Longfellow, 39
**Ludgate,** 363
**Lugubalia,** meaning "city of Luel," and pronounced (probably) as if spelt "Liabalia," 53
**Lunn's Tower,** at Kenilworth, 338, 350

**Macbeth,** 283
**Magdalen College,** Oxford (pronounced "Maudlin"). The most beautiful of the beauties of Oxford. Founded by William of Waynflete (lord chancellor) in 1457. Cardinal Wolsey was Master there while the tower was building, 391, 407, 414, 454, 459
**Malcolm I,** that king of Scotland who acquired Cumbria, thus making Carlisle a Scotch city 67, 233
**Malcolm III,** son of Duncan. With the help of Siward, the great Danish earl of Northumberland, he recovered the Scottish throne in 1057. Gave refuge to Edgar Atheling and

married his sister Margaret. Killed at Alnwick 1093, 200

**Malcolm IV**, grandson of the above. Made peace with Henry II by ceding Northumberland (died 1165)

**Mar**, Earl of, third son of James II. Died mysteriously 1477, 177

**Margaret**, Saint. Queen of Malcolm III (died 1093). Heiress of the Saxon right to England's throne. This right was referred to at the coronation of James VI. She was the sister of Edgar Atheling and the mother of St. David, 69, 151, 200, 226

**Margaret** (of Anjou), queen of Henry VI, 117, 249, 275, 334

**Margaret**, queen of Alexander III. Daughter of Henry III of England. Died 1273 aged thirty-three years, having been married twenty-two of them, 285

**Margaret**, queen of James IV. Daughter of Henry VII of England. After the death of James, she married the earl of Angus 1514. Mary, Queen of Scots and Darnley were both her grandchildren, 96, 180, 230

**Marisco**, Adam de. The successor of Grosstête as teacher of the Franciscan Order in Oxford, 341

"**Marmion**," the hero of Scott's poem of the same name, 124, 130, 161, 211

**Marston**, near Oxford, 28, 234, 439, 442

**Marston Moor**, a battlefield six miles from York where Cromwell and Lesley defeated Charles I 1644

**Mary**, queen of England, called "Bloody," 366, 371

**Mary**, queen of Scots (born 1542, beheaded 1587). Crowned queen at the age of ten months. Married the French dauphin 1558. Widowed 1560. Returned to Scotland 1561. Married Darnley 1565. Her only child, James VI, born 1566. Darnley murdered Feb., 1567. Married Bothwell in May. Prisoner at Lochleven in June. Escaped May, 1568. She was only twenty-six years old when she fled to England to be imprisoned there for the rest of her life, 69, 73, 94, 97, 101, 114, 162, 166, 180

**Matilda**, queen of England (born 1102, died 1167). Married Geoffrey Plantagenet, and became the mother of Henry II, 69, 200

**Maudlyn**, Richard. A handsome prebend of York, who was chaplain to Richard II, and bore him such a striking resemblance that he was used to head the rebellion against Henry IV, 285

**Melrose**, a ruined abbey of Scotland, Chapters X, XIV, 82, 100, 128, 139, 359

**Merton College**, called the oldest foundation in Oxford (1264), 411, 453, 455

**Mews**, the Royal. Edinburgh (Mews has come to mean stables), 116

**Micklegate Bar**, York, 259

**Middleham Castle**, where Warwick held Edward IV prisoner, 249

**Midlothian**, 233
**Minster Lovell**, 431, 432, 460
**Mons Meg**, a famous Scottish cannon forged 1455. Fired in honor of the marriage of Mary, Queen of Scots to the dauphin, 1558. Removed to the Tower of London 1745. Restored 1829, 153
**Montfort**, Simon de, earl of Leicester. Gascon by birth he became identified with England through his marriage on Jan. 7, 1238, to Eleanor, the sister of Henry III. He was the leader of the barons in the war and victorious until Evesham where he was defeated and slain, 313, 319 *et al.*, 333, 338, 341, 344, 348
**Montrose**, James Grahame, marquis of (born 1612, beheaded 1650). A distinguished Scottish general on the royalist side. An exile in Germany he returned in 1650 to head the movement in favor of the young Charles II. Surprised and defeated by the Covenanters under Lesley at Philiphaugh 1650; was betrayed into the enemy's hands, carried to Edinburgh, and executed at the Town Cross in May, 1650, 90, 93, 101, 116, 126, 145, 147, 463
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**Moray House**, in the Canongate of Edinburgh. Here took place the wedding of Lady Mary Stuart and the son of the marquis of Argyle upon the day of Montrose's execution. Cromwell was lodged in the same house the same year, 94
**Moray**, James Stuart, earl of, a son of James V. Regent 1567. At the trial of his half-sister Mary, Queen of Scots, he appeared against her. Assassinated Jan., 1570, 94, 157
**Morcar and Edwin**, earls of Northumbria and Mercia. Brothers-in-law to Harold. By their indifference they really gave over England to William, 273, 274
**Mortimer**, the House of,
Lord Roger Mortimer of Chirk died in the Tower in 1322
Roger (his nephew) was created earl of, March, 1326 and was the first to suffer death at Tyburn
Edmund Mortimer, 3d earl, married Philippa, daughter and heiress of Lionel, third son of Edward III
Roger (their son) was heir to the throne in the lifetime of Richard II (died 1398). He left four children: Edward, the 5th earl; Edmund; Elizabeth who married the famous "Hotspur"; and Anne, who, outliving her brothers and marrying Richard, earl of Cambridge son of the duke of York, transmitted a double claim upon the throne to her grandson Edward IV
**Mortimer's Tower**, of Kenilworth. Took its name probably from Mortimer who took

part in a tournament there in the time of Edward I (1279), 349, 353

**Morton,** James Douglas, earl of (born 1530, beheaded 1581). One of Darnley's accomplices in Rizzio's murder. He was a first cousin of Darnley and refused to join the plot against him, but was tried and executed for the crime fourteen years after, 118

**Mound,** the, Edinburgh, 102, 119, 143

**Mungo Park,** a distinguished Scotch explorer, 125

**Muschat's Cairn,** near Edinburgh, 159

**Napoleon** (the monument is of course Nelson's in Trafalgar Square), 331

**Naseby,** the last and crushing defeat of Charles I. Fought June 14, 1645, 70

**Nelson Monument,** Edinburgh, 114

**Nelson Monument,** London, 331

**Netherbow Port,** no longer in existence, 154

**Neville,** the House of, 227, 228

Ralph, 6th Lord, was made earl of Westmoreland upon his marriage with the daughter of John of Gaunt. Their daughter Cicely married Richard, duke of York, 276

Richard (son of the above), married the heiress of Salisbury and became earl of Salisbury. Beheaded after Wakefield 1460. One of his sons was Lord Montague, slain at Barnet. Another was George, archbishop of York. The most famous was Warwick, "the kingmaker," 276, 284

**Neville,** Anne, queen of Richard III, 249, 284

**Neville's Cross,** the battle where David II was defeated and captured 1346, 152, 227, 228, 230, 250

**Newcastle-on-the-Tyne,** came near being Manchester as its Saxon name was Monk Ceaster on account of their numbers there, 140, 216

**New College,** Oxford, founded by William de Wykeham (1379), 391, 400 *et al.*

**Normans,** the, 113, 223, 230, 275

**Northallerton,** 250

**Northumberland,** Henry Percy, 4th Lord Percy, 1st earl of (born 1342, killed at Braham Moor 1408). Married Margaret, daughter of Ralph, Lord Neville of Raby. He was the father of Hotspur; grandfather of the 2d earl, who fell at St. Albans 1455; and great-grandfather of the earl who was carried into York to die after Towton, 1460), 285

**Northumberland,** John Dudley, duke of (born 1502, beheaded on Tower Hill 1553). He was a son of the notorious Dudley who was executed for treason 1510. He died under the same charge himself. Guildford Dudley, Ambrose, the "good earl" of Warwick, and Leicester were his sons, 371

**Northumbria,** originally a separate kingdom Northumbria be-

came later a portion of the English heptarchy. On account of its mixed population and contingency to Scotland it was always a veritable hot-bed of rebellion and insurrection. In 994 it was ruled by Waltheof of Bernicia. His son Uchtred married the daughter of Bishop Ealdhun of Durham. Their son Ealdred had one daughter who married the Dane Siward and he became earl in consequence. Siward died in 1055 leaving a son, Waltheof, to succeed him. Then a curious state of affairs arose. Harold gave the earldom to his brother Tostig, and Tostig rebelling against him, to his brother-in-law, Morcar; William the Conqueror made Robert Comyn earl; a descendant of Uchtred named Gospatric bore the title; so that Northumbria had five masters almost at once, 217, 221, 228

**Nuneham,** near Oxford, 413

**Oseney,** or Osney, once a great abbey of Oxford, 427

**Oswald** (St.), a king of Northumbria. Killed in battle with the Mercians 642, 283

**Otterburne,** or Chevy Chase. Fought 1388, 17

**Oxford** (spelt "Asquesuffort" in one place by Froissart), Chapters I, III, XXVI, XXVII, XXVIII, XXIX, XXX, XXXI

**Paddington Station,** Uncle John, on quitting Paddington, drives down to Bayswater Road and on to Marble Arch, through Park Lane, Green Park, past Buckingham Palace, St. James's St. to Victoria, past Westminster Abbey, Westminster Hall, with view of Parliament Buildings (which he takes to be the Hall) behind, up Whitehall to Trafalgar Square, and thence along the Strand to the Cecil, 322

**Paris,** 112, 283, 382, 384, 417, 426

**Park,** Mungo, 125

**Pembroke,** William Marshall, earl of. The first husband of Eleanor, later countess of Montfort, 338

**Penrith,** 39

**Perth,** the capital of Scotland until 1437, 101, 124

**Picts,** The, 107, 274

**Philiphaugh,** fought May 18, 1650, 96, 116, 126

**Philippa,** queen of Edward III, 228, 231, 285

**Phillips,** Mrs., 440, 441

**Phœnix Park,** 327, 400

**Preston,** Sir John (of Craigmillar). Prisoner with David II in the Tower of London 1346, 173, 228

**Preston,** Sir Simon. Obtained from Robert II charter to the lands of Cragmelor in 1374

**Preston,** Sir Simon. Lord-provost of Edinburgh. It was in his house that Queen Mary was lodged in 1567, 180

**Prince's Dock,** Liverpool, 21, 34

**Prince-Consort,** Albert Edward (born 1819, died 1861), 373

**Puiset,** Hugh de. Bishop of

Durham from 1153 to 1195, 223, 224

**Queen's Park,** Edinburgh, 158

**Raby Castle,** near Durham, 249
**Raby,** The Rose of. Cicely Neville, married Richard, duke of York, 249, 276
**Raleigh,** Sir Walter (born 1552, beheaded October, 1618). From 1603 to 1615 he was imprisoned in the Tower where he wrote his "History of the World," 352
**Red Rose,** The. The insignia of the House of Lancaster, 334
**Red Tower,** The. York, 263, 264
**Reformation,** The, 118, 144, 153, 156, 227, 230
**Regalia,** The (crown, scepter, etc.), 139, 153
**Regent,** The. James Moray, half-brother to Mary, Queen of Scots, 94, 157
**Reston,** 136, 138, 140
**Restoration,** The (1660), 116
**Rewley Abbey,** Oxford. Founded for the Cistercian Brotherhood by Richard, earl of Cornwall in 1280. It stretched to the right of Hythe Bridge St., where the tracks are now, 427
**Richard I** (born in Beau Monte Palace at Oxford 1157, died 1199), 287
**Richard II** (born 1366. Murdered at Pontefract), son of the Black Prince, 89, 153, 156, 231, 285, 286
**Richard III** (born 1452, slain at Bosworth Aug. 21, 1485). Married Anne Neville, daughter of Warwick, 39, 249, 284, 368, 432
**Ridley,** Nicholas, bishop of Rochester, chaplain to Henry VIII. Imprisoned in the Tower 1553. Burnt at the stake at Oxford Oct. 16, 1555, 395, 413
**Riley,** James Whitcomb, 264
**Rizzio,** David (born 1540, assassinated March 9, 1566. The Holyrood guide-book says Feb. 13), secretary to Mary, Queen of Scots, 82, 97, 170, 172, 308
**Robsart,** Amy. Married to Leicester in 1550. Died at Cumnor Hall in 1560. Buried in St. Mary's Church at Oxford Sept. 22, 1560, 346, 354, 428
**Robert I,** of Scotland. The Bruce, 69, 92, 152, 156
**Robert II,** first Scotch king of the house of Stuart. He was grandson of Robert Bruce and regent during the captivity of David II. Became king 1371 and died 1390
**Robert III,** son of the latter (born 1340, died 1406). Father of the duke of Rothsay and James I, 117, 172
**Romans,** The, 54, 67, 107, 199, 272, 294
**Roman Wall,** The, 37, 57, 67, 76, 107, 258, 274, 278
**Rosamond,** Fair. Rosamond Clifford. Believed to have been married privately (and illegally) by Henry II. William Longespée earl of Salisbury and Geoffrey archbishop of York were her sons. She became a nun soon after the birth

of her second son and died at Godstow 1174, 284
**Roslyn,** 162
**Rothsay,** David Stuart, duke of, son of Robert III of Scotland. Starved to death in Falkland Castle March 27, 1402, 117, 145, 168, 172
**Rotterdam-off-der-Tiber** (Uncle John means Rothenburg auf der Tauber), 454
**Roxburgh Castle,** 101, 128
**Ruthven,** lord of Gowrie. One of Rizzio's murderers. Died shortly after, 97

**St. Abb's Head,** 136
**St. Albans,** the first battle of the Wars of the Roses. Fought May 23, 1455,
**St. Andrews,** an ancient town some fifty miles north of Edinburgh and the seat of the Scotch primacy. As a place of execution for distinguished criminals it rivaled the Tower of London. Witness Appendix, 147, 463
**St. Anthony's Well,** Edinburgh, 159
**St. Boswell's,** 136, 137
**St. Frideswide's,** 390, 391
**St. George's Hall,** Liverpool, 32, 33
**St. Giles' Cathedral,** Edinburgh, 89, 116, 144, 148, 460, 462
**St. Helena,** a Saxon princess, mother of Constantine the Great, 276
**St. John's Chapel,** 368
**St. John's College,** Oxford. Occupies the site of an older foundation, that of the Cistercian College of St. Bernard, 394
**St. Leonard's,** York, 278
**St. Margaret's Chapel** in Edinburgh Castle, 149, 226
**St. Mary's,** Oxford, 408
**St. Mary Magdalen,** Oxford, 396
**St. Mary's** at Warwick, 379
**St. Mary's,** York, 259, 280, 282
**St. Mary's Junior,** York, 259
**St. Olaf's,** York, 280
**St. Ouen's,** Rouen, 209
**St. Paul's,** London, 364
**St. Wilfrida's Crypt,** 199
**Salisbury,** Margaret Plantagenet, by courtesy countess of. Married Sir Richard de la Pole. Mother of Cardinal Pole. Beheaded "within the Tower," May 27, 1541, 373, 374
**Salisbury,** Richard Neville, earl of (beheaded after Wakefield, Dec., 1460). His son Richard married Anne Beauchamp, and his daughter Cicely married Henry Beauchamp, duke of Warwick. As the latter died childless, his sister Anne became his heiress, and her husband, Richard Neville, took the title of earl of Warwick, 276
**Salisbury,** William Montacute, earl of. In his youth betrothed to Joan, the "Fair Maid of Kent." Married to Catharine de Grandison, the lady who is popularly supposed responsible for the Order of the Garter. Salisbury Crags near Edinburgh take their name from his presence there during a Scotch campaign. He was killed in a tournament in Windsor 1358, 160
**Salisbury Crags,** 113, 160

**Savoy.** A part of London which took its name from Peter of Savoy, uncle to Henry III's queen Eleanor. Peter built a palace on the site of the present hotel and theatre which the queen, his niece, afterwards purchased for her son Edmund, earl of Lancaster. It descended thus to John of Gaunt who rebuilt and vastly beautified the place. It was destroyed by the mob in a riot caused by the duke's unpopularity, 156

**Sauchieburn,** battle fought, 101

**Saxons,** The, 15, 113, 221, 225, 273, 282, 283, 433

**Saxon Mill,** Kenilworth, 315

**Scott,** Sir Michael (died 1290). Regarded as a magician and figures in numerous legends. His tomb is in Melrose Abbey and the Eildon Hills which he is popularly supposed to have split in three are comfortably visible from the train coming from or going to Berwick, 130, 211

**Scott,** Sir Walter (born in Edinburgh, Aug. 15, 1771, died at Abbotsford, Sept. 21, 1832). Married at Carlisle, and buried in Dryburgh Abbey, 17, 64, 73, 82, 88, 100, 125, 129, 153, 196, 206, 211, 218, 334, 346, 395, 429, 459

**Scrope,** Lord. English warden 1596, 74

**Scrope,** Archbishop of York. Famous as a leader in the rebellion against Henry IV, 1405. Betrayed into the hands of the king's officers by Ralph Neville, earl of Westmoreland, he was beheaded without trial in a field near Clementhrope June 8, 1405. He is buried in the cathedral at York, 285

**Severus,** 276

**Shakespeare,** Chapters XX, XXV

**Shap,** 459

**Sherborne Castle,** the scene of one of the pageants, and from 1277 to 1281 the prison of Amaury, the youngest son of Simon de Montfort. It was the country seat of Sir Walter Raleigh, 314, 344

**Shottery,** 378, 381

**Siward,** the great Danish earl of Northumberland (died 1055 at York). Gave refuge to the sons of Duncan after their father's murder by Macbeth, 233, 278, 283

**Skeldergate Bridge,** York, 267

**Solway,** Solway Firth is that large inlet from the Irish Channel which lies north-east of Carlisle, 67, 106

**Solway Moss,** the last battle of James V, fought near Gretna Green, just north of Carlisle 1542

**Somerset,** Henry Beaufort, duke of. Great-grandson of John of Gaunt. Beheaded after Hexham, 1464, 275

**Somerset,** Edward Seymour, duke of. While earl of Hertford he invaded Scotland and caused wide-spread desolation 1544. In 1547 he became Protector. His brother, Thomas, Lord Admiral and married to the widow of Henry VIII,

conspired against him, and was executed 1549. A little later Dudley (soon to become duke of Northumberland) procured his downfall, and he was sent to the Tower and beheaded 1552. One of his sons married Catharine, the sister of Lady Jane Grey, 153, 156

**Stamford Bridge** (1066). A battlefield near York, 275

**Standard,** Battle of the. Fought three miles from Northallerton 1138. Here David I was defeated by Stephen, 250

**Stanwix,** 75, 78

**Stenhouse,** Mrs., 173

**Stephen,** king of England (born 1105, died 1154). He was a grandson of William the Conqueror and his wife was a granddaughter of St. Margaret, 68, 151, 224, 311

**Stoke,** Battle of, 432

**Strand,** The. London, 362

**Stratford-on-Avon,** Chapters XX, XXV, pp. 300 *et al.*

**Stuart,** Lord Robert. Abbot of St. Cross. Half-brother of Mary, Queen of Scots. Present at Rizzio's murder, 97

**Surrey,** Thomas Howard, earl of. Victorious at Flodden 1513, he was rewarded by the restoration of the title of duke of Norfolk which his father who died with Richard III at Bosworth (1483) had forfeited. His son was that duke of Norfolk whose life was saved by the death of Henry VIII. His grandson Surrey, and his great-grandson, the fourth duke, both died in the Tower, 228, 230

**Templar,** The Knights. A great military and religious Order, whose houses called "Temples" still stand in many places in Europe, 362

**Temple,** The. When the above Order was abolished in England (1313) Edward II presented the London house to Aymer de Valence who later leased it to the law-students, 362

**Thames,** The, 331

**"The Last of the Barons,"** Bulwer-Lytton's great historical romance dealing with the Wars of the Roses, 310

**Thomas à Becket** (St.), 18

**Tolbooth,** The. Edinburgh, 148

**Toot Baldon,** named after Tota, bishop of Dorchester, 787, 457

**Tostig,** earl of Northumberland. The brother of Harold. Slain at Stamford Bridge Sept., 1066, 275

**Tower of London,** The. A double enceinte of towers with the White Tower, built by the Conqueror in the center. Those generally visited are, *the* Tower, and the smaller ones called Bloody, Beauchamp, Wakefield, Mortimer. The Tower was at once a prison and a royal residence for some centuries. Among its thousands of inmates the following are mentioned in these pages: Wallace; *David* II; *James* I; the two Mortimers, uncle and nephew; Sir *John Preston;* the duke of Clarence; Edward V and his little brother; Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley; Anne Boleyn; Catharine Howard;

Jane Grey, her husband Guildford Dudley and his father the duke of Northumberland; *Elizabeth;* Clarence's son and daughter, the earl of Warwick and countess of Salisbury; Hertford; Sir Walter Raleigh; Essex; Henry VI; *Lesley*, the Scottish general; and *Mons Meg*.

Those whose names are italicized went free in the end. Chapter XXIV, pp. 18, 173, 323, 360 *et al.*, 398, 403

**Town Cross,** the old "Mercat (Market) Cross" of Edinburgh. Here were executed the murderers of James I, the earl of Morton, the two Argyles, Montrose, etc., 93, 116, 145, 148, 179, 463

**Towton,** the battle of Towton was fought in a blinding snowstorm on Palm Sunday (March 28), 1461. The Yorkists were victorious, 117, 275, 285

**Traitors' Gate,** London, 324, 365

**Trinity College,** Oxford. Founded 1555 (the year Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley were burned) on the site of Durham College which had been established toward the end of the Thirteenth Century for the students from the Benedictine monastery at Durham, 397

**Tron Church,** takes its name from the "tron" or town scale, 93

**Turgot,** from 1087 to 1109 prior of Durham. Father confessor to St. Margaret. Bishop of St. Andrews and primate of Scotland 1107 (died 1115), 226

**Turner,** 112

**Tyne,** The river, 67, 247

**Uchtred,** jarl of Northumberland, 221, 283

**Victoria,** 367, 373

**Wakefield,** a battle fought Dec., 1460. The Red Rose triumphed and the duke of York and earl of Salisbury were beheaded by order of Margaret of Anjou. "Let York overlook the town of York." The duke of York's head remained upon the walls until the next March, when his son Edward and Salisbury's son Warwick, defeated the Lancastrians, and took down their fathers' heads, 367

**Wakefield Tower,** London, 366

**Wallace,** Sir William (born 1270, executed on Tower Hill Aug. 23, 1305). He was in Carlisle twice, first as a victor, and the second time a prisoner of Edward I. There is an arch in the castle gateway which tradition points out as that beneath which he passed the night manacled in his cart, 69, 124, 161, 375

**Wallingford,** an ancient town near Reading, 461

**Waltheof,** son of Siward, 283

**Warkworth Castle,** 199

**Warwick,** 318, 350, 379, 431

**Warwick,** Guy, earl of. There is a book of this name which relates how, upon the downfall of Mercia the hero's father quitted Northumberland and

came to Warwick, where in due course of time his son married the earl's daughter Phaelice, more commonly spelled Phillis. In after life Guy became a hermit and lived and died in the cave still called by his name at Guy's Cliffe (929), 334

**Warwick,** Guy de Beauchamp, earl of. Fought at Falkirk. Called "the wild boar of Arden" by the facetious Gaveston. One of the four barons who beheaded Gaveston on Blacklow Hill near Kenilworth, 461

**Warwick,** Richard Neville, earl of (born 1420, slain at Barnet 1471). "The last of the barons." Son of the earl of Salisbury and father of Isabelle, duchess of Clarence, and Anne, later queen to Richard III, 249, 276, 284

**Warwick,** Edward Plantagenet, earl of (born 1475, beheaded in the Tower 1499). Grandson of the latter. He was imprisoned in the Tower in his eleventh year,

**Waterloo Monument,** Edinburgh, 93, 114

**"Waverley."** That one of Scott's romances which deals with Prince Charlie and the events of 1745, 66, 73

**Waverley Station,** Edinburgh, 88, 121, 132, 192

**Wear,** The river, 229, 247

**Wearmouth,** 225

**Westminster Abbey** 18, 158, 225, 331, 368

**Westminster Hall,** 331

**Wetheral,** 78

**Wharfe,** The. At York, 287

**White Rose,** the badge of the house of York, 334

**William of Deloraine,** a character in Scott's poem of "Marmion," 130, 211

**William of St. Carilef,** bishop of Durham from 1081 to 1096, 225, 226

**William the Conqueror** (born 1025, died 1087), 151, 221, 223, 276, 284, 287, 367, 430

**William II** (Rufus), 64, 68, 69, 71, 75

**William of Hatfield,** son of Edward III, buried in York Cathedral, 285

**William the Lion,** king of Scotland. Besieged Carlisle 1174. Surprised and taken prisoner at Alnwick (died 1214), 69

**Winchester Cathedral,** 401

**Windsor Castle,** 331, 401

**Witney,** 431, 433

**Wolsey,** Thomas (born 1471, died 1530). Bishop of Lincoln March, 1514. Archbishop of York Sept., 1514. Cardinal, 284, 454

**Wood Eaton,** 434, 435

**Woodstock,** near Oxford, 389, 411

**Worcester,** 434

**Worcester College,** the successor to the Benedictine Order's College of Gloucester. Amy Robsart's body lay here till buried at St. Mary's, 389, 396

**Wykeham,** William de (born 1324, died 1404). An eminent prelate and pre-eminent builder of the Fourteenth Century, 401

**Wyshart,** George. Chaplain to

Montrose. Made bishop of Edinburgh 1662 (after the Restoration), 464

**Yale College** (U. S. A.), 406, 407

**York,** Chapters XVII, XVIII, XIX

**York,** Cicely, duchess of, daughter of Ralph Neville, earl of Westmoreland and Joan Beaufort. - Married Richard, duke of York, the next of blood to the throne. Her sons were Edward IV, the earl of Rutland who was stabbed at Wakefield, George, duke of Clarence, and Richard III, 276

**York,** The House of. Edmund, fifth son of Edward III had a son Richard, earl of Cambridge, who married Anne, the granddaughter of Lionel, third son of Edward III. The earl of Cambridge was beheaded at Southampton 1415, and his son Richard, duke of York, claimed a better right to the throne than that of his cousin, the earl of March. The duke of York was beheaded at Wakefield 1460, but his eldest son conquered the throne as Edward IV. Through the marriage of the latter's eldest daughter with Henry VII the crown passed from the Plantagenet to the Tudor family, 260, 276

**Yorkshire Historical Society,** 276, 278, 280

**"Young Lochinvar,"** a well-known poem by Lord Campbell, 87

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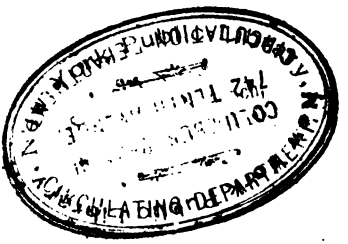

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